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MEMORIALS
OF
MANCHESTER STREETS.

**PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
EDINBURGH AND LONDON**

MEMORIALS
OF
MANCHESTER STREETS.



BY
RICHARD WRIGHT PROCTER.
=

Manchester:
THOMAS SUTCLIFFE, MARKET PLACE.

1874.

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1874
W. C. G.
MILLER

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2573B

Lewis B. Noble
Wiggin

To

M R F O H N O W E N,

whose mortuary treasures

(the patient gleanings of a lifetime).

have lent interest and value

to

These Pages.

P R E F A C E.

If any gleaner can add a fresh grain of wheat to the historical harvest already garnered, it is presumable he may bring his grain, and be welcomed; and although, as Solomon in his Wisdom averred, there is nothing absolutely new under the sun, the old may sometimes be disentombed to advantage, casting a redeeming light over the forgotten past.

The past, be it remembered, is never found isolated in Nature, but is interwoven inseparably with the present, thus forming a beacon-flame for the future. So, taking a dutiful lesson from the universal mother, I have endeavoured to blend "the quick and the dead" in this chronicle of Manchester men and their abodes.

It has been observed by the favourite author of "Our Village," that she valued much less any reputation she might gain as a writer of romance, than the credit to be derived from the less ambitious, but more useful, office of faithfully uniting and preserving those fragments of tradition, experience, and biography which give to history its living interest. To this article of Miss Mitford's literary creed the writer of "Memorials of Manchester Streets" is disposed to subscribe.

The series of chapters here presented was commenced in the *Manchester Guardian* six years ago, and has been continued at convenient intervals to a recent date.

In its collective form, the book has undergone careful revision, extension, and re-arrangement, in order that it

may be found reliable for reference and interesting to peruse. In furtherance of the same endeavour, numerous illustrations, original or rare, have been introduced. In these illustrations the writer feels a certain amount of confidence which the letterpress alone might fail to engender. Their interest will take a wider range. In addition to the connoisseurs who will prize them for their antiquity, and increase the number in compliment to the old town, many unlearned yet inquiring spirits will "read the pictures" with pleasure, though unable to peruse the author's portion of the volume. Even in this lettered age, not all are lettered; and with the untaught the eye must be purveyor-in-ordinary to the intellect. Hence the value of characteristic engravings, which, telling their own interesting story, require no formal teacher.

The work is based on the earliest map of the town that can be considered authentic, aided by Buck's admirable South-West Prospect, taken in 1728, when our primitive Lancashire borough was Manchester only, and before her affairs had expanded into national or world-wide importance. In other respects the volume will speak intelligibly for itself, rendering unnecessary much prefatory matter.

In my parting paragraph I wish to acknowledge the receipt of sundry items of information—often coming unsought and unexpected, and therefore the more welcome. To name a few out of many aiders might seem an invidious course; so I bow, in preference, to each kindly compliment, and in this wise lay aside the pen.

R. W. P.

MANCHESTER, 1874.

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RURAL SPORT ; or, a Peep at a Lancashire Rush-Cart

Frontispiece.

From the original painting by Alexander Wilson, in the possession of Mr Roger Wilson, Woodford, Cheshire.

“Rural Sport” is here reproduced by the Woodbury process, under the superintendence of Alfred Brothers. The artist has chosen Long Millgate as the scene of his Morris-dance, the date being 1821.

“The wakes ! the wakes ! the jocund wakes !
My wandering memory now forsakes
The present busy scene of things,
Erratic, upon Fancy’s wings,
For olden times, with garlands crown’d,
And rush-carts green on many a mound.”

Elijah Ridings.

RESIDENCE OF THE HIGH MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR

SCHOOL, LONG MILLGATE, 1821 *Title-page.*

From a drawing by H. G. James.

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Facsimile of a drawing by Thomas Barritt.

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From Berry & Casson’s Plan.

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By Samuel and Nathaniel Buck. Photo-lithographed by Alfred Brothers. The chief feature of this rare and interesting view is the clear, winding Irwell. The past and present appearance of the river has been thus contrasted by a local minstrel :—	
“ Whoe'er hath seen dark Irwell's tide, Its sombre look and sullen glide, Would never deem that it, I ween, Had ever brighter, gayer been. . . . When Irwell rolled by feudal tower, By shady grove, and fairy bower; When on her banks so oft was borne Sweet music of the hunter's horn. . . . Forests are here, but not of trees ; Forests are here, the homes of men ; Mancunium's sons are as the leaves Which bloomed upon the forest then.”	
Joseph Anthony.	
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Engraved by Robert Langton.	

* * * *The whole (save three or four otherwise named) of the Woodcuts have been drawn on the wood by FREDERICK A. WINKFIELD, of Ardwick, and engraved by CHRISTOPHER DAVIES, of this city, and ROBERT PATERSON, of Edinburgh.*

* A rival claim is advanced by Fuller in favour of the town of Oldham.



SEAL OF OLD MANCHESTER.

MEMORIALS OF MANCHESTER STREETS.

CHAPTER I.

HUNT'S BANK.

" Old visions haunt the creaking floors,
Old sorrows sit and wail ;
While still the night-winds out of doors
Like burly bailiffs rail !
Old visions haunt the floor above ;
The walls with wrinkles frown :
And people say, who pass that way,
'Twere well the house were down."

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE subject to which we wish to draw the reader's attention in our opening pages may seem unpromising, comprising, as it does, merely one hundred yards (be the same more or less) of new, commonplace surface, wherein the casual observer might see as little as Wordsworth's obtuse potter saw in the primrose by the river's brim, or as Sir Charles Coldstream perceived while listlessly peering into the crater of Vesuvius. Nevertheless, we have confidence in our chosen theme, and hope to extract something of interest by looking a little beneath

A

the surface, and by embracing the border line, or watery way.

Our first motto verse, selected from Mr Swain's poem entitled "Mortality," may require a few explanatory words to show its relevancy as a text to the present discourse. We know not whether the poet's haunted mansion consisted of mouldering bricks and mortar, or merely rose in the vividness of his fancy, to become tenanted by his imagination; but the prison-house to which the stanza is here applied was tangible enough. In the dungeon so long and sternly visible at Hunt's Bank the sorrowing inmates sat and wailed their fill, with little to cheer them save the visions of pleasanter days. The "night winds," sweeping across the tree-decked confluence of the two rivers Irk and Irwell, would "rail" as they listed. The floors, being formed partly of rock, might scarcely be termed "creaking;" yet the walls frowned in their own rude manner; and few persons expressed regret when the ancient Fleet, becoming superseded by the New Bailey, was ultimately taken down.

Hunt's Bank. Who was Hunt? Can any reader, howsoever learned in the art, mystery, or science of etymology, inform us? His identity seems lost in the lapse of many ages, and he is now as insubstantial as the fabulous myth,—as shadowless as Peter Schlemihl. With his solid and more enduring "Bank" we have been familiar since our childhood. We remember that rugged ascent before the road levellers (how mercilessly they did level hereabout!) came to clear away the long row of miscellaneous houses, public and private, which lined the water-side between the two bridges. They were built upon the

rock, and partly overhanging the Irwell. Nor must we omit the flight of broad, easy steps leading gently to the Old Church, and to the narrow passage flagged with lettered gravestones. All these, with the addition of "Tin Brow" and sundry workshops, were swept away to form the wide new entrance into the town. The passage in question was known as "The Steeple End." The local habitations, and the names of those martyrs to improvement, were retained in the Directory to the year 1832, but in the succeeding issue of that useful record, in 1836, the whole of the antiquated cluster had disappeared, and its pages knew them no more. In the year last named, the newly-erected wall supporting the road fell into the river, destroying in its fall the dyeworks on the Salford side. Many years previously (in July 1814), several houses and part of a soapery fell into the water, when three persons perished. Still earlier—October 1798—a man missing his way near the Ring o' Bells Tavern, walked into the Irwell, and was drowned.

Of the opposite, or College side of Hunt's Bank, the quaint features of the olden time may still be traced in a truthful engraving, the handiwork of W. Orme and others, about the year 1794, wherein the College, being elevated on the rock, holds the premier position. The packhorse, a genuine relic of primitive Manchester, is seen jogging lazily along on the Strangeways side of the Irk. Upon the pathway, a loyal volunteer is seasonably introduced. He is pictured in characteristic uniform, with his sweetheart won to his side—the old life-story of love and war. Alas for the men of peace and unromantic trade! Albeit the island of Lemnos is far away, and Mars and Venus have

long ago descended to mythological shades, the chains of Vulcan, though invisible, still bind them together as of yore. Crossing the bridge, a picturesque cottage is shown, of which we have no personal recollection ; but with the adjoining house, the Castle Inn, we were familiar, inside and out. Next appears the dungeon, with deserted cells, and into these we were wont to peer curiously and in play. The sylva of the scene is represented by a leafless solitary tree. The view is bounded by the church tower : the whole being historically described by Thomas Miller—whose descriptions are so uniformly agreeable, that it is grieving to see the hat sent round for him in his sad decline.

Of this scene a local bard—Charles Kenworthy—writing in 1838, thus conveys his impressions in rhyme :—

“ The ‘ Castle,’ that long braved the flood,
Where oft was brewed stout ale and good,
A College Inn is seen :
Where frowned the ancient dungeon wall
Rise modern buildings, fair and tall,
And stables Palatine.”

Mr Orme’s picture would be an almost indispensable accompaniment to these memorials, had we not already secured two views of the same spot from different stand-points, and depicting the same period within a few years. If in the latter engraving we lose the front prospect of the Bank, we gain the surface of the river, even while the Irk was as yet uncovered, and urchins could pursue their duck-chasing in the shallow stream.

Thus far have we written while thinking of an apocryphal *Mister Hunt* in connection with the nomenclature of the Bank. A clearer light has been cast on the subject by a

glance at the “Copy of a deed of infestment, dated the 8th November 1422, of Thomas la Warre, twelfth baron of Manchester, of various lands and the advowson of the parish church, to feoffees for the use of the College.” In this deed, minutely descriptive of our subject-matter, no mention is made of Hunt's Bank ; but the words Hunt Hull appear instead. As *hull*, in its obsolete sense, means hill, it will be manifest the place has derived its name from the sylvan chase. To a comparatively recent period rustic names and associations have allied themselves to this locality. Our Directories for 1788 and 1794 bear witness to the existence of “Strangeways Walks, Hunt's Bank,” and also “Strangeways Stile.” A few years earlier, Peter Romney, elder brother of George Romney, the famous Lancashire painter, thus alluded to the sylvan character of the district :—

“Beneath the deep and gloomy shade
Of Strangeways woody park.”

Even the river Irwell, though now laving the foot of Hunt's Bank darkly and unlovelily, flowed on its ancient way, within our limited remembrance, a much clearer, purer stream, as a simple incident will show. One day, in the summer of 1825, while playing with a juvenile group near the then new iron bridge (named the Waterloo, the first stone being laid in 1817), we observed an eel in the water, and pursued it along the river's bank, to which it closely swam. Several times we caught it in our hand, but could not retain the slippery struggler. We parted company at the junction of the Irwell with the Irk. This feat we should find some difficulty in performing now, even

were an eel thereabouts to tempt us, inasmuch as the traversed land—Waterworth's Field—is no longer an open meadow. On a portion of the space embankments have been constructed for railway uses; while on each side of the river the ground has been raised as a bulwark against the oft-recurring inundations.

Although thus closely invested, and during the dry summer months effectually subdued, the Irwell makes a series of sorties in the rainy periods, which sadly puzzle the besieging forces. Being a remarkably sympathetic river, it swells with emotion whenever its numerous tributaries become oppressed to overflowing. In this dangerous mood it breaks down or overleaps the barriers, chasing its retreating opponents even to their homesteads. It has been known to wash out the cradle containing the sleeping child, casting the novel boat adrift on the turbulent stream, afar from the gentler bosom of the weeping mother. Elsewhere it compels the elders to seek refuge in their upper storeys, while the youngsters make light of their troubles by floating upon the drawers in the lower rooms, guiding their raft with long brushes and brooms instead of oars. In the open fields upgrown people lose their way in its swollen waters, and are afterwards found drowned. Of the loss of property consequent on such reprisals we need not speak, as floating pigs, swimming sheep, rushing timber, are familiar enough, especially to the luckless wights who lose their balance in seizing the spoils of the flood. With the view of putting an end to this guerilla warfare between the land and the water forces, the neutral powers have been summoned to a conference. The authorities of Salford, acknowledging a defeat, are willing to pay a very heavy

war contribution, on condition that the Irwell will give material guarantees for a lasting peace. Let us hope the combined negotiators will deal gently with the erring one, remembering that persuasion is better than force. Let them stroke the mane of the wilful creature, after the Rarey fashion, rather than strike him on the forehead with an iron bar, as Carter subdued the lion. On the outer wall of the Castle (afterwards the College) Inn, at Hunt's Bank, might be seen, prior to its removal, a series of interesting marks indicating the height of many inundations. As those hieroglyphics are no longer available, we take the liberty of transferring to our narrative a more complete and chronological record of the Irwell's freaks, lately furnished by a correspondent to the *Salford Chronicle*. The omission of a few comments, and the addition of several incidents and authorities, may be noted.

1616. Extraordinary great flood. Men stood upon Salford Bridge, and ladled up water with a little piggin.—*Hollingworth.*

1649. A great flood. January.

(1721. The river was made navigable for vessels of fifty tons.)

1767. Great flood. October.

1768. High floods.

1787. Great flood during seven days, which carried away a portion of Salford Bridge.

1799. Great floods, which did much damage. August.

1804. High floods.

(1806. Broughton Bridge built at the cost of Samuel Clowes, Esq. Rebuilt in 1869. Declared free of toll in 1872.)

1816. Great flood; water higher than in 1768. January.

1829. High floods. August.

1837. Very high flood; water in New Bailey Street and Broughton Road; cattle, furniture, and baby in cradle floating down the river. December.

1840. Great flood, which did considerable damage. January.

1843. The temporary foot-bridge, near the New Bailey, washed down by the swollen stream. October.

1852. High floods; the river overflowed its banks, causing much loss.

1866. Great flood; water in Strangeways; serious loss of property. November. So remarkable was the height and breadth of this inundation, that an obelisk has been erected at Peel Park in commemoration thereof.

1870. High flood; a little below the level of that in 1866.

To a thoughtful gazer, a river is always a suggestive object, especially when it happens, as in the present instance, to be our native stream; and the sight of its waters carries us back to our buttercups and daisies, and when, like Ponce de Leon, we yearn and search for the priceless fountain of youth, which never can be twice found. "Rambles by rivers" is indeed a fruitful theme, and forms the title of a pleasant book, where fact and fancy, the present and the past, walk leisurely hand in hand, the descriptions being enlivened by pictured views. When the Avon is associated with Shakespeare, the Duddon with Wordsworth, the Lea with "the meek old angler, knight of hook and line," how can we fail to become interested?

Of the river Duddon we retain a pleasant memory,

albeit at second-hand, as derived from an artist's well-filled sketch-book. Mr William Hull, erst of Manchester, but latterly residing in the Lake district, once wandered in the footsteps of Wordsworth along the course of the Duddon. Perhaps Mr Hull had read Mr Thorne's "Rambles by Rivers," and thence derived the hint. At all events, he strolled from Wrynose Fell, where the Duddon—"cradled nursling of the mountain"—rises, to its junction with the sea near the Isle of Walney. Within that space he delineated with his pencil the varied scenes described by the poet's pen. Flowers, stepping-stones, faëry chasms, and tributary rills, ruins, open prospects, the "dark plumes of the blighted yew," the resting-place; all were presented: and as we turned over those summer glories, leaf by leaf, at our winter fireside, the contrast gave a delight of its own. Of our simple choice, we sometimes prefer an artist's sketches to the finished painting composed therefrom. Many a suggestive charm, or delicate indication of the pencil, is lost in the sterner brush or more positive graver. Wordsworth and the Duddon may now be left to their repose: but are there not other authors, and other streams, and other pencils in Old England?

The recent alteration of the College Wall at Hunt's Bank has displaced a mysterious mound-like enclosure which long occupied that spot. How few of the busy multitude who daily passed and repassed between the railway station and the city marts knew this was a forgotten burial-ground! Yet such in reality it was. When the space in the old churchyard became inconveniently limited, this adjacent ground was purchased, in 1767, by subscription, in

addition to a ley, walled round, and set apart for the interment of paupers, and others of the indigent or vagrant fraternity. The incisive lines of a modern poet find here a time-worn application :—

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

By T. NOEL. (Sometimes erroneously attributed to T. HOOD.)

“ There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot ;
 To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot ;
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
 And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings :
 Rattle his bones over the stones ;
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

“ Oh, where are the mourners ? Alas ! there are none ;
 He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone ;
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man—
 To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can.
 Rattle his bones over the stones ;
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

“ What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and din !
 The whip how it cracks ! and the wheels how they spin !
 How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled !
 The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.
 Rattle his bones over the stones ;
 He's only a pauper, whom nobbdy owns !

“ Poor pauper defunct ! he has made some approach
 To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach ;
 He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
 But it will not be long if he goes on so fast.
 Rattle his bones over the stones ;
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

“ You bumpkin; who stare at your brother conveyed,
 Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid,

And be joyful to think, when by Death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go.

Rattle his bones over the stones ;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns !

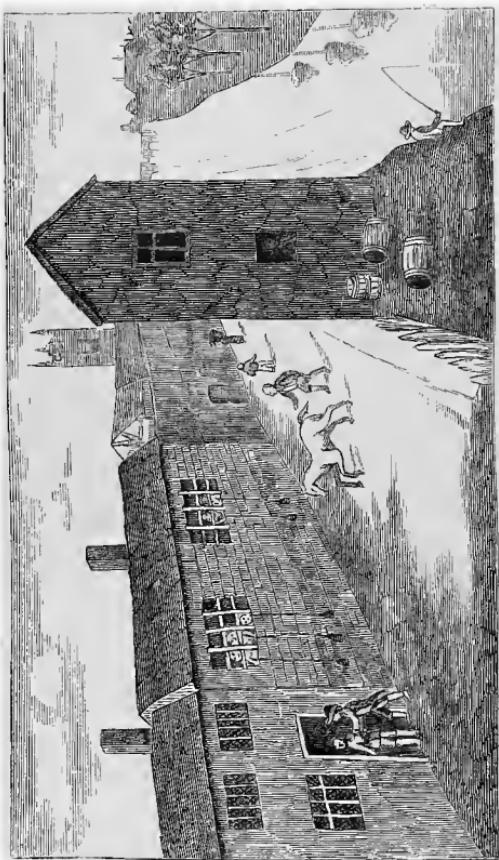
" But a truce to this strain, for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend.
Bear softly his bones over the stones ;
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns ! "

During twenty-one years the interments in this temporary fragment of "God's Acre" numbered six thousand three hundred and eighty-three. In February 1788, at a parish meeting, it was resolved—"That the burial-ground adjoining the College "Garden" shall be closed up, and no bodies be deposited for thirty years to come." These facts are verified by the churchwardens' accounts of that period. The ground was never re-opened, and every trace of its existence is now removed. To become lost in the grave is a hard though common fate ; but when the grave itself has thus perished, the poor obliterated dust seems doubly abandoned.

At this stage of our narrative we wish to illustrate, by means of a few curious items of information, the simplicity of Manchester prison life in past times—in that older past which was buried before we were born. But as our personal experience is, of course, insufficient for the purpose, what then? Sisyphus could not roll his ceaseless stone unaided to its resting-place on the hill-top. Fortunately we have friends in the antiquarian court, which court is as full of peculiar treasures as was the far-famed Persian cave ; and we have only to exclaim,

with Ali Baba, “Open sesame!” to find our reasonable wishes gratified. So we borrow the requisite fragmentary ore—the pickings from parish registers, the churchyard gleanings, the rubbings from ancient brasses, and the like; place them in a modern crucible; proceed to blend and polish them with somewhat of the lapidary’s art, and lo! we have Aladdin’s lamp, the new one for the old. The prison once located at Hunt’s Bank on the declivity of the hill was a genuine antique; but we can discover no trace of its remote origin. Mr Harland’s supposition that the dungeon was coeval with the Baron’s Court is quite feasible. A newer jail was built in 1580: so states Mr Timperley in his “Annals;” and “the expense was for a time imposed on the more wealthy of the prisoners.” It had, like some of its inmates, many *aliases*, being known at different periods as the Dungeon, the New Fleet, the House of Correction. The first title was justified by a dark hole, fourteen feet by thirteen, at the bottom of nine steps. This place of confinement should not be confounded with a near neighbour and rival situated on Salford Bridge. The latter dungeon, erst a chapel, built by Thomas del Bothe in 1368, was converted into a prison in 1505, and used mainly as a lockup until taken down in 1776. As Manchester possessed no parish registers prior to 1573, these cannot direct us to the earliest incarcerations at Hunt’s Bank, nor even to the unfortunates there immured for conscience’ sake during the gloomy days of Queen Mary; so we must needs begin our examples with the reign of Elizabeth, concluding them with the Georgian era.

In 1581, one “Richard Smithe, an ould pryst, died in



HOUSE OF CORRECTION, HUNT'S BANK. ABOUT 1770.

the ffleet." On the 7th of February 1584, died "Henrye Jackson, prysoner in the ffleete." In 1601 appears an entry of a different kind :—"January 15, Alice, daughter of Richard Hodghead, borne in the dungion." Five years later came a wild reckless character, who resolutely defied the plague of Manchester in the height of its terrors. The account of this strange prisoner is derived, through a friendly hand, from the Calendar of State Papers :—"1605. James Asheton to the constables of Manchester. I hear that Philip Fytton, of Moston, labourer, behaves dangerously in going to places and persons infected with the plague, and thence bringing apparel, and wearing the same, and wandering abroad in the daytime, and in the night lying in outhouses of divers inhabitants of Moston, to their grief and danger ; and although he has been *chained in his cabin* by the constables of Moston, he has broken the chain. I therefore, in his Majesty's name, command you, the constables and officers of the town, to receive the said Fytton into your prison or dungeon of Manchester and Salford, there to remain at the cost of the town of Moston until further orders."

The next quotation from the register is an accidental death :—"Dec. 9, 1707.—Buried, James Glassbrook, a soldier; burnt himself in the dungeon." Another captive, of the Jack Sheppard school, had a turn of better fortune in 1769, as thus :—One night in September of that year, as Cornet Aytoun (Dame Mynshull's "Spanking Roger") was going home to Chorlton Hall in his coach, he was attacked near his own door by two footpads, one of whom demanded his money. "What money?" inquired the Cornet, leaping out of his carriage ; whereupon the men

ran away, and Roger, pursuing, caught one of them in a field: Securing the footpad for the night in Chorlton Hall, Mr Aytoun sent him in the morning to the dungeon. On being removed to the deputy-constable's house, for examination before a magistrate and committal to Lancaster Castle, the prisoner made his escape through a window, and got clear off.

Cornet Aytoun was of the Inchdairney family, and came to Manchester on recruiting service, for which he was well fitted by his winning and familiar ways. He was literally a *great* favourite, being six feet four inches high, with breadth and strength in proportion.

It appears that the small community of "Shakers" were more demonstrative a hundred years ago than they have been in our time. A number of these enthusiasts entered the Old Church on a certain Sunday in July 1773, and there—according to Harrop—"wilfully and contemptuously, in the hour of divine service, disturbed the congregation then assembled at morning prayers." For this freak two men and two women were fined twenty pounds each at the Sessions. In default of payment they were confined in the House of Correction, at a cost to the town of four pounds six shillings. John Howard, the philanthropist, paid several visits to Manchester, and the result of his researches is briefly appended :—

1774.—Nov. 5.	Prisoners.....	21
1775.—Nov. 16.	"	6
1776.—Sep. 15.	"	12
1779.—May 12.	"	11
1779.—May 12.	Impressed men	6
1782.—Nov. 22.	Prisoners.....	14
1784.—Jan. 22.	"	51
1787.—Dec. 27.	"	53

Mr Howard's later returns give evidence of increasing business and extended appreciation; but just when its "good time was coming," the primitive Fleet was superseded by the New Bailey. Mr Howard's book informs us that the "keeper's" salary had lately (1776) been raised from twenty-five pounds to sixty pounds in lieu of fees. The keeper was a chandler, and employed the inmates in spinning candle-wick at three halfpence a pound. As the prisoners had no allowance (except twopence a day to the sick) their earnings were assisted by a poor-box, placed in front of the building, and bearing this inscription:—"Sick and in prison, and ye visited me not."

A comical yet truthful picture of the House of Correction may be seen in the local scrap-book at Chetham's Library, the oldest free library in England, where there are numerous curiosities remaining, notwithstanding so many have been given away. Why (in parenthesis) has Humphrey Chetham's legacy been so fiercely assailed of late? In these days of minority members of Parliament, surely the minority of antiquarian and studious readers may retain their one favourite library, their only historical baronial retreat, when the rough-and-ready majority possess a free library in every district of the city. Let us preserve, and take a pride in preserving, the best and wellnigh the last lingering relic of ancient Manchester. The small picture in question shows the prison frontage with five windows, three being cross-barred. From two of these are suspended five long ropes, bags being tied to the ends to receive contributions, while prisoners stand at the windows to solicit alms, in money, tobacco, or food, from the passers-by. At the door, the beadle is pushing in an unwilling captive.

Adjoining the dungeon, and nearing the church, stands the College Barn, taken down subsequent to 1763. On the Salford side are trees, repeating themselves in the translucent Irwell. Upon the green margin at Hunt's Bank sits a disciple of Izaak Walton, angling, with due patience, for eels,—a kind of fish once plentiful at this “Meeting of the Waters,” and along the entire course of the Irk; and so exquisitely flavoured withal, that the warden, in 1440, found it worth his while to rent the right of fishery, and thus secure to the clergy a dainty supply during Lent. The literal, sometimes ungainly, but ever-reliable pencil of Mr Thomas Barritt has rescued the peculiar features of this scene, which varies considerably from both the views sketched a few years later by Mr Orme, and serves to complete the prospect of ancient Hunt's Bank.

Our closing entry touching the House of Correction refers to one James Owen, who was committed in 1789 for running away from his wife and family. It transpired that this venial offender—almost the last immured at Hunt's Bank—had been tempted by the recruiting sergeant, yielded to his blandishments, and after spending the enlistment shilling, marched hastily away to the distant battle-field. On his return home, the wife would listen to no explanation, nor sing, in anticipation, “Come whoam to thi childer an' me.” She felt no sympathy with soldiering, and was evidently as unwilling as Clytemnestra that her Agamemnon should sacrifice long years of domestic felicity, even for the public weal. Hence the punishment of her truant warrior lord. The mania for “woman's rights” is not so novel as many persons sup-

pose. Those "rights" were understood, appreciated, and enforced by many Mistress Owens long before the Victorian era. In wresting every atom of the traditional "pound of flesh," Shylock has not stood alone,

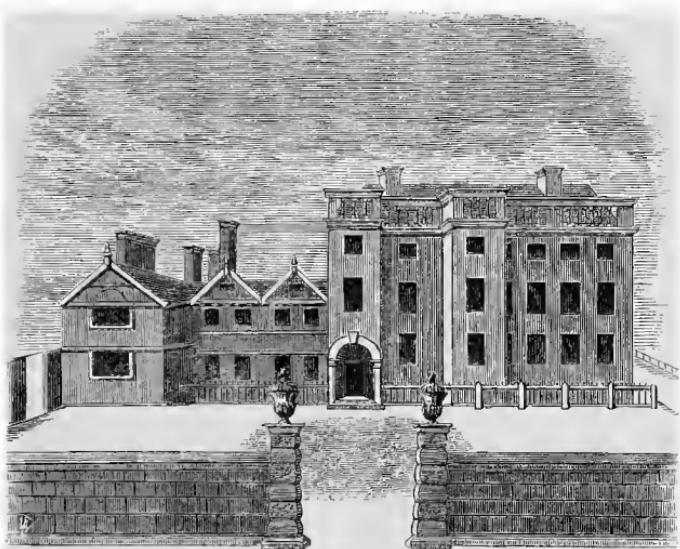
CHAPTER II.

STRANGEWAYS HALL—COLONEL HANSON.

“The tall elms come into the mind’s eye, and the old baronial mansion, and the broken stile leading into the orchard, and the mantled pool, with a thousand other pleasant scenes trooping back with the memory of boyhood.”

HORACE HEARTWELL (H. B. PEACOCK).

DURING the present writer’s youth, the ancient demesne of the Strangewaises was still a convenient retreat for the townsfolk, especially for the juveniles—a rough free recreation ground, somewhat resembling Philips Park when first formed. The Hall itself, while retaining some peculiarities, was not strikingly pictorial ; but the pond adjoining was well stored with choice fish, and two distant sheets of water, situated upon higher ground, known respectively as the “Big Park” and the “Little Park,” afforded seasonable amusement to anglers in their teens. Young bathers, sliders, skaters here abounded ; the consequences being, that in summer narrow escapes from drowning, and in winter fatal disasters upon the treacherous ice, were of frequent occurrence. These ponds, being unprotected, were dangerous to staider persons. One night, in the darkness of winter, the passers-by heard shrieking sounds ; but the wind being high, and whistling through the scattered trees in the neighbouring clough, no



STRANGEWAYS HALL. 1746.

notice was taken. In the morning, however, an elderly dame was discovered in the water. Nearly half a century she had been known as a muffin-crier thereabouts, and wandering from the uncertain pathway, she had sunk into the pond. This incident has attracted the notice of a writer (Mr W. F. Peacock) in the *Belgravia Magazine*. It seems needless to add, save for the information of distant readers, that Strangeways Hall is now supplanted by the Assize Courts, while the once-green heritage surrounding it is covered by the County Gaol, several churches, many workshops, the poorhouse, the railway station, and dwellings too numerous to be counted. The Strangewais' lands (now Earl Ducie's) are bounded by the Earl of Derby's, the division being indicated by lettered boundary stones. A line of demarcation is further drawn by the nomenclature of the neighbouring streets — Derby, Stanley, and Knowsley Streets dividing the honours with Great Ducie and Moreton Streets, supplemented by Ducie Bridge.

After the decadence or departure of its nobler families,—the Strangewais, the Hartleys, the Reynoldses,—the Hall had various owners of less social distinction, the most popular being Lieutenant-Colonel Hanson. During his occupancy, in the opening years of the present century, the Park was frequently used by the members of his rifle corps for the exercise and improvement of their military talents. Whilst thus practising, in the summer of 1805, a fatal accident occurred. Two young gentlemen (cousins) named Faulkner were firing at a target, when one, passing suddenly behind the centre, was shot by the other through the body. Apart from his military honours,

Colonel Hanson's favourite title was "The Weavers' Friend." So partial was he to that class of artisans, that he appended a silver shuttle to each side of his carriage. In 1809, he addressed a large meeting of weavers, advocating an advance in their wages, at which meeting a looker-on was shot at his own door by a dragoon during the dispersion of the crowd after the reading of the Riot Act. Considering the dangerous aspect of affairs, the fatality might have been greater. Here were present all the elements of mischief which ten years later rendered Peterloo notorious. Confronting and partly surrounding the weavers and their friend were the boroughreeve, the magistrates, the special constables, the runners (headed by the much-dreaded Joseph Nadin), supported by the soldiers, both cavalry and infantry. Ultimately the workmen withdrew from the ground without resisting, and the authorities exercised more forbearance than at Peterloo,—of which field it was the evident precursor, the shadow of the coming event. The scene was "St George's Field," and an outline plan of the district reveals some curious points. The Colonel (or rather Mr Hanson, as he had previously resigned his commission) delivered his speech on horseback in Swan Street, and the thoroughfare on his left hand is thus marked—"St George's Road (or Back Lane). To Rochdale."

With the exception of a few dwellings near Newton Lane, labelled Five Houses, Pump Street, Lee Street, the ground appears a literal uncovered "Field" as far as St George's Church, which was usually designated St George's-in-the-Fields. A little way beyond figured the old coal-mine. If the query be put forth—"What of those

fields now?" a conclusive though silent answer might be found in the list of voters (eleven thousand, no less) for St Michael's Ward. Fields of commercial enterprise they have become, producing flowers of peculiar rhetoric, while the blades are other, and somewhat keener, than blades of grass. Even the church has succumbed to railway exigencies. All this change, metamorphose, revolution, has taken place within sixty years.

So much were the authorities of the town displeased with the proceedings of Colonel Hanson in favour of the congregated workmen, that at the ensuing Lancaster Assizes he was indicted for conspiracy, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the King's Bench, in addition to a penalty of one hundred pounds. Soon after his liberation thirty-two thousand sons of the loom subscribed one penny each for the purchase of an elegant gold cup, which was presented to him at Strangeways Hall. This trophy was dearly earned by Mr Hanson: the imprisonment he had suffered generated a disease of which he died, at the early age of thirty-seven, within two years of the date of his release. A very lengthy and imposing funeral procession accompanied his remains from Strangeways to the Unitarian Chapel (an ivy-mantled, plain brick structure) at Stand, in Pilkington, where the interment took place, in September 1811. The most striking ornament of his coffin was a shuttle, or the resemblance thereof. The family tomb of the Hansons, neglected and decayed, disappeared from the graveyard about two years ago. Fortunately Mr Owen had previously copied its inscriptions, engraved on marble slabs, adorning the four sides of a square altar-tomb:—

"William Hanson, of Manchester, died December 1, 1798, aged 69 years."

"Joseph Hanson, son of William Hanson, Of Manchester, died September 3, 1811, Aged 37 years."

"Elizabeth Hanson, wife of Edward Hanson, Of Manchester, died March 1, 1823, Aged 35 years."

"Mary Hanson, wife of William Hanson, Of Manchester, died March 12, 1822, Aged 72 years."

The entrance to the vault is still indicated, and at a little distance appears a flat stone bearing older dates, thus carrying backward the family history:—

"In memory of Elizabeth, wife of William Hanson, who died August ye 29, 1769, aged 32. James, his son, who died May 3, 1787, aged 2 years and 6 months. Elizabeth, his daughter, who died November 18, 1787, aged 8 months. William, their son, who died March 31, 1791, aged 13 years."

A portrait of the Weavers' Friend, prefixed to his memoir, represents him with a scroll, labelled "Weavers' Petition," in his hand, while upon his breast appears a conspicuous scarf-pin, taking the form of a shuttle. The Colonel's father was a prosperous merchant, trading in Cannon Street.

We have not alluded to Colonel Hanson's presentation at court, "when George the Third was King," nor to another presentation scene which enlivened St Ann's Square, when a splendid sword, pike, and pistols were given to him by the officers of his regiment; neither have

we mentioned his "meet" with Mr Philips upon Kersal Moor. These prominent incidents in his eventful career have been treated in detail elsewhere.

Surely there would be a popular ballad—a free-and-easy melody—to celebrate the glories, or mourn the demise, of this Manchester "man of the people." It were strange indeed if the thirty-two thousand weavers could not furnish one grateful minstrel to weave a lament for the martyred hero of the shuttle. If such poetic tribute was said or sung to our listening and admiring parents, can any reader of these Memorials supply a copy of the forgotten verses?

Upon the interior walls of Stand Chapel appear several monumental tablets, duly inscribed. Three of those inscriptions, interesting to Manchester people, may be suitably appended here:—

"In memory of Robert Philips, of the Park, in this township, who died March 14th, 1844, aged 83 years; whose remains, as also those of Ann, his wife, who died March 12th, 1830, aged 57 years, are deposited in the family vault beneath this Chapel."

"In memory of Anna Maria, wife of Robert Needham Philips, of the Park, in this township, who died on the 2d of April 1850, aged 32 years; whose remains, as also those of Anna Maria, her daughter, who died on the 24th of April 1850, aged 1 month, are deposited in the family vault beneath this Chapel."

"Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth Leigh Philips, daughter of Robert and Ann Philips, who died May 8th, 1824, aged 15 years. Also of her twin sister, Jessy Ann, who survived 6 months only, and was interred at Snitterfield, Warwickshire."

“ Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the soul for her divine abode ;
Obey the call, and trust the Leader’s care
To bring us safe through virtue’s path to God.”



Residence of the
Head Master of the Gramm
School Longbenton
G. DAVIES & Co.

CHAPTER III.

LONG MILLGATE AND RED BANK.

"Then deawn Lung Millgate we did steer."

A. WILSON.

CAN the history of a town be better written than in the stories of its principal streets—the scenes of its interesting events, the homesteads of its bygone worthies?

In one of a series of articles appearing in the *Guardian* during the year 1864, entitled "Manchester in Holiday Dress," was presented a brief history of Long Millgate. To that account sundry points of information and experience may now be added, completing the subject. To citizens familiar with the locality it scarcely need be told that, for most useful or ornamental purposes, this street—ruthlessly cut into many pieces—has been virtually dead several years, only requiring to be put decently out of sight. Yet such suitable interment is surrounded by difficulties, as the city architects and surveyors can affirm. Devise their new roads as skilfully as they may, there are usually unseemly corners to the front, and unsightly blocks in the rear, which mock their utmost ability; and prove that art is still a mere baby in the arms of our perfect mother—Nature. To this rule Long Millgate forms no exception. Lying thus lifeless (when

compared with its former jovial self) and unburied, a few facts scattered over its remains may serve instead of flowers to keep its memory sweet, if not verdant. Some far-seeing people predict a revival of life and prosperity to the street, chiefly through the medium of the adjacent railway station, the enlarged Grammar School, or the more distant Assize Courts ; but we are not very sanguine as regards such resurrection. When Ichabod is plainly written upon a devoted place, its glories seldom return.

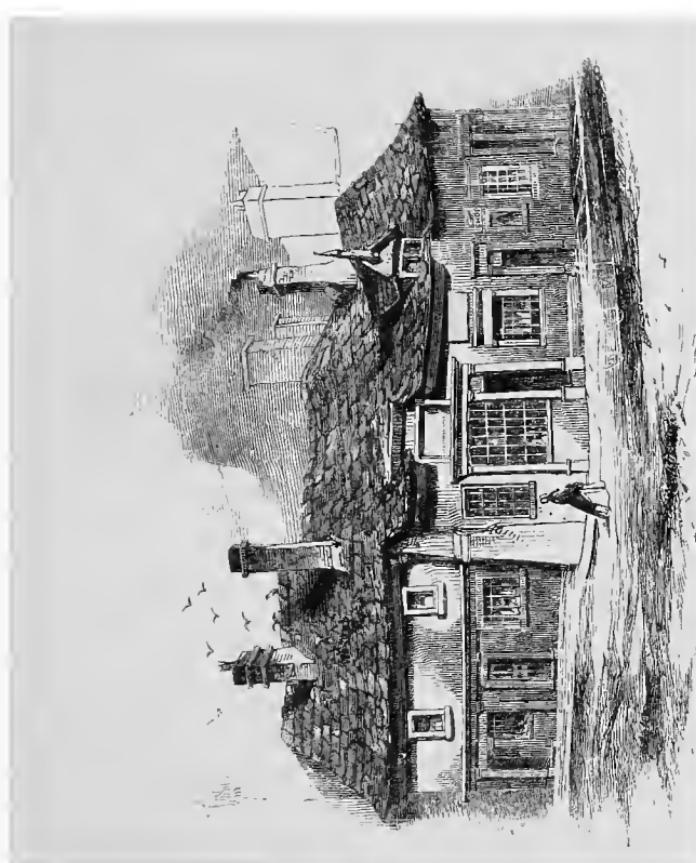
Our review may as well commence at the site of the Old Apple-Market, at the corner of Fennel Street, not forgetting the attractive tavern-sign of an apple-tree in full bearing, which formerly met the view at this point. Everything surrounding the fruit area has been modernised, even to the church, save and except the remnant of antiquity shown in our woodcut.

One of the earliest names we have encountered in immediate connection with this street is that of "Richard of the Mylnegate," anno 1342. The next in point of time runs thus :—" 1596, October 1.—William, sonne of Ellize ffarrar, drowned at Mylne Brig."

The Court Leet book of 1583 notifies the sale of a burgage in the Mylnegate, with the common oven belonging thereto, certain rent and service being due to the lord of the manor. It is more than likely that this public oven gave name to Bakehouse Court, still existent.

Amongst the notables once residing in Long Millgate may be named Mr Charles Lawson, whose connection with the Free Grammar School, beginning as usher, and ending as high master, continued during the long period of fifty-

VIEW NEAR THE OLD APPLE MARKET.



eight years. As a premier dominie he made his mark, which is still visible, and will not be soon eradicated. One of his rhyming scholars has designated him “Millgate’s flogging Turk.” De Quincey, likewise, remembered him with a bitter feeling, toned down in his later writings ; but the majority of Mr Lawson’s pupils regarded him with warm approval. Mr Lawson’s interesting mansion is represented in our title-page vignette. The date of its removal was 1835 ; its site being now covered by the new Grammar School. Finding the printed authorities at variance touching Mr Lawson’s age and time of decease, we have taken counsel with the original Collegiate register :—“1807, April 27.—Buried, Charles Lawson, Esq., aged 79. In the choir. Cause of death, Old age.” Referring to his declining years, the mentor has been described by another of his scholars as “a nice old gentleman, and remarkably quiet, with a large bushy white wig and a clerical hat.”

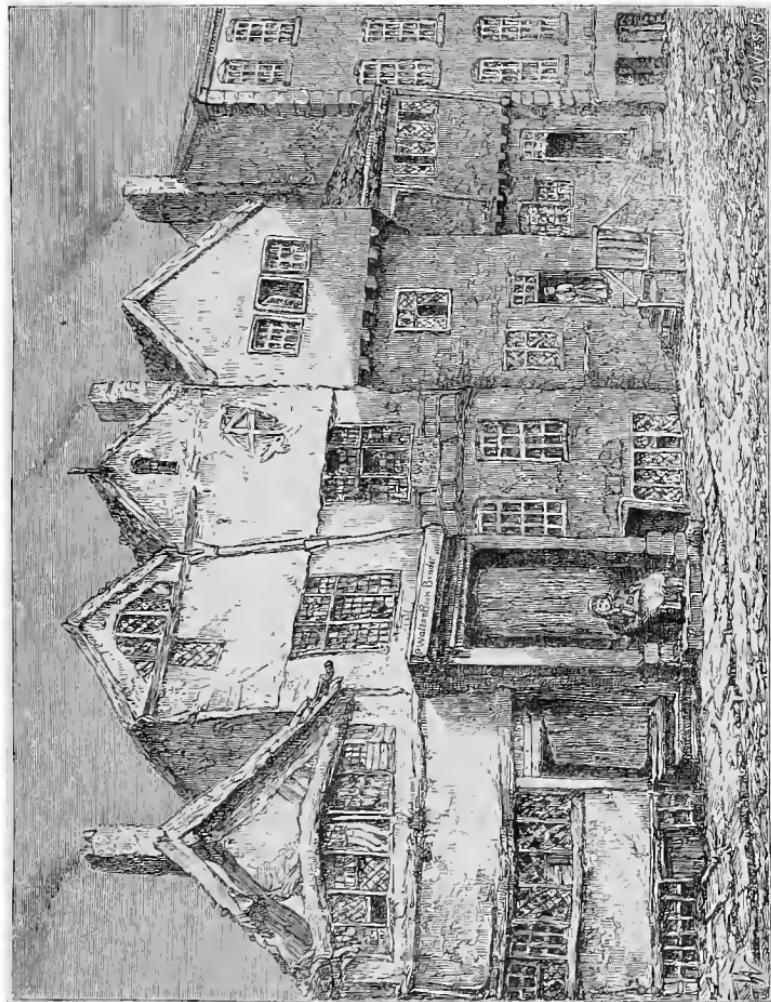
Nearly opposite to Mr Lawson’s pictorial dwelling, and visible many years after that house and the worthy pedagogue had both disappeared, stood some heavy, ungainly domiciles, which we passed and repassed during fifty years without being fascinated by their outward appearance. In such cases, if love do not come at the first sight, it seldom arrives at all ; and somehow, although their antiquity was apparent at a glance, it failed to charm us.

The number of their years, or rather centuries, has been variously put forth. Mr James Wheeler, in his well-written commercial history of the town, states that Lord de la Warre, in the reign of Edward the Third, brought to

England a number of Flemish weavers, and that some of the ingenious strangers abode in the row here indicated; while another authority considers the buildings were not older than the sixteenth century. The question need not be mooted further, as the cluster was taken down in the summer of 1872; and in thus preserving their departed features we pay to them at least posthumous respect. Latterly they had formed a house-and-shop compromise,—a combination of business and privacy,—embodying a wish for utility with little regard for ornament. At the date of our present writing, their place is still vacant, the ancient ground being as yet uncovered by new erections.

Probably the oldest building remaining in our dilapidated street is the Sun Inn and Poet's Corner, which has been a well-conducted tavern as far back as its history can be traced. But latterly, growing rakish in its dotage, its good character as a public entertainer was forfeited, and the license consequently withdrawn. More recently the ancient hostelry wore a novel appearance, being divided into two homely shops, one appealing to the mind in the form of books, the other tempting our grosser nature with cakes and sweetmeats. Alas for the Manchester Helicon, once the high temple of our Muses! We have a pleasant remembrance of the Poet's Corner when a real republic of letters (not a monarchical arrangement of king, lords, and commons) were wont to assemble within its walls.

The late Joseph Perrin, in his pleasing story of the "Green Mantle," states that in his youth he paid several visits, timidly and reverently, to the Sun Inn. With the



ANCIENT HOUSES IN LONG MILLGATE.

building he expresses satisfaction; but his disappointment was great when the poets of his imagination were not to be found; and he hints that the nectar there inhaled was redolent of the mountain-dew. Perhaps the bards resembled Thomson, in being "more fat than bard beseems," rather than interestingly pale, and leaden-eyed with much study, as Hood described Eugene Aram. Evidently Master Perrin, forgetful of the proverb touching appearances, was a believer in the magnificent theory that the soul invariably chooses her own meet tenement, never obscuring her pure radiant light within a dim unwinsome lantern. Had Joseph Perrin not met with a further disappointment, in his vain search for health along the Cornwall coast, he might have lived to qualify, in some measure, his poetical anticipations.

Standing upon the steps of the Sun Inn, only the narrow street divides us from Chetham's College,—another structure of age and interest. In addition to the noteless multitude who have received their early education at this popular institution, several local authors have been trained within its walls, and have left brief records of their experience as young collegians. In this list may be included Benjamin Stott, once our bookbinder-poet, and now the forgotten holder in fief of a green grave at Northenden.

Of Chetham's College we thought we had elsewhere "said our say;" but its memories are so manifold, the phases of thought suggested are so various, that the last word concerning it can scarcely ever be written.

So far back as the year 1825 Benjamin Stott was

wearing the blue coat and cap peculiar to the place; at which date another friend of ours became a candidate for admission, but failed to secure the scholarship. It was the opinion of his mother that four or five years' tuition at college, with a collegiate residence in addition thereto, would prove very advantageous to her eldest son; consequently her attention became riveted on the valuable institution founded by Humphrey Chetham in the year of grace 1651, for the education, maintenance, and apprenticeship of boys requiring a start in life. On the election-day in question, Easter Monday, the sun shone with a brightness that seemed propitious as they proceeded to the spacious yard in front of the College. The scene of action was thronged with people from various parts of the county, to many of whom, as to the said mother and son, the day was all-important, but by far the greater number had congregated to gaze with minor interest on the proceedings, and to return with the gratification of merely an idle curiosity. Of course the influx of country visitors made a harvest for the neighbouring taverns, of which there was no lack. A merry peal of restless feet enlivened the Ring o' Bells; the Pack Horse found comfort under his heavy burden; the Black-a-Moor's Head looked radiant in the holiday sunshine; and the Flying Horse expanded his gilded wings. Even the College Inn was remembered, while inspecting the gloomy and discarded dungeon at its side. The blue-coated inmates of the institution, mingling with the crowd, were briskly disposing of their college-balls and other contrivances of their leisure hours.

The present race of young collegians may pay more

regard to the proprieties,—may be more circumspect in their general behaviour,—but the last generation was certainly merrier, with a greater profusion of pocket-money to boot.

When the election commenced, the candidates and their guardians were ranged against an outer wall, and loudly summoned in turn to undergo examination in the interior. After two or three hours of anxious suspense, our friend's ticket, missing all the prizes, resulted in a blank, his mother's visions of student life being thus dispersed well-nigh as soon as formed.

Long after that contest, and when the defeat had grown into an old remembrance, our friend paid the first of many visits to the Chetham Library. Book in hand, he entered the antique reading-room,—the favourite resort of our local writers and antiquaries, grateful records of whose visits are scattered through divers volumes and bygone magazines. The portrait of the founder (with which all Mancestrians are so familiar) hung, as it still hangs, on the carved and gilded mantel, appropriately surrounded by the pictures of other Lancashire worthies. About a dozen persons were seated at their ease, some reading near the glowing and ample fire, while others were writing upon quaint desks and tables, or studying near the carved cabinets. He endeavoured to follow their example in a snug recess, with painted glass windows, that overlooked the playground. But his mind would not rest with his book; his eyes wandered to the novelties around him, and his thoughts were as travellers with many memories.

Of the few benevolent foundations whose present workings would gratify the founders, Chetham's Hospital and

Library are entitled to rank with the foremost. Further, the lowly old edifice may be justly prized for its romantic and historical associations. To the thoughtful gazer it may serve as a touchstone of reverie, and to the bard as his spirit of song.

In this old-fashioned retreat, if anywhere, a disliker of change might hope for exemption from its innovations. In most particulars the ancient feeling and practice have been preserved, but the election-day presents an altered scene. It is no longer an outdoor display, attracting a motley concourse of people or a colony of trading boys. As they arrive, the applicants are now accommodated with seats in the building, being quietly summoned to the council-chamber in due order. Of the once-famous college-balls, worked purses, and *bijouterie* of beads, not a vestige remains. Of the outer world, now and then an inquisitive loiterer will stand peering at the street entrance; but he soon pursues his business track, for nothing is to be seen except a decayed widow leading her little son in silence to his trial, or a stately feoffee, who, pacing leisurely up the yard, proceeds to discuss the merits of the candidates, and the more agreeable virtues of the customary election-dinner.

Of the various parties who aim at Chetham College and miss their mark, some are content to bide their time until another election gives them an opportunity of conquering their fate, or of submitting once more to its adverse decree; others, with less patience, seek elsewhere for scholarships of minor value.

For further memorials of the worthy and fortunate Humphrey, the reader may wisely refer to the Appendix

to the present volume. Therein Mr Crossley discourses eloquently and at large upon the manifold peculiarities of the rare Chetham Library ; whilst Mr Croston, turning his active foot from the "Peak," and leaving the home of Florence Nightingale to its sweet seclusion, has brought his practised pen to bear in summarising the history of Manchester and its noblest benefactors. His notice of Humphrey Chetham is accompanied by an interesting view of that worthy's birthplace—Crumpsall Hall. Of this hall and its destiny we have been favoured with further information by a friendly resident of Cheetham Hill village—Mr Robert Wood. We quote from one of Mr Wood's occasional contributions to the literature of the district :—

"The house in which he was born was situated at the front of Bank Villas, in the garden formed by the junction of Humphrey Street with the Crescent Road, and perhaps two hundred yards from the coach-office, Cheetham Hill. It was a substantial, oak-framed building, without any pretensions to beauty, and was perhaps built about the time of Henry the Seventh.

"There was no brick or stone used in its construction, except in the foundations, the chimneys, and the kitchen gable, but the timbers were of the most massive kind, and even the stair-steps were made of solid blocks of oak, and the hand-rail was almost as large as an ordinary beam in these degenerate days of building.

"Most houses of that date had what was called a priest's hole, or a secret hiding-place, where a Roman Catholic family in Queen Elizabeth's time would conceal a priest, or a Protestant family would hide their valuables in unset-

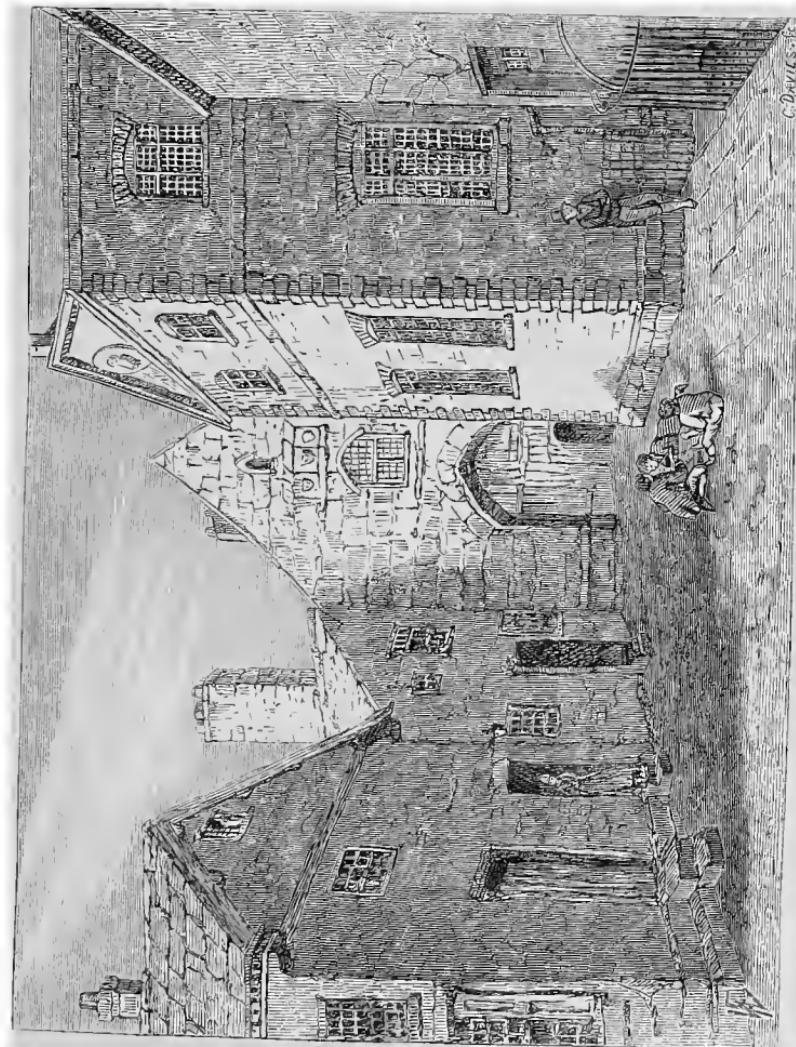
tled times, or even a friend who may have fallen under the displeasure of the authorities.

"This house was no exception to the rule, and when it was being taken down, a secret stairway was discovered in the kitchen gable, which led to a small chamber in the roof. This stairway and chamber were quite unknown for several generations past.

"Humphrey's oldest brother, James, succeeded his father as the owner and occupier of the house, and it remained in the hands of his family for two or three generations. It then came into the hands of a family named Barlow, probably the descendants of Alexander Barlow, from Barlow's Court, who was one of the trustees of Humphrey Chetham's will; and about one hundred and twenty years ago there was a gentleman named Thomas Barlow living at the house, and owning a considerable portion of the land in the neighbourhood. After his time the property appears to have been divided and subdivided among his descendants, and the only property now remaining in the family is the Bird-in-Hand public-house, but the old house was occupied by the Barlow family till it was pulled down.

"About fifty years ago the house was so ruinous that it was taken down to make room for the present Bank Villas; and the ground is so levelled and altered, that no one would suspect that ever a house of such note had been standing so long in that situation."

Adjacent to the College Gate lived and died the clerical original, Joshua Brookes. His house, situated next door to the primitive Grammar School, was taken down about Christmas 1873. The upright male figure represented in our engraving is standing at Mr Brookes's iron gate.



COLLEGE AT OLO GATE AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

C. D. W. L. S.

six rooms on each floor, and with a large garden attached. A much larger mansion, boasting three names, was thus announced for disposal in Whitworth's *Manchester Magazine* for 1747-48:—"Situate in the Milngate, Old Greave Hall, or Langley Hall, or Culcheth Hall, converted into several dwellings, with garden and ten acres of land." As a printed authority places this old mansion in the neighbourhood of Newton Lane, Mr Whitworth's unique advertisement may serve to correct the small error.* A corroborative entry may be read in the parochial register:—"1616, Julie 2.—Robert Langley, of ye Mylngate, gent., buried." Mr Langley, an active person in his day, was appointed by his fellow-townsmen in 1578 as boroughreeve. Afterward, he removed two stiles in Assheley Fields (now Ashley Lane), but was ordered by the Court Leet to restore them to their accustomed places. On the other hand, he cited Mr Thomas Strangewaies for obstructing the ancient footpath through Walker's Croft to Stony "Knowles," the said footpath leading usefully to Mr Langley's mill and tanpits on the bank of the Irk.

In 1761 (the name of the thoroughfare being then varied to the present mode of spelling), another large house, with garden and stable attached, was advertised to be sold or let. The last important family residing in Long Millgate were the Haworths,—a name preserved to us until very recently by "Haworth's Gates," a narrow passage which was stopped up and enclosed by order of the City Council in September 1868. It was at this point that Alexander Wilson sketched, in the year 1821, the Lancashire Rush-

* There was a Culcheth Hall near Warrington, another at Newton Heath.

bearing which forms the frontispiece to the present volume. The canvas, as will be observed, is studded with characteristic figures, inclusive of the artist himself (his bandaged foot requiring temporary crutches), the Rev. Joshua Brookes, and Gentleman Cooper, the tall, enthusiastic pedestrian who walked to Doncaster and home again, during forty successive years, for the pleasure of witnessing the exciting race for the St Leger stakes. In addition to these, there is Mr John Ogden, the grocer, vignetted through his shop window, and a full-length portly boniface in the centre, Mr Henry Slater, of the Bay Horse Tavern.

Haworth's Gates led originally to the garden, orchard, and recreation fields at the rear of the building, and upon the site of the present Balloon Street.

There bloomed the latest flowers, if not the latest plots of green sward, known to Long Millgate. It is certain those rural attributes were visible in 1782, when the Manchester Military Association were here trained to the use of arms; and likewise in 1785, when the elder Sadler twice ascended from the spot in the first English balloon. A few notes of family history will lend variety to our narrative. In 1759 Mr Abraham Haworth died "at his house in Milngate." The name previously occurs in the baptismal registers of 1699, 1701, and 1703. Further information is afforded by a lengthy inscription on a flat stone within the Cathedral: the principal portion is here transcribed :—

"Here lie the remains of Abraham Haworth, Merch^t
in Manchester, obit July 26, 1759, aged 76. Sarah,
his wife, obit May 27th, 1719, aged 44. John

Haworth, Esq^r departed this life Dec^{br}. 4, 1786, aged 74. Mary, wife of John Haworth, Esq^r dau^r. to Richard Bagshaw, Esq^r of Oakes, in Derbyshire, who died Jan^y. 13, 1775, aged 62."

During the summer of the latter year a daughter of Mr John Haworth was married to the Hon. Edward Percival, brother to the Earl of Egmont; and, six years subsequently, another daughter of his was united to Mr Lawrence Peel. In 1794, the palisaded home of the Haworths, having passed into other hands, was conducted as an inn, the Manchester Arms, which sign is still retained. On the ceiling of a shop nearly opposite to this inn might be seen, until very lately, the representations of an Eagle and Child, and Three Legs of Man, in oval compartments of plaster, besides a border of fruit and flowers, also in plaster. Similar ornaments, we believe, decorated the ceilings of the upper rooms. No definite reason can now be given for these unusual embellishments, but it is surmised that the house has been in some way connected with the Derby family. This is probable enough, as, in addition to the gentry already mentioned, our registers prove the residence in "ye Mylnegate" of branches of the Mosleys and the Leighs of High Leigh during the three centuries last past.*

Just a century ago, two announcements appeared in which reference was made to the Rood's Gutter, or Gutter of the Cross, in Long Millgate. Here was an antiquarian

* The question is thus set at rest by Hollingworth:—"Anno 1572, by inquisition vpon oath it was allso found that the Earle of Derby had purchased of the Prince, Over Allport, and three burgages in the Milnegate and Fenelestreete, being chauntry lands."

mystery to which no key could be found, until one day our local Jonathan Oldbuck, while watching the progress of some excavations near Barlow's Yard, discovered the base of a cross, and so the problem was to a certain extent solved. The shaft had vanished so long ago that no trace of it was remembered; but the owner of the ground removed the base to his garden. Barlow's Cross is repeatedly mentioned in the early volumes of our parish register. At the outlet of the Rood's Gutter, on the bank of the Irk, there was, in 1770, a small rookery,—an item of information given on the authority of Aston.

A sad accident occurred hereabouts in July 1834. Three shops, situated at the corner of Ducie Bridge, opposite to the Crown and Shuttle, suddenly fell, killing two boys and a girl.

On the 17th of November 1829—being Dirt Fair Day—a young Millgateer, named Thomas Foster, was accidentally shot on Blackfriars Bridge, while lingering a moment to witness a quarrel. The offender, a commission agent, was committed to Lancaster Castle on a charge of wilful murder. At the Assizes next ensuing, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

About the centre of the Millgate, and near to the residence of the Wilsons who wrote the dialectic songs, dwelt one of our local artists, George Hayes. Although born at Dighton, near Huddersfield, about the year 1820, the embryo painter was brought hither in childhood, and here his parents remained to the close of their lengthened existence. The exigencies of his art may have bound Mr Hayes to distant and more picturesque scenes, yet family ties have retained him as a frequent visitor to this locality.

A well-known resident of this street during several years was Richard Baines, composer and singer of comic ballads, and boon companion in general. His musical rhymes were published in 1844, under the title of "The Budget of Comicalities." Seven years later appeared a second edition. One of these humorous strains may be selected as a fair example of his cantering style, which never passed the comprehension of the multitude. It was a popular favourite, set to music by a local composer of note ; and whenever, like Dr Watts, Baines took his walks abroad, he had the pleasure of hearing his song whistled aloud or chaunted in hearty chorus.

MANCHESTER'S IMPROVING DAILY.

" In Manchester, this famous town,
What great improvements have been made, sirs ;
In fifty years 'tis mighty grown,
All owing to success in trade, sirs ;
For see what mighty buildings rising,
To all beholders how surprising ;
The plough and harrow are now forgot, sirs,
'Tis coals and cotton boil the pot, sirs.
Sing Ned, sing Joe, and Frank so gaily,
Manchester's improving daily.

" A few years since some cotton spinners
Settled here as new beginners ;
Small rooms they filled with mules and jennies,
Which spun their shillings soon to guineas ;
And now in coaches grand they drive, sirs,
With livery servants all alive, sirs ;
Observe that horse, that pretty wheeler,
'Tis called from Bess, The Bonny Reeler.

“ Our cotton fame spread far and near,
And crowds of people soon came here,
To devil-tent, and spin, and card,
And earn their bread by labour hard ;
The Paddies they thronged across the water,
To sell their pigs and carry mortar ;
And many a dandy in swell togs, sirs,
Came here in boots that now wears clogs, sirs.

“ In our old Church, when Joshua Brookes
Had care of all the keys and books,
And Patten Nat o'er graves so narrow
Wheeled a consecrated barrow ; *
In those good days, whoe'er could dream
That parsons now would preach by steam ?
Besides, they do such dandies grow, then
You only in the pulpit know them.

“ In course of time the bells will ring
Got up by steam, so neat the thing ;
And as man is cut down like a flower,
They'll scheme to bury him by power !

* Of “Patten Nat” we find a brief record in our Directory dated 1788 :—
“Nathan Wood, patten maker, Hanging Bridge.” The scrap-book at Chetham’s Library contains his full-length portrait, slightly caricatured. Beneath the picture appear the following random lines :—

“ Patten Nat is grown so fat
That he can hardly walk ;
And he's come here to drink strong beer,
And hear those puppies talk.”

An anecdote of Nathan, though far from new, may be worth repeating, the latest version being preferred for its brevity :—Having occasion to use a barrow, he went to borrow one belonging to the church. Taking a near cut, on his return, over the gravestones, instead of keeping to the path, he received a smart blow from behind, given by the eccentric Joshua Brookes, and accompanied by the words, “How dare you wheel over consecrated ground ?” Nat answered, “I thought the barrow was consecrated and all, as I borrowed it from the sexton !” Nathan Wood died in 1804, of consumption, at the age of fifty-three.

For steam it has such wonders wrought,
And things to such perfection brought,
We chance may see, if they carry the farce on,
A metal church and cast-iron parson.

“ We’ve iron lords and cotton majors,
And we have lots of spies and gaugers ;
There’s plenty, too, of daily bread,
But the teeth are taxed that are in your head ;
We’ve fops and swells not worth a farthing,
And hundreds, too, there are, that’s starving ;
Just see our hungry hand-loom weavers,
Their hair, like hay, grows through their beavers.

“ There’s one thing more I needs must mention,
It is that wonderful invention
The railway, where you go by power,
At the rate of thirty miles an hour ;
Where waggons go without a team,
And coaches, too, that fly by steam ;
They say it does provisions cheapen,
In fish, pigs’ heads, and Irish bacon.
Sing Ned, sing Joe, and Frank so gaily,
Manchester’s improving daily.”

It will be seen that Baines’s song, resembling many successful singing ditties, will not bear the test of critical reading. We were tempted to a little abbreviation in certain parts, but there is just now such a loud outcry against adulterations and mutilations of all kinds, that we retain the original version as the safest course.

In his preface, “The Lancashire Poet,” as Mr Baines confidently styled himself, thus addressed the public :— “The pleasure of pleasing has ever been a gratifying sensation to me, through a long, and, I may say, success-

ful career as a comic singer; and it is this feeling that has induced me to publish this collection of songs. There is another reason;—many of my brother professional singers have tauntingly said, that I dare not publish my songs—fearing that others would sing them better than myself. But this I do not believe; for with the productions here offered to the public I have amused thousands of laughter-loving people, and never in any one instance failed. There may be errors found in this collection—perhaps too many to meet the eye of the literary critic; but let it be remembered I am but a self-taught child of Nature, and many, or most of these songs have been written amidst the privations, buffetings, and storms of a life of trouble; and as it has been the practice of parties, for years past, to apply to me for written copies, which was troublesome to me and expensive to them, I thought the best plan would be to publish them in a cheap edition, so that the wishes of my numerous friends may be gratified."

Richard Baines died about twenty-two years ago, and was buried in a nameless grave at the lower end of Harpurhey Cemetery. He had passed to the shady side of sixty. Nameless, and even flowerless, though his grave may be, he has there found the sweet forgetfulness of sorrow—the mystical waters of oblivion—for which Zadok so earnestly sought.

At the northern extremity of Long Millgate, in Red Bank, we witnessed, many years ago, the last specimen of bull-baiting exhibited in this part of England. The cruel sport was considered an attractive addition to the usual programme of the wakes—surpassing the charms of the sack-race, the smock-steeplechase, the bolting of the

hot porridge, the swarming of the greasy pole, or the genuine Tim Bobbin feat of grinning through a horse-collar. The bull, during one of his wild plunges, broke loose, and tossed some of his tormentors, Sancho Panza like, into the air. Although no friendly blanket intervened, as at the Spanish inn, there occurred no serious mishap.

In our Directory for 1794, we read of "Phœbe Fletcher, Old Iron Foundery, 2 Foundery Lane, Red Bank." This lane, converted to a street, is familiar enough; but the foundry whence the name was derived has vanished so long ago that its memory is faded away, and some persons may be curious to know the date of its existence. The original proprietor, Mr John Fletcher, died in 1785.

During many years towards the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, the Manchester race-list, sometimes profusely illustrated with small characteristic cuts, was printed in Long Millgate by John Pratt. One of the sons of this worthy typographer afterwards made the family name familiar to our townsmen by the publication of moral, religious, and miscellaneous literature. During his long career, Mr Joseph Pratt printed and partly edited a variety of serial works, inclusive of "The Scrap-Book" and "The Protestant Witness." So widely had he diverged from his father's early course as a printer of race-lists, that he would not, in his later years, set-up or circulate any matter of an immoral or unconstitutional tendency. Such conscientious trading, though praiseworthy in the highest degree, prevented his rising in the world. As a rule, the public, bearing a strong resemblance to a spoiled child, does not feel grateful to

its improvers. Give it sugar, it will caress you; shake the rod at its naughtiness, and soon, with a frown, it will shrink away. Mr Joseph Pratt died in November 1859, after an illness which confined him to his room several months. He had passed the allotted term of threescore years and ten.

Many persons will be surprised to hear that Long Millgate extends from the Cathedral at Manchester even unto the border of Scotland. Yet such is the fact, literally, though not virtually. The elongated street terminates on the south bank of the Irk, where the turbid stream is spanned by Scotland Bridge, and upon the northern side of the river lies a region dedicated to the thistle and the broom. Touching the origin of its singular nomenclature we have no information to offer. Did the Picts and Scots found a colony here while harassing the natives? or did Prince Charlie pitch a tent for his Highlanders, christening the place Scotland in order to make his friends feel more at home? Neither Hunie nor Robertson deigns to enlighten us on this dark point. No claymores have been dug up within the range of our recollection, and the only philibegs discovered belong to the wandering pipers. Our earliest fact by way of elucidation is of a simple domestic nature. In 1762 a messuage, divided into two dwellings, "in Manchester, at a place called Scotland," was advertised to be let, at a yearly rental of ten guineas. Before emerging from the Scottish difficulty, and while surveying our chart in quest of the next object of interest, we find that only a narrow strait—the Irk—divides us from Gibraltar. The globe seems to have got out of gear hereabouts: possibly Atlas

let it slip from his brawny shoulders. At all events, the geographical calculation is rendered as perplexing as the counting of Dundreary's fingers. There is nothing to explain the presence of the Spanish headland, or rather of its name, in this back settlement. So we turn from the confusion of such foreign affairs, and gladly surmount the plain English acclivity termed Red Bank.

The origin of a well-known tavern-sign upon this mount is shown in the Directory of 1797—"George Metcalf, florist and victualler, Flower Pott, 6 Red Bank." Prior to that date the sign was the Wheat Sheaf.

Of the dwellers—be they gentle or simple—in Red Bank or in Long Millgate, few have established a better claim to remembrance than Job Hindley. "Many a year," as we may truly echo, "is in its grave" since the writer of this note first met Job. It was in the rainless summer of 1826, at which distant date the loss of his arm was a new misfortune. He continued to reside in the same neighbourhood until 1872, when he removed to Southport for the benefit of his health. "Well done, Job," he might have exclaimed, in the words of John Bannister on quitting the stage; "half a century is not bad." In Job's case a sudden misfortune resulted in a permanent blessing. Had no accident befallen him in youth, he would probably have passed through life as one of the countless everyday workers, who merely eat, drink, and make merry, leaving the world neither better nor worse than they found it. But the loss of his right arm (while working for a firm of calenderers in Tib Street) forcing him from his original trade, he then adopted a new and more lucrative line of business—the dressing of substantial tripe, the preparation

of nutritious cowheel. This course he pursued with singular success, until at length he chose to retire upon his gains. Tact and energy in the accumulation of his means have been supplemented by wisdom and goodness in the distribution thereof. Finding himself in the possession of a thousand pounds which he could spare, he presented that sum (reserving the interest) to the Manchester Royal Infirmary, in return for important services rendered gratuitously in his youth. By this timely act of benevolence he secured while living the good-will and warm eulogies of his fellows, which posthumous donors receive upon their tombstones only. Subsequently, with an additional five hundred pounds, he presented a lifeboat to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, the station assigned to it being Seaton Carew, Durham. These judicious presents were publicly acknowledged in the Town Hall of his native city on Friday, December 19, 1873. Taken in its entirety, that was a proud day for the residents of Red Bank and Long Millgate—an honest pride, which was manifested as they stood at their doors or gazed from their windows. As "The Job Hindley" lifeboat was drawn triumphantly along, his neighbours waved their hands and raised their cheering voices. The display was for Job, though not solely; the triumph was his, but not alone. As the colours waved upon the masts, and the music played, announcing the coming of the conquering hero, we shared the glow of his "blushing honours." Notwithstanding his prosperity and local fame, Job remains simple and unassuming, easy and natural, in every way. Assuredly, he has never lived at Landes, where the people move mostly upon stilts, and where, mayhap, the stilts are sometimes

gilded. We may hope the milder atmosphere of the Meols will preserve him in health and usefulness to a venerable age ; but, depart when he may, Job Hindley has carved his epitaph in the hearts of his townsmen, and it will be sufficient for his marine friends to write his obituary, like Timon's, in the sands of the seashore.

Thus far had we written one month ago, little anticipating that in so brief a space of time we should read our "auld neibor's" name upon his coffin-plate, within a deep vault, at Cheetham Hill Cemetery. A throng of sympathisers flocked, unbidden, to pay their last respects to his memory. The day was beautifully fine for March ; and after the interment of Job, many lingered with the lettered stones around, drawing each other's attention to the rapidly-increasing number of inscriptions, and feeling, meanwhile, that the generation to which we truly belonged lay at our feet, their places in the world being filled by a younger race, with whom we hold little in common. The youthful look hopefully before them, while the elders look regretfully behind. In bidding farewell to Job Hindley, we would suggest for his epitaph the concluding verse of the "Burial Song for a Good Man," written by the Rev. William Gaskell :—

" Huts where poor men sat distressed,
Homes where death had darkly passed,
Beds where suffering breathed its last,—
These he sought, and soothed, and blessed.

" Hoping, trusting, lay him down !
Many in the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown ! "

The remains of Mr Hindley, who died at Southport, rest in the same vault where those of his wife were deposited wellnigh twenty years before. The words upon his coffin-plate were, "Job Hindley, died 18th March 1874, aged 68 years." Just prior to his decease he had the gratification of hearing that his lifeboat, in its first exploit at sea, had been the means of rescuing eleven sailors, and he promptly forwarded five pounds to be divided amongst the crew. In addition to private legacies, Mr Hindley left by his will nearly three thousand pounds to public charities, as thus—Manchester Infirmary, one thousand pounds; Barnes Convalescent Home, five hundred pounds; St Mary's Hospital, three hundred and fifty pounds; Eye Hospital, three hundred and fifty pounds; Lock Hospital, two hundred and fifty pounds; Deaf and Dumb Institution, Old Trafford, two hundred and fifty pounds; Southport Convalescent Hospital, two hundred and fifty pounds.

CHAPTER IV.

SMITHFIELD MARKET AND ITS VICINITY.

“At a bookseller’s stall
I was sure to call
In my younger days.”

ANON.

IT will be our endeavour, throughout this series of personal recollections—variegated, strengthened, and cemented by historical data—to exhibit as much of the show and as little of the showman as possible. We have frequently, from childhood to within a recent date, witnessed the gambols of Punch and Judy; and those early and abiding favourites have taught us such serviceable lesson. Yet once, yea, twice, in our time we have seen the head belonging to the oracular voice peering above the sacred curtain; and the other day, almost as yesterday, the oracle issued forth bodily, bearing in his hand the box which had gathered in its round a solitary penny, and he appealed to his audience, if it were an English audience, to show an English sense of justice. He upbraided us for fostering foreign airs to the detriment of native graces; and reminded us, in conclusion, that he had gladdened our childhood when we had nothing but our smiles to bestow in return. But where are we wander-

ing, pray? as an old man asked of a maiden in the arch song of the archer Madame Vestris. Our present business lies mainly with the bookworm feature of our city, and we must not linger, howsoever lovingly, with Punch and Judy, albeit they are far from being aliens in the streets of Manchester. Latterly, we must admit, the queer automatons seldom exhibit in the public ways for chance recompense. Finding their reception grew colder, even in the sunshine, they have wisely retreated to the warm welcome and certain payment of the casinos and the singing galleries. The moral of our episode will be apparent. If at any time we appear obtrusive, the exigency of our position will be in fault, rather than any lack of innate modesty.

So now to our book-hunting. "To poor lovers of literature," observes a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "these bookstalls are as tables spread in a wilderness;" and many a sympathetic spirit will echo the sentiment. We have kindred feelings and memories of our own. One afternoon, when business was not busy, and when the golden number would have indicated all our years, we strolled with our tonsorial governor through Smithfield Market. The market was younger even than ourselves—a mere baby in petticoats—presenting a very different aspect to the huge bazaar, framed and glazed, which we are now accustomed to see. It was opened to the public in May 1822. Entirely exposed to the elements, weather-beaten in all directions, its sturdy infancy knew nothing of the hothouse culture of its later summers. Avoiding statistics, which may be safely confided to the official *Page*, to the more substantial *Folio*, we continue our saunter. After

leisurely passing various heaps, stalls, and hampers containing vegetables, fruit, and general farm-produce, we came to a lowly collection of second-hand (and how many hands beyond the second?) books, pamphlets, prints, and the like, arranged upon the stones. Being the first literary or pictorial display we had seen, we eagerly stooped to examine the store. Could this be called "Stooping to Conquer?" The pictures, though charming, were soon despatched. The books, too, were abandoned in reasonable time—the sooner, as we knew them to be entirely beyond our reach. But the periodicals proved an almost endless source of pleasure and difficulty; pleasure, in poring over each article and woodcut, and in laying aside for a second glance those that particularly pleased us; difficulty, in guarding our selection from being disturbed by other hands; and further, in weeding the flowers on perceiving we had selected the major part of the dealer's stock. "Friend after friend departed," as James Montgomery sings, until a solitary copy of the *Mirror* remained in our fingers. It was a supplementary number, dedicated to a description of the Arctic voyages of Captains Parry, Ross, and Franklin. For this twopenny treasure we gladly paid, at half price, our only penny, and ratified our maiden purchase in literature. We regret our inability to record the name of this our first and most patient bibliopolist; but doubtless he was an emulative William Hutton, who began the bookselling business with one pound's worth of "trash," and ended in affluent retirement; or a persevering William Chambers, who successfully "cultivated literature on a little oatmeal" and five shillings. Yet the probabilities are against such favour-

able conclusions. Only at rare and distant intervals is the world startled from its equanimity by some phenomenon of wealth or of intellect emerging from the multitude. In the lottery of life the capital prizes must of necessity be limited to the fortunate few; the vast crowd must content itself as it best may with minor rewards or with positive blanks.

From the date of that first literary purchase we felt a craving for copper. *Mirrors*, or *Caskets*, or *Olios* were bought with every available coin, duly devoured, and carefully preserved. Although these bygone periodicals have long been invalidated, they retain a certain interest by the power of association. The *Mirror* continued to appear before the public until it became the Tom Moody of weekly numbers, having been "in at the death" of countless rivals. It succumbed at length to the serial quartos. In numbers, as in craniums, size is usually an index of power. The large pennyworths find most favour with the multitude, and thus the literary Goliaths almost invariably defeat the Davids.

Pursuing the system of miscellaneous purchase during a series of years, we lessened the curious heaps that had accumulated upon the shelves or counters of Jacob Williamson and James Wroe,—not forgetting the numerous stalls which used to line the footpath in Shudehill, tended by James Weatherley, Elijah Ridings, and other noteworthy booksellers. Of Jacob, his eccentricities, and his antiquated corner, due mention has been made elsewhere. Mr Wroe was an earnest and well-known reformer, who kept a book and music shop in Great Ancoats Street until the period of his death, in 1844. How well we remember that shop, inside and out, together with its

Saturday-evening sales by auction,—though these latter attractions we could not attend, and knew them only by report. At that epoch, Saturday night was the general paytime, the popular marketing, when Smithfield and its vicinity were seen in their throng and glory. On all such evenings we, being in the public service, were busily improving the race of men, freeing them from unbecoming (h)airs, cleansing them from the stains and impurities of the week; in short, fitting them for the serener duties of home and the Sabbath. Could any officer of health, supported by his sanitary staff, be more useful in his way as a regenerator? Mr Wroe, as already stated, auctioned his books to others, not to us. But in his window we found a perpetual feast of numbers,—a world at one view,—life without dulness or commonplace. The *Casket* and the *Olio* were spread over the panes to show the most interesting pictures. How Collins the poet would have rejoiced to see all his “Passions” in flower at the same moment. Here was no slow preparation for action, no tedious tuning of instruments before one could get any music. The warriors were met in mortal combat—the lovers in delicious repose. If one picture showed Jerry Abershaw robbing the mail, in the next he was swinging from the last gibbet erected in England. Lynch law was beaten hollow. But the scenes of blighted affection touched us most—especially one that might have been entitled “News from the Invisible World.” A beauteous bride was environed by the spirits of evil; and so deep was the interest we felt in the alarming fate of that lady and her spectre bridegroom, that we still remember their names:—

"Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's, the Fair Imogene."

With a parting cheer for the Fine Arts in a fury, we may add that Mr Wroe was during many years a commissioner of police, and one of the most popular of that governing body, whose existence and influence are proven by the "Seal of Old Manchester," engraved as a characteristic ornament for our opening chapter. Between 1818 and 1821 he was a proprietor of the *Manchester Observer* newspaper. It is recorded in the "Dictionary of Printers and Printing," that in the course of four months no less than thirteen processes issued against himself and family on account of articles which were considered libellous. So it would seem that Mr Wroe, living in excitable times, and seeking to gratify excited readers, indulged in effective paragraphs, which proved expensive luxuries, bringing both cash penalties and imprisonment in their train.

Newspaper editors — professed reviewers of men, of manners, of books—live in critical glass houses (round houses, forming a circle of reflectors), and yet must they, if faithful unto duty, be ceaselessly following in the wake of David, slinging stones at the Giant Errors of the world.

Mr Wroe's sometime contemporary, James Weatherley, eschewed politics and their attendant dangers, dividing his time pretty equally between books and Bacchus; the latter absorbing the profits arising from the former, for the tipsy deity is a notorious leveller. A couple of stray leaves from Mr Weatherley's neglected diary will pleasantly illustrate his peculiarities: they are the only leaves

preserved.* As the diarist enumerates most of the second-hand booksellers of his time, the list may possess some general interest; and as all are named in a friendly spirit, none will find cause for complaint.

"Tuesday, April 1.—All fools' day! flattering coincidence. Too many friends at the Wheat Sheaf; could not get away. Wonder where they keep Temperance pledges? Must inquire. Ale at the Sheaf rather heavy. Lighter at the Seven Stars. Stars always light; their reflections brighter than mine. Dull jesting this morning. Remember selling a rare book for a sovereign that I picked up for a shilling. But that happened long ago, when Jacob—a queer fish was Jacob—and I kept neighbouring stalls in the market-place, near the top of Smithy Door. Did not waste a penny of that money; had more sense then. Older and madder. Would make a capital preacher; can teach anybody wisdom except myself. Ah! the light and the lantern again: no wonder they say comparisons are odious. Sutton came: the world has grown worse with me since first I knew Sutton. Said I was queer; offered me a hair of the dog that bit me so savagely last night. What could I say? 'May we ne'er want a friend nor a bottle to give him.' Drank that toast too often and too deeply at the Sheaf. Then Fithian came; had in his pocket a pledge, which he kindly offered to me. Sorry it was just too late: had given my word to Tom, and what is a man but his word?—

* Amongst recent discoveries, may be enumerated a few more leaves of J. W.'s diary, relating, mainly, his experience at the Grammar School at the beginning of the present century; but these must needs be sought elsewhere.

'Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare.'

Must take one glass now; could not well take the pledge and all. 'So went with Tom into the Fleece, where 'Lijah once saw the domestic battle 'wi' th' Ballies,' which Rogerson wove into rhyme:—

'Aw'r stondin' by Dick Livesey heawse,
Th' owd Fleece, i' Withy Grove.'

No use trying to be a warbler. If ever I 'favour the company with a song,' the company must supply the singer. Never could sing to please myself, let alone pleasing others: capital listener, though, when the song and the singer are worth hearing. Parted with Tom, and crossed over alone to the Seven Stars. Market day; country buyers. Robert Holt, of Prestwich,—friendly customer for anything local or curious in books or coins, in prints or medals. Glad to see him always. Should have got some fresh stock from Nathan Moore, or John Long, or William Ardrey; but where is the money? Useless to meet buyers with nothing to sell; might as well stay here; yet cannot stay here for naught. James Hudson has rent and taxes to pay for this ancient, well-preserved tavern—the most picturesque hostel remaining in Manchester, bar Wilmot's in Smithy Door. They say the 'Stars' is five hundred years old, and has seen out many a spreeing customer such as me. Must be fair, as long as I have anything to be fair with: Mary, bring me another glass, and let it be fresh drawn. Should not be the only idler in the trade to-day: James Weatherley used to know a trick worth two of this.

Thomas Sutton would not tarry; neither would William Fithian nor Edward Tyson; they are now arranging their stores to attract the bookworms. Will Ford, Robert Roberts, and Willis are steady in their shops,—William Ford (a true chip of the old block) composing catalogues at his leisure, arranging artistic rarities, or selecting lots for the auctioneer's hammer. That hammer is going, going, gone, at this identical hour, knocking down three-volume novels at an 'alarming sacrifice,' as the drapers say. But novels are more in Mistress Baker's way than in mine. She has made a study of the circulating libraries, and knows exactly what will captivate their readers. Those libraries are sinking now,—the list of their names becomes shorter year by year,—but she will sustain them, if any one can. So I may leave her to cater for the few remaining librarians—Miss Cockcroft, George Jacques, Joseph Bohanna, William Hyde, and the rest. Should not be idling here in business hours; paying very dear for the whistle—buying sixpenny ale at a shilling a quart. Joseph Lockwood is minding both shop and stall, and prospering accordingly. Close beside him, with a much smaller collection, stands young James Hayes. I feel sorry for Hayes. That family should be riding in a family carriage for inventing those spinning-jennies. 'Lijah Ridings is ringing his official bell, or day-dreaming over his favourite books. William Hunt is stocking his new shop in Chapel Street, vowing to make Salford keep at least one good book-store; but he will not succeed where so many have failed. John Halliwell, Farrel Battle, and others are busy in the market. All busy bees, all improving 'each shining

hour,' etcetera, as authors write on their title-pages, after naming all their books. Wife came with Roger. Misfortunes never come alone. Yet Roger is a good lad sometimes; and the lady should not be blamed for attending to her lord."

Here the diary abruptly terminates; the diarist supposed to be gone home to a curtain lecture. Considering that William Hutton and James Weatherley were engaged in the same line of business, their trade diaries differ strangely. The latter's natural shrewdness made his remarks valuable to younger dealers. On hearing a casual observation touching the smallness of his store (for towards the close of his career it grew "small by degrees," without becoming "beautifully less"), Weatherley would rejoin that he had tried his hand at large unchanging stocks, but preferred a small assortment, if frequently replenished. "It was all very well," he would continue in effect, though not precisely in language, "for the Huttons and Lackingtons of the last century to write of their tiny beginnings and proud endings, to tell us of their huge collections and progressive triumphs; but in those days buyers were waiting for books, while in our era books are waiting for buyers. Therein lies the important difference. Better to change the tactics now. When the shelves or stalls are full, do not hastily erect others, but examine the store. Pick out the works that have done their duty,—that have gone the round of the customers,—and may not again be wanted; exchange or sell these at a cheap rate, and with the money buy fresh ones which your visitors are waiting to see. You will thus be enabled to keep the stock small, yet effective

—the drones giving reasonable place to the working bees.” Such was the essence of James Weatherley’s experience—none the less valuable to others because to himself its advantages were counteracted by beer. He continued his bootless (almost bookless) struggles to the year 1860, or thereabouts; when, at the age of sixty-six, he surrendered at the silent summons, as poor and as patient as Job.

It was at those homely bookstalls in Smithfield Market and its vicinity that we first encountered the weird entertainments of the “Arabian Nights,” the mystical legends of the “Elf and the Fairy,” the marvels of the Heathen Mythology, the “Iliad” of the sightless wandering minstrel, and other charming emanations of intellect, which seem as impervious to the touch of Time as if they had been dipped, like Achilles, in the Stygian waters.

—“Such books as these
Are of no time or place ;
They live for ages yet to be,—
They live for all our race !”

Those undying favourites we perused with delight, as a matter of course, but also with a feeling of despondency. We could not help comparing their enviable longevity with certain buddings and blossomings of our own which perversely refused to expand into flowers or fruitage. Although we guarded their tendrils from the blights of early spring, and fostered them with all the Promethean fire and light that were in us, the ephemerals would not live. Naturally curious to discover the key to any mystery, and as anxious as the Cornishmen to “know the reason why,” we often analysed the composition of those

literary evergreens ; though not exactly as the boy analysed the bellows to discover the source of the wind. When we met with any book—Shakespearian or otherwise—that had basked in the sunshine of general favour during one, or two, or three hundred years, and was still as full of vigour and vitality as at first, we found it a pleasant task to search for the mental charm, the ethereal spirit, that enabled the undying one to float above the waters of Lethe, instead of sinking beneath the surface with the crowd of common books.

CHAPTER V.

GOD'S ACRE.

"This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow."

LONGFELLOW.

OUR present chapter must needs be less cheerful than its immediate predecessor. On that occasion we had the pleasure of summoning to our aid a throng of familiar names and faces, in addition to the pictorial window of Mr James Wroe, our worthy and intelligent bibliopolist of a former day. Nothing less than a sense of duty,—for duty is owing to the departed as well as to the living,—would induce us to exchange such congenial associations for the lettered pathways of the Cathedral Yard, where all associations are forgotten, where remembrance is no more. Yet even here an occasional hour may be profitably spent, and the records we glean of the buried past may be found of sufficient interest for the columns of a living newspaper, or for these memorial pages.

We cannot traverse the streets of Manchester, vacantly or with thoughtful observation, over any considerable space, without being checked by a churchyard. Whatsoever point of the vane we may choose, one of these silent monitors confronts us with the ominous reminder, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further,—at least in the flesh."

Such is the sermon the burial-ground mutely preaches to the pensive wayfarer. We can rarely enter the consecrated precincts without a feeling of reverence and awe,—reverence for the silent chambers beneath our feet, awe for the solemn mysteries overhead. Perhaps this feeling has been intensified by a startling query once propounded by Thomas de Quincey, Manchester's deepest thinker. It was to this effect:—“Supposing the buried worlds, the countless generations entombed since the creation of man, were to arise and claim their places upon earth, what would become of the living?” What, indeed! How, for example, would the Shah of Persia fare in the warrior-presence of the first Darius? Descending to domestic affairs, what would be the fate of many a frail Fatima, were her Bluebeard to return once more from his journey, examine the magical key, and punish the violation of the blue chamber? We fear there would be more silent women in the land than the headless lady pictured satirically on the tavern signboard.

As the Cathedral Yard is situated at the extremity of Long Millgate, and likewise at the termination of Hunt’s Bank, we must, as a natural sequence, enter it to pursue our researches. On passing through the gateway at Hunt’s Bank, we are immediately greeted, on the left hand, by the familiar name of Bamford, as it occurs in the inscription placed over the veteran’s mother, who died in Manchester:—

“Here resteth the remains of Hannah,
wife of Daniel Bamford, late of Middleton,
who departed this life December 26, 1795,
aged 40 years.”

"When my father" writes Samuel Bamford, in his "Early Days," "had completely recovered, he was grieved that my mother had not been buried at Middleton, with her children, as it was her expressed desire to be. He accordingly took measures with a view to having her wish complied with, but Doctor Ashton, who was at the time rector of Middleton, and warden of the Collegiate Church at Manchester, refused to grant permission for the removal of her remains, alleging as his reason—and that perhaps a proper one—that the infection of which she died might be communicated to persons attending the ceremony. She therefore remained in her grave on the north side of the steeple at the Collegiate Church, where my father caused a stone to be placed, with a suitable inscription; but in the alterations which some years ago were made in the church-yard, my mother's gravestone, like many others, disappeared." The stone, though absent for a time, has been duly replaced, albeit in a shattered condition.

A little further on the north side was a stone (now removed) bearing sundry names, inclusive of the following :—

"Ellen, wife of Isaac Nield, aged 21 years,
drowned with seven more by a stage break-
ing down near the New Bridge, Nov. 27th
1798."

The accident by which Ellen Nield and her companions lost their lives has been variously described. From the most reliable version we gather that on a certain night in November 1798, near the hour of twelve, a coachman drove his vehicle, for the purpose of washing, into the river Irwell, at Stanyhurst (opposite to the Cathedral

tower, on the Salford side of the water). The current running strong, the horses were drawn into the centre of the stream, and forced under one of the arches of the old bridge. In that critical state they swam, with the man on the box, through Blackfriars Bridge, struggling for their lives until one o'clock in the morning. Coming near to a dyer's flat, the man leaped upon it, and there lay exhausted. The horses endeavoured to follow their master to his place of safety, but failed, and were drowned. At daylight curiosity drew knots of people together to see the bodies of the horses floating. A group of women and children stood on a dyer's stage overhanging the river near the New Bailey Bridge, when the bottom of the stage gave way, and all were precipitated into the water. Three were saved, the remaining eight were washed away by the flood. One of the three rescued was a boy, fetched out by a dyer's dog. The sagacious animal returned for another prize, but he was too late. Good dog! He reminds us of the brave Moustache. The First Napoleon would have adorned his neck with a ribbon and a medal. In the middle of February 1799, after eleven weeks' immersion, the body of Ellen Nield was washed up near the locks at Barton Bridge; she was recognised by her clothes, though in a dilapidated state. On the same day (the ice had suddenly thawed) another of the sufferers was found at Mode Wheel, at which weir so many inanimate forms have been recovered, especially after the numerous floods occurring during the present century. In consequence of the disaster thus described, an official notice was issued that the passage leading from Greengate to the river would be closed each evening

at sunset against all carriages. Formerly Stanyhurst was so much frequented, that many accidents happened through overcrowding. This Stanyhurst accident partly repeated itself in October 1873. A cabman, John Proctor, aged twenty-nine, a resident of Hulme, unaccountably drove his cab, near midnight, on to the towing-path of the river Irwell, near Stanley Street, and, with the horse and cab, fell into the river. After considerable difficulty, the horse was rescued, but the driver was drowned, and the cab wellnigh destroyed.

On the south side of the Cathedral Yard, not far from the tower, a quaintly-cut inscription of some historical interest was visible until very recently, but it has now disappeared.

“Here lyeth ye body of Gamaliel Whitaker,
late vicar of Kirk Burton in Yorkshire, who
dyed ye first day of February 1643.”

To these words Mr Owen has added, in his manuscript book of local epitaphs, an extract from the register of burials:—“1643, Feb. 1st.—Gamaliel Whittaker, preacher of ye Word of God, deceased at Widow Birches.” In elucidation of these records we gladly avail ourselves of a letter addressed to Mr Owen by Mr H. J. Morehouse, the historian of Kirkburton:—“Many thanks for your note containing the inscription on Mr Whitaker’s grave-stone. As the circumstances connected with his death have been carefully considered by me, I view this inscription with peculiar interest. I very much regret to learn that the stone has disappeared. It is sad to think that the ancient memorials which surround many of our parish churches are so little cared for. The public owe

you a debt of gratitude for rescuing many of these memorials of your parish and neighbourhood. The entry in your register of Mr Whitaker's burial is also interesting, and it affords a painful picture of the times, as you will learn by the following extract from the parish register at Kirkburton :— 'Hester Whitaker, wife of Gamaliel Whitaker, vicar at Kirkburton, whoe was slaine the 12th day at night January instant, and was buried the 15th day 1643-4.' In my book ["History of the Parish of Kirkburton"] I have entered rather minutely into what appears to me probable circumstances which led to these disastrous results. One paragraph may interest you :— 'In the autumn of the year 1643, the cause of the Parliament began to brighten, and continued steadily to advance till these sanguinary conflicts were brought to a close by the entire subversion of the Royalists and the death of the King. Whether the attack made by the army under the Earl of Newcastle upon the inhabitants of Holmfirth had been at the instigation of Mr Whitaker, can now only be matter of conjecture; but what shortly afterwards befell him seems to imply that the inhabitants regarded it as such; for not long after a party of soldiers (Parliamentarians) from Woodhead went in the night to Burton to carry off Mr Whitaker to Manchester, where he died in a month of grief and ill-usage. Whether any resistance had been offered on the part of the vicar or his friends there exists no evidence to show, but tradition states that Mrs Whitaker was shot on the staircase of the parsonage.'"

Still lingering on the southern side of our ancient modernised Cathedral, and approaching the Mitre Hotel,

we find no difficulty in deciphering a lengthy epitaph, which, to the careless gazer, shows nothing uncommon, but to the reader acquainted with the painful story of the forgotten sleeper at his feet, how much is the interest of the chiseled record increased ! The value of adding cause to effect is efficiently demonstrated. A brief portion of the epitaph is all we require:—

“Also Margt. wife of the above Henry
Marsden, who departed this life April 26,
1817, aged 75 yrs.”

At the date here given, Margaret Marsden, a widow, had been, during ten years, servant in the house of Mr Thomas Littlewood, adjoining the Three-nooked Field, Pendleton. The family consisted of four persons—the master and mistress, Margaret, and a younger servant, Hannah Partington, aged twenty. Mr Littlewood had a grocer's shop in Salford, where every Saturday he attended to meet his customers, the market people. On Saturday morning, the 26th of April 1817, Mr and Mrs Littlewood went to their business as usual ; at their return in the evening, they found several neighbours gathered near the house apprehensive of something wrong. A ladder being procured, the dwelling was entered by an upper window ; and on descending, the two servants were found murdered—Hannah weltering in her blood on the floor, Margaret on her chair. A poker, bent and bloody, lay upon the dresser ; a stained cleaver was also found. About one hundred and sixty pounds in notes and gold were missing, in addition to some plate and wearing apparel. Who had committed the crime ? None could tell with certainty ; but four men had been noticed hovering about during the day.

Suspicion therefore attached to them: they were described, and speedily hunted down. Two were apprehended in St George's Road, one in Silk Street, Newton Lane; the other at the Swan Inn, Sugar Lane: all on the following day. Committed to the Assizes at Lancaster, the prisoners were thus arraigned before the Lord Chief-Baron, in the month of August then next ensuing:—William Holden, forty-seven; James Ashcroft the elder, fifty-three; James Ashcroft the younger, thirty-two; David Ashcroft, forty-eight; John Robinson, fifty-three. The last-named was acquitted, there being no evidence to connect him either with the crime or with the other persons accused. The foreman of the grand jury was Edward Geoffrey Lord Stanley, then in his nineteenth year. In his charge to the petit jury, at the conclusion of the trial, the Chief-Baron observed that the circumstances of the case were extraordinary; without doubt blood was spilled in considerable quantity, yet not a drop was visible on any of the prisoners; nor was any part of the missing property found upon them,—except, perhaps, the money, which could not be identified. But two of the prisoners had suddenly become possessed of bank-notes and gold, of which no satisfactory account was given. The strong favourable points he considered overbalanced by the general tenor of the evidence, which, though circumstantial, formed a connected chain. The prisoners solemnly denied any knowledge of the murder, but their denial went of course for nought. It is the peculiar and unavoidable hardship of accused persons—whatever the accusation may be—that their lips are virtually sealed, even against the truth. The jury almost

immediately returned a verdict of guilty against all the four men, who were thereupon sentenced to death, to be followed by dissection. On Monday, 8th September, the execution took place. While upon the scaffold, William Holden said to the multitude, "I am now going to meet my God, and in the face of Him I declare I am as innocent of the concern as the child yet unborn." David Ashcroft said, "You are all assembled to see four innocent men suffer. . . . I would not now tell a lie for all the world." As soon as the elder Ashcroft came upon the scaffold, he kissed his son. After the ropes were affixed, they all sang a hymn which David gave out. It was the well-known hymn beginning—

"I'H praise my Maker whilst I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My hours of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

While they were singing, the drop fell, and the guilt or innocence of the four men remains to the present day a debatable point—a problem unsolved.

The inscriptions in the Cathedral Yard are essentially prosaic: few verses are visible. Perhaps the surroundings are anti-poetical. The springs of Castalia, we may remember, were not polluted, as are the streams of the Irwell and the Irk. Neither was the atmosphere breathed at Mount Helicon tainted, as with us, by chemical miasma. In our city churchyard Gray could never have composed his famous Elegy. As we wander into the country, we become impressed with the fancy—almost

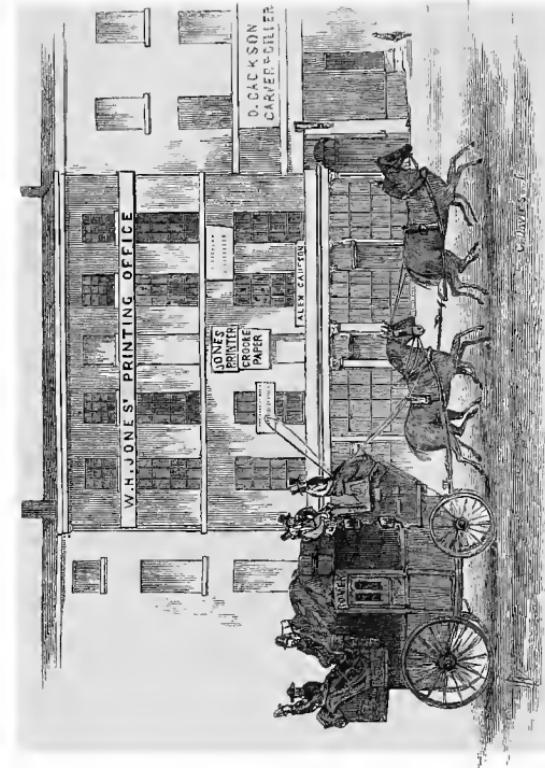
the fact—that elegies spring with the flowers. Often, too, they appear equally suggestive, or soothing, or beautiful. But at other times and places, the tributary rhymes are as uniform in their mediocrity as if a churchyard laureate were maintained for the special purpose of supplying them. Another point of divergence exists between the city and the sylvan “God’s Acre.” In our Cathedral Yard Old Mortality can never feel quite at ease, nor appear in his native character. In deference to the prevailing fashion, he must leave his favourite pony in the stable, and exchange his picturesque blue bonnet for a modern hat. Even then, the active spirits thereabouts, who know so well that time is money, and that money makes the mare to go, will marvel that the old-time dreamer should linger so long on the unbusiness side of the railings. But in the green enclosure of the hamlet the pilgrim-poet finds his natural element. As he pursues his vocation, the silence and solitude remain unbroken, except by welcome visitants. The mower, bearing his newly-sharpened scythe, passes him with a friendly nod; the country girl trips gaily near with her basket of fruit and flowers, daintily picking her way through the pasturing sheep; while the hoary sexton—the “Goodman Delver” of Shakespeare—slowly adds his useful illustrations to the chiseled chronicles. And so the hours glide, to Old Mortality’s content, until his research is completed, or until the shadowed dial warns him to depart with the sun.

That many of our venerable rustic churches and hallowed places of rest possess charms sufficient to justify

Mortality's predilection, few will be disposed to deny ; and that such visits to neglected shrines may be amply rewarded we have often received satisfactory proof. Once, and once only, we chanced to be at Cartmel,—a sea-girt valley, reached by crossing the sands from Lancaster, and placed at the foot of the Fells, which herald the grand mountain range of the Lake district. It was Sunday ; the stillness was impressive ; and as we loitered among the mounds, and headstones, and scattered sheep, the bell rang out for morning service, and we entered the ancient priory church. One member of the limited congregation was the lord of the neighbouring lands (the Earl of Burlington), paying due homage to the Lord of all. During the sermon, birds were flying from opened window to window, or singing on the war-worn banner, as it waved fitfully from the ceiling. Here and there, along the aisles, were monumental brasses, which shone in the vivid sunlight. Though all this might be commonplace to the isolated villagers, the scene afforded to us (who had passed our Sundays busily within a crowded city) an agreeable specimen of Sabbath life in the country. It was a glimpse of a fresher existence, a breathing of a purer atmosphere, than we had hitherto shared.

While at Cartmel, we saw a kitchen-fire which had not been extinguished during a long lifetime. "It is seventy-five years," said the owner, Mr William Field, in explanation, "since I was born in this house, and the fire has never been out to my knowledge. It is easily kept in. We cut a peat from the adjoining moss, put it under the embers at night, and in the morning nothing is required save fresh

fuel." The fire glowed upon the hearthstone, the ample old-fashioned place being independent of a grate. The family pot was suspended by substantial hooks and chains; the whole reminding us of a gipsy tent, and of an English home in the days of Queen Elizabeth.



THE "RED ROVER" STAGE-COACH IN MARKET STREET. 1823.

cated at the Moravian School, Fairfield. Like Coleridge, our humourist enlisted in the army, and, to complete the resemblance, was soon restored to his friends. In 1829 he was in business as a bookseller at the upper end of Market Street, his next-door neighbours being Jewsbury and Whitlow. As a bookseller Mr Gregson was unsuccessful, soon resigning his shop to a confectioner, who got all the sweets of business where Geoffrey, on his own affirmation, had received all the sours. In 1833 was published his "Gimcrackiana ; or, Fugitive Pieces on Manchester Men and Manners Ten Years Ago." Most of the effusions contained in the book had previously appeared in the (Liverpool) *Kaleidoscope*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Iris*. With a droll incident of the old stage-coaching days, we take leave of our sprightly *cicerone* in Market Street :—

"A few stanzas more ere my theme I give over,
On that wonderful coach which they call the Red Rover,
For 'Take off a wheel,' as said Richard to Robin,
You'll never be spilt, 'Patent Safety,' you Bobbin !
For it is not a month since, as going down-hill,
The coach parted company with a fore-wheel,
And still held on her course, and, though going quite fast,
Ne'er found out the loss till the trundler passed :
Nay I've heard, but pray keep it between I and you,
Next season they're meaning to try it with two !!
They return by this coach, do these sons of the trade,
So I've nicknamed each 'kid' as a Red Roving blade ;
As the clock of th' Infirmary strikes eight they go—
You may fancy the 'coves' in the picture below ! "

Mr Wilmot Henry Jones, whose name appears in Mr Gregson's picture, was the Manchester Moxon, the provincial poets' printer. He was in business prior to 1829, his name disappearing from the Directory in 1843.

Amongst the notable issues from Mr Jones' press may be enumerated the first edition of Bailey's "Festus," Roger-son's "Rhyme, Romance, and Reverie," Edward Chesshyre's "Posthumous Songs," "Gimcrackiana," and the "Manchester Literary Gazette." It is worthy of remark, that Robert Rose, the bard of colour, was the first person who bought a copy of "Festus," when that wonderful poem was printed here. There had been no rush for early impressions. When Mr Jones—a curious character—was informed of the tardy sale, he sought out the purchaser, to congratulate him on his superior and singular taste.

A much earlier glimpse of Market Street is yielded by an ancient legal "Case;" in which the upper portion of the lane, two centuries and a half ago, is thus described, the value of land and rental being also minutely set forth. The amazing contrast between then and now will impress the most casual observer. "John Hunt, late of Manchester in the county of Lancaster, deceased, being in his lifetime seised of a messuage, with the appurtenances in Manchester aforesaid, situate in or near a certain street there called the Market Street Lane, and one barn, with the appurtenances to the said messuage belonging, and three closes in Manchester aforesaid, lying near and belonging to the said messuage or dwelling-house, called by the several names of the Great Meadow, the Brick-Kiln Meadow, the Kiln Field, and the House Field, containing by estimation ten acres of land or thereabouts, did, by indenture bearing date the 26th of May 1612, made between the said John Hunt of the one part, and Robert Lever of Darcy Lever in the said county, clothier, of the other part, in consideration of one hundred and twenty pounds, paid to the said John Hunt

by the said Robert Lever, demise to the said Robert Lever the said premises for the term of twenty-one years from Michaelmas then next, under the yearly rent of twenty shillings. And some short time after making of the said lease, the said John Hunt did, by deed, demise the said premises unto the said Robert Lever for the term of one hundred years, to commence from Christmas 1632, under the yearly rent of ten shillings."

Exercising the peculiar privilege of the pen, and making thereby a convenient transit from 1632 to the current time, we may observe that Market Street, having already received its full share of literary and artistic attention, stands in no immediate want of another chronicler. Painters have sketched its venerable features while they were as yet picturesque ; pantomimists have introduced the traffic-laden thoroughfare into the comic business of the pantomime ; and songsters, finding here the active varieties of life, have eulogised the street in rough-and-ready verses. Quite recently, this main artery of the city has been visited by Mr Sala (the critical observer of many renowned thoroughfares of the world), who has recorded his impressions in the airy, free-ranging manner which he usually prefers ; while Mrs Linnæus Banks has thoughtfully discoursed upon its history from the other or more sedate side. So what more need be said or sung ? The present writer has arrived a day after the fair. Little of novelty remains for him, unless he pursue the census-taking plan, making a shop-to-shop analysis. "Shops and their tenants" it must of necessity be, for in Market Street the shops are rarely found empty, and many of the tenants have possessed noteworthy attributes.

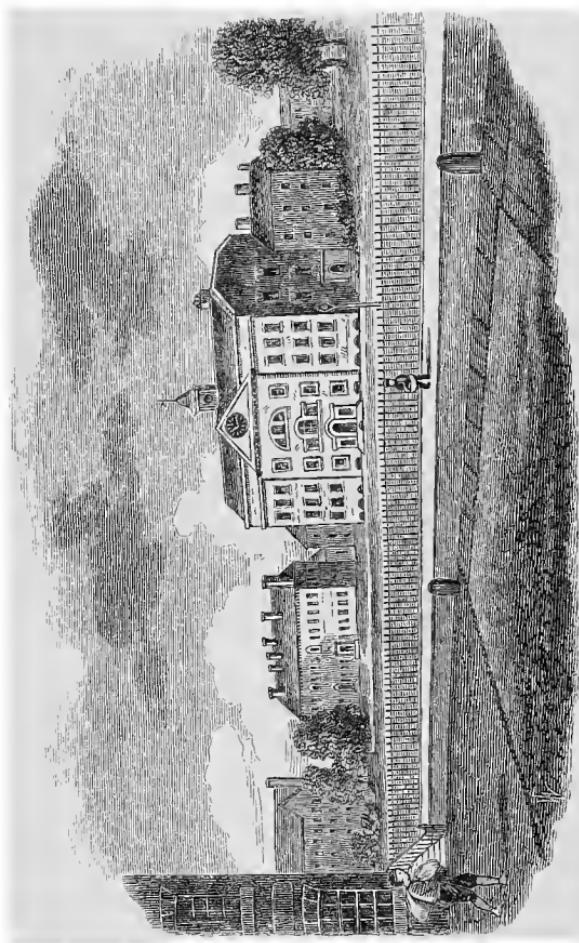
Let us now extend our stroll to Piccadilly.

In one of the most remarkable of the short poems of Ludwig Uhland, the recently-deceased German poet, he describes a passage from shore to shore, in which he was accompanied by shadows—vanished people and scenes no longer visible to the matter-of-fact world. It will suit our humour to pace Piccadilly on this dream-like principle of locomotion.

Taking our stand upon the arch which spans the water-line separating Piccadilly from the London Road, a passing glance may be given to an early (conjectural) plan of the town, dating from the year of grace 800, when the now busy spot, the noisy railway station, was an unrecognised waste, the extremity of Manchester in this direction being Acre's Field. The first reliable notice of our city that is to be found in any English record is a passage in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle under the date of 923. Even in the map of Manchester dated 1650,* a solitary house—Mr Lever's—is pictured as standing here alone in the midst of gardens, pasture lands, and corn-fields. Some years later, Mr Lever and his rural prospects having disappeared, a range of substantial dwellings rose upon the

* With reference to this map, a shortcoming—the omission of Sugar Lane—may be pointed out. The early existence of that lane is proven by a brief entry in the register :—" 1605, Maye 25.—Richard Boile, in y^e Sugar Lane. Buried." Richard Boile was a victim of the plague, which raged fearfully in Manchester in 1605. So fatal was the pestilence, that no fewer than 1078 interments were recorded during the year, being one-fifth of the inhabitants. These numbers are given on the authority of the Rev. John Booker's "History of Didsbury," confirmed by Mr Owen's reference to the registers at the Collegiate Church. In the following year a tax, varying from sixpence to six shillings, was laid upon the inhabitants for the relief of the sufferers.—See *Calendar of State Papers*.





THE INFIRMARY. 1815.

site, perpetuating, as Lever's Row, the favourite name of the landowner. His retired mansion was converted into the White Bear Hotel, celebrated in "Gimcrackiana." Opposite the Row was the Daubholes, where the Infirmary esplanade now appears. Finally, we have the spacious, thriving, populous Piccadilly of our own day.

Having thus briefly sketched the scene, we will endeavour to people it with sundry figures, isolated or in groups.

Several published views of this spot, with the Infirmary, of course, the most prominent object of attraction, will be familiar to observant citizens. Prior to these, we have a literal drawing by Barratt of the Daubholes, and a curious scene it forms. In the distance a goodly array of trees and underwood occupy the site of Portland Street and beyond; the pond itself is wellnigh surrounded by gazers. In the immediate foreground two women have taken forcible possession of a man—whether in love or in war is not apparent. Superintending the whole, and with staff in hand, stands the parish beadle in his picturesque costume. The most patient of scolds is seated in the ducking-stool, awaiting the pleasure of the beadle's assistant to slip his rope and thereby immerse her in the pool. We have seen scolds much less tractable, much less obedient to the law and its officers. The Infirmary pond, subsequently railed and enclosed (to the permanent exclusion of scolds and ducking-stools), remained a leading feature of Piccadilly until within recent years, when it was drained and filled-in, giving place to fountains and statues.

Moving slowly onward, as is our wont ("our custom in the afternoon"), we approach the boarding-house where

Wright Bowden, the Manchester opera-singer of a past generation, made his exit from the stage of life. Introduced to the musical world by Madame Mara, the great embroiderer of Handel, Mr Bowden left his father's tavern, the Unicorn, situated at the top of Smithy Door, to win laurels on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre. Thence, as a singing star, he warbled his "music of the spheres" at divers towns of the United Kingdom. Returning home, long after his home, with all its ties, had been swept away, he lingered with us to the close of his existence, in April 1823, ultimately occupying one of the thousand graves in St Mary's Churchyard, Parsonage, where his name may still be distinctly seen.

We are now in immediate proximity to one of the most interesting private libraries in the county; but our visit to its books and *brochures*, its maps and manuscripts, can, without detriment, be postponed to another season.

A few paces further along Piccadilly, in Chatham Street, died, after a lengthened residence and a green old age, Mr and Mrs Ward, the once celebrated comedians. So long ago as 1767, Mr Ward took a benefit at our original theatre in Mardsen Street, announcing himself as a native of the town. During a short stay in London he worked, like George Frederick Cooke, as a letterpress printer. Mrs Ward (originally Miss Hoare) was brought out at the Liverpool Theatre by Mr Younger, and was during many years the rival of Mrs Siddons, a circumstance to which she thus feelingly alluded in one of her later addresses:—

"The dawn of life she cannot now portray,
With her and Siddons 'tis no longer May;

But the autumnal sun oft shines as bright
As the resplendent summer's brilliant light.
If not a Juliet in the spring of life,
She still can act the mother and the wife :
Shall she commence?—she's waiting your commands ;
She knows the signal—your approving hands."

In 1782 Mr and Mrs Ward commenced an engagement at Drury Lane, where he opened as "Ranger," but returned to Manchester after one or two seasons. She remained in the metropolis a much longer period, performing regularly with Mrs Siddons and Miss Farren. In 1790, when the theatre in Spring Gardens was rebuilt, Mr Ward, conjointly with Mr Banks, assumed the management. On the retirement of Mr Banks, in the year 1800, his place at the managerial board was supplied by Mr Bellamy, the singer, who, five years later, withdrew in favour of Mr Charles Mayne Young. When, in the summer of 1807, the house ceased to be a theatre royal, Mr Young proceeded to win high honours in London, while Mr Ward retreated into private life. We hear nothing more of him until 1810, at which date he entered into an arrangement with Messrs Lewis and Knight, of the Liverpool Theatre, thereby acquiring the active control of our playhouse in Fountain Street, which he retained until 1825. Mr Ward bade adieu to the stage as a performer in April 1811, in the character of "Lord Ogleby," to Mrs Ward's "Miss Sterling." Later in the evening he delivered a farewell address, which, as it contains some bits of autobiography, may be thought worthy of reproduction :—

"Death shoots so well, he brings all ages down,
And few escape to wear a patriarch's crown ;

The sons of Thespis, too, who live by you,
Find Shakespeare's simile is but too true ;
He says they strut and fret their scenic age,
And then are heard no more upon the stage ;
With their *début* some make their parting bow,
Some in old age,—but I must do it now.
'Tis more than thirty years since first I came
To this loved town in search of scenic fame ;
Young on the stage, as well as green in years,
I wished to melt your hearts, and steal your tears ;
Judgment misled—I thought my ardent soul
Sharpened the dagger, filled the tragic bowl.
You nursed the tyro, till maturer age
Chalked out the line where best I trod the stage ;
Hamlet and Romeo—the whole tragic stock,
I left for ever—thence to wear the sock.
The plaudit praise to me was highly dear,
And whilst I live, 'twill gratefully glow here ;
But gout, fell enemy of agile steps,
Over some years I might have acted, leaps ;
Seizes my limbs, and paralyses power,
Ere my contemporaries reach their *exit* hour.
Alas ! unequal to the active part,
I now retire to cater for the art ;
No longer actor—yet direct the scene,
Proud when you're pleased, your praise the richest gain ;
Happy when crowds attraction hither draws,
Yet still more happy blessed with your applause."

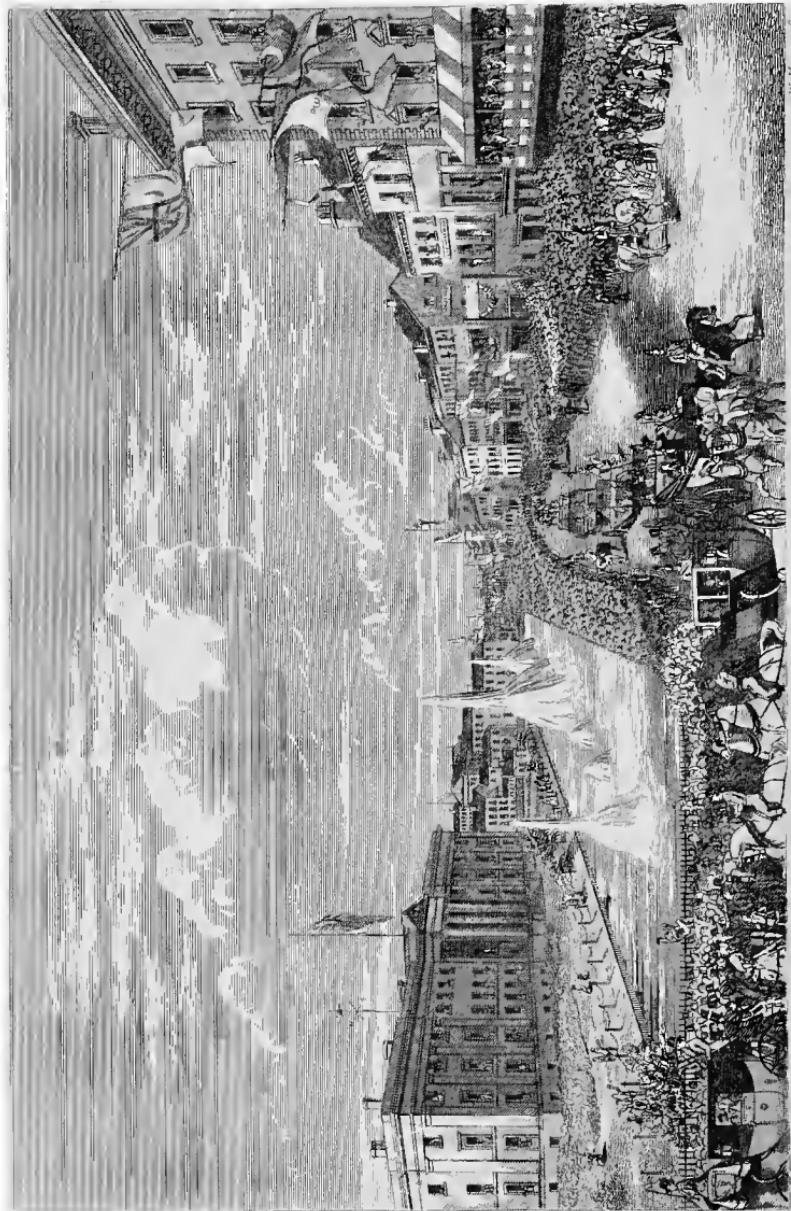
When we began our agreeable task of recalling a few of the departed worthies of Piccadilly, we referred to the Manchester newspapers for 1835—the date of Mr Ward's decease—to glean a few autobiographical facts, and to read the list of brother actors, or managers, who had honoured his funeral by their presence. The mountain, as of yore, brought forth a mouse. One line and a half of curt information was all that could be found :—

"December 1, at his residence in Chatham Street, aged eighty-six, Thomas Achurch Ward, Esq." Not an allusion to the forty years' actor, and thirty years' manager, who had just taken his final leave of the town. A few years of quiet retirement had entirely obliterated the remembrance of his public life, although so unusually lengthened and active. A classical writer might here exclaim, with a sigh, *Sic transit*, slowly adding the companion syllables, *gloria mundi*. When a favourite actor quits the stage, he "dies to all his former glory." Mrs Ward kept possession of our boards until April 1816, at which date she quitted the theatre in her pet part, "Elvira." She survived her husband several years.

At our next stage, Portland Place, died, at the mature age of eighty, Mr Thomas Houldsworth, whose name was once a household word in Manchester. His town residence has since been converted and extended into the Queen's Hotel.* His principal country seat was Sherwood Hall, Nottinghamshire. In the obituary of Sylvanus Urban, Mr Houldsworth is described as late M.P. for the Northern Division of Notts, and cotton-spinner at Manchester and Pontefract; but it was chiefly in association with running horses that he was so familiarly known. His connection with Kersal Moor Races began in 1804, and was continued with singular popularity until near the close of his existence. How well we recollect his silken jacket of green and gold! How often have we seen it glisten in the Whitsuntide sunshine! If we knew where

* "Mr Houldsworth, 2 Portland Place, a beautiful star." Such was the printed description of his illumination on the occasion of the Queen's visit.

he sleeps, and the miles were not too many, we might copy his epitaph for the sake of “auld lang syne.” His favourite racer, Vanish, by Phantom, surmounted by Sam Darling, his principal jockey, will assuredly never vanish like a phantom from our recollection. His more famous horse, Filho da Puta, triumphed before our time. Mr Houldsworth was one of the oldest members of Parliament, having occupied a seat in the House thirty-four years—from 1818 to the dissolution in 1852. His own dissolution occurred on the 1st of September in the year last named: so the senator’s robe was swiftly exchanged for the shroud. He represented successively Pontefract, Newton, and North Notts. This gentleman’s parliamentary career, though long, was not remarkably brilliant. A regular attender and consistent voter, he nevertheless preferred, as a rule, to be a silent listener in the House,—quite content to leave to the Ciceros all the fiery outbursts of eloquence. Mr Houldsworth’s reticence might almost be viewed in the light of a senatorial virtue. Who would not prefer attentive silence to loud mischievous eloquence? For our part, we never listen to a long-winded mouther of fustian without feeling an earnest desire that Demosthenes would resume the use of his pebbles.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER OCTOBER 10th 1851.

W. H. Worrell Sc.

G. Moore Del

CHAPTER VII.

ROYAL VISIT—THE GREAT GALA DAY.

"If we calculate the eccentricity of the orbit in which royalty moves by the period that has elapsed since the last visit, and by that determine the period of the next, it will be close upon the twenty-second century ere the phenomenon is again observed in the streets of Manchester. I wonder what reign that will be in, what kind of people will fill our places to come and see it, who will be Mayor ; and, 'though last, not least,' whether the Town Council will uniformly agree to wear gowns upon that occasion ; whether it will rain, as at Liverpool, or be fair, as at Manchester ? All this, I take it, is very grave matter for speculation."

THOMAS NICHOLSON.

ONE year prior to Mr Houldsworth's decease (as recorded at the close of the last chapter), Piccadilly put on the gayest holiday dress she was ever known to wear. How well that dress became her, will be obvious by a glance at the accompanying engraving. In the production of this pictorial transcript of our greatest gala, two Manchester artists have happily united their talents. We are treating, of course, of the memorable October day (unprecedented in the history of Manchester) when Queen Victoria paid her first visit to the city of fents and factories. Long before daylight, in many directions, the noisy bustle of preparation could be heard. Sleep and work being alike suspended, the knockers-up were at a discount, and at liberty to enjoy

the pastime with the rest. Hasty feet flocked towards the scene of action as fast as the darkness, the occasional barriers, the guarding constables, would permit. No lack of huge banners, of great beauty, were seen waving aloft, while a multiplicity of streamers fluttered gaily from balcony and window. Long strings of Sunday-scholars in Sunday garments threaded their way towards Peel Park, commencing their festive march at six o'clock, and finishing shortly after nine. At the latter hour every person, party, or procession was expected to be in the place allotted or selected, save ticket-holders for platforms, who were allowed another hour. The ordinary traffic along the whole line of route from Worsley to Manchester was stopped at eight o'clock, until after her Majesty's return. The benefit societies and associated bodies lining the roads of Manchester and Salford were, in auctioneer phrase, "too numerous to mention" in these pages. They were distinguished by rosettes, sashes, or white gloves. One of these orders, styled the "True Friends," encompassed us, to the number of five hundred, on that auspicious day. Five hundred true friends! Alas! at the present writing we might search with the lantern of Diogenes without finding a tithe of the number.

As the morning hours advanced, the church bells rang out—from steeples adorned with flagstaffs and colours—their loudest welcoming peals. Troops of country cousins arrived by waggon, or omnibus, or excursion train, accompanied by bands of music playing "Haste to the Wedding," and other lively airs in favour with the villagers. From the orchards and meadow-lands came plenty of rosy cheeks to mingle during one day with the lily

features of the city. Even the Infirmary, house of accidents, amputations, and death though it be, made merry with the blythest. Its convalescent patients, assisted by sticks, arm-slings, or crutches, dotted the grounds of the institution, or walked along the margin of the pool ; other sufferers taking more elevated views from the sick wards aloft. The length of the Infirmary pond was six hundred and fifteen feet ; its width, at the Mosley Street end, being eighty feet, and at the end of Portland Street, sixty feet. The fountains in the basin, although unable to rival certain Continentals in magnitude or beauty, certainly did their best to sprinkle the passers-by, and when the utmost is done to please us, we ought to be grateful. From three large fountains the water rose glittering to a reasonable height, while the numerous smaller jets displayed a due spirit of emulation. So far as the royal *cortège* was concerned, there had been water enough at Liverpool, as well as at Patricroft, on the previous day, when Her Majesty and suite had seen the threatening clouds “rain poikels,”—as Lancashire alone can rain them,—almost without intermission. The heavy rainfall necessarily marred the effect of the rich state barges, and of the decorated regatta boats accompanying them in their progress from the landing-stage at Patricroft to Worsley Hall ; yet it could not drown the hearty hurrahs at Worsley Bridge, and at other points along the Bridgewater Canal, where the yeomen and peasantry had clustered to shout their loudest. Under this species of “Lancashire fire” the boat-horses stood firm, the result of previous training. At Salford, as at Manchester, the weather proved more favourable. A dull

hazy morning gradually brightened ; gleams of sunshine intervened, as the sky retrieved its serenity ; until, at noon, with Her Majesty's arrival, came really "Queen's weather."

The royal party, leaving Worsley about ten o'clock, and passing through Swinton, Irlams-o'-th-Height, and Pendleton, reached the triumphal arch at Windsor Bridge at eleven. Here the Mayor of Salford (Mr Thomas Agnew) was presented to the sovereign by Earl Grey, the minister in attendance—guards of honour, military bands, the melody of church bells, lending hilarity to the presentation. The departure from Worsley Hall, and progress on the road, were signalled to the authorities of Salford in a novel fashion,—not by beacon-fire, as in feudal times, nor by the modern mode of telegraphic wires,—but simply by four hundred policemen, distributed along the route, lifting their hats in rapid succession.

In the regal procession were five carriages, containing the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Westminster, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, Earl Grey, Viscountess Brackley, Viscountess Canning, the Honourable Captain Egerton, Ladies Alice and Blanche Egerton, the Honourable Beatrice Byng, Colonel Phipps, Colonel Gordon, Sir James Clark, and the Rev. H. M. Birch. These visitors were preceded from Worsley to Salford by the High Sheriff (Mr Thomas Percival Heywood) in his state chariot, in which also sat the Earl of Carlisle and the lady of Mr Oliver Heywood.

On resuming his carriage, the Mayor of Salford, accom-

panied by Mr Gibson, the town-clerk, led the way into Peel Park, being greeted at the entrance by the Blue-Coat Boys, playing "God save the Queen" upon their brass band. Each boy wore a medal, suspended round his neck by a scarlet ribbon. Moving slowly through the cheering multitude to the Pavilion, an address, engrossed on vellum, was there read and presented to Her Majesty. Then came the most impressive scene of the day. As the carriages passed between the platforms, where seventy thousand scholars were assembled, the procession was stayed until the children, led by Mr D. W. Banks, sang the national anthem, including a new verse written for the occasion by Mr Charles Swain. The effect has been described as singularly pleasing and novel, "filling the air with infantine melody." The royal *cortège*, preceded by the Mayor, then passed out at the principal entrance, proceeding along Chapel Street to the triumphal arch at Victoria Bridge, where Mr Agnew retired.

On entering Manchester, at a quarter to twelve, the chief magistrate (Mr John Potter) was presented to Her Majesty, who received from his worship a bouquet of rare beauty. Here, as at Windsor Bridge, guards of honour, military and other bands, the church bells, and lusty voices enlivened the scene, to which was added a salute of small guns from the Salford side of the river, at Stanyhurst. The route pursued, preceded by the Mayor and the town-clerk, was along Victoria Street, Market Street, High Street, Shudehill, Swan Street, Oldham Street (adorned with a chaste arch at each end, illuminated at night,) and so to Piccadilly.

As the royal visitors entered the scene of our illustration,

the occupants of the balconies and platforms rose *en masse*, to give force to their waving and cheering. When the excitement was at its height, a lady fell from a small temporary stand, thereby receiving injuries which, after a short illness, proved fatal. How the lights and shadows mingle! The victim to the passing pageant was quickly removed by her mourning friends, and the multitude—partly unconscious, partly uncaring—pursued its merriment as if no serious accident had happened. There is nothing so merciless or selfish as a crowd; a fact which we had once an opportunity of proving at the Bowdon Railway Station. The day (Good Friday) had been remarkably fine for the season, and Rostherne Mere, with its sylvan neighbour Dunham Park, held forth irresistible attractions to the denizens of the surrounding towns. Some idea of the number of visitors may be formed when we state that, returning to Bowdon Station at six o'clock in the evening, it was near midnight ere we obtained a safe seat in the train. As the carriages came, they were hastily filled, and swiftly departed. About eight o'clock there was a fearful rush, caused by some reckless persons holding by the handles of the carriages while in the act of being drawn up to the platform—thus forcing out of their places many who were awaiting their turn. Immediately a cry arose, "A girl under the wheel!" But the cry passed almost unheeded until too late. The crowd had neither eyes nor ears, heart nor intellect, but continued its headlong course to the vacant carriages. Poor lassie! she was crushed, like a summer butterfly, in her holiday garb.

Return we now to Piccadilly and its pageant. As the coaches filed past us, our eyes wandered vainly in search

of the Queen. She was simply attired in partial mourning, and although we love simplicity, it disappointed us on that occasion. We resembled the countryman who went to London in search of the royal arms, as recorded in the witty and wise pages of Joe Miller, and almost expected to see the coronation regalia surmounting the carriage in which Her Majesty rode. At length our vision rested on the unmistakable features of the Iron Duke, who died in the following year at Walmer Castle, and whose conspicuous monument—the most prominent of the four statues now ornamenting the Infirmary esplanade—towers close at hand,—writing from the stand-point we then occupied. We recognised none other of the royal or noble visitors, and were not sorry to fill our eyes just once with remarkable features, destined to live in history, in portraiture, and even in caricature,—for the small wits of the world will take their occasional fling; though, sometimes, missing “Folly as it Flies,” they shoot nobler game. The venerable Duke was passive, almost unobservant—perhaps thinking of the more thrilling hurrahs of the battle-field, where the colours float with a deeper meaning than in Piccadilly upon a gala day.

So soon as the procession had passed from view we descended, with countless others, from our picturesque elevation, to examine the arrangements for the general illumination which was to follow after dark, and found the ornamental jets, transparencies, and variegated lamps well calculated to “make the night day” by their prodigal effulgence.

While thus surveying the preparations for the evening, the royal party continued their journey along Portland

Street, Parker Street, Mosley Street, Peter Street, Deansgate, King Street, Cross Street, and through St Ann's Square to the Exchange. The number of gazers spread over the entire route was roughly estimated to exceed one million.

The proceedings in the Exchange were of a very enthusiastic description, the building being densely crowded, notwithstanding the price of admission to the public had been advertised at twenty shillings each person. All the members of the Corporation, robed or unadorned, were ranged in due order; and many influential people from neighbouring towns were present. To the list of noble personages already given several additions might be here made. Shortly before the Queen's formal entrance, Mr Heron, the town-clerk, briefly explained to the company the forms of etiquette usually observed in the presence of royalty. The entry of the Duke of Wellington, with the Countess of Ellesmere resting upon his arm, served to herald the approach of the expected party. As Her Majesty and Prince Albert walked to the throne, followed by the youthful Prince and Princess, the national anthem was sung by the choristers of the Cathedral, the vast assemblage joining heartily in the familiar chorus. An address was then read by the recorder (Mr Armstrong), a richly-bound copy thereof being presented by the Mayor to Her Majesty. Here, as at Peel Park, a similar address was presented, unread, to Prince Albert. These addresses were, in each instance, graciously acknowledged. An agreeable surprise was next in store for the spectators: the Mayor, on receiving an intimation from Earl Grey,

knelt at the foot of the throne, when the Queen, placing a sword across his shoulders, commanded him to rise—Sir John Potter.

Little more than half an hour served to complete the ceremonies in the Exchange, when the *cortége*, preceded by Sir John, returned to Worsley by way of Exchange Street, St Ann's Square, St Ann's Street, Deansgate, Bridge Street, to the triumphal arch, where his worship transferred his charge to the Mayor of Salford.

With the exception of Peel Park and Piccadilly, perhaps St Ann's Square wore the gayest, most winsome look during that brief celebration, which has been termed “ever memorable.” Being crossed by a double arch, the large lamp-post forming the centre support, it presented, in the words of the songster, “a sweet smiling heyday.” A light frame of woodwork was plentifully yet tastefully wreathed with evergreens and flowers, bound on by broad blue ribbon; its illumination being also provided for by an ample supply of lamps. Thus useful and ornamental, it was admirably suited to the occasion, winning every one's approval. Doubtless the triumphal arches at Victoria and Albert Bridges were more elaborate affairs; but does it not seem an expensive mistake to erect for one day's service laborious structures that might almost rival in endurance the famous triumphal arch of Marius, yet standing intact at Orange, near the borders of Province and Languedoc, its recognised age being two thousand years?

After the departure of the royal and noble visitors, the multitudinous gazers strolled leisurely through the principal streets of the two boroughs, making a complete tour

of inspection. As the shades of evening closed in, the illumination, gradually extending, soon became general, and was in many places so strikingly beautiful, that the London press admitted the best efforts of the capital in that direction had been eclipsed.

To enjoy the fresh attraction came a fresh influx of strangers—as if the town were not already thronged enough: the proverbial assurance, that much shall have more, was exemplified with a vengeance. The occupants of platforms, balconies, or other high places during the day, had betaken themselves, at night, to carriages, cabs, omnibuses, carts, with the idea of being comfortably driven round the town at their own pace and pleasure, whilst the pedestrians were struggling on the pathways. Was ever an idea more fallacious! Every vehicle within a wide circle had been engaged. Each was placed, upon arrival, behind its immediate predecessor, and strictly kept, like a returned transport, under police surveillance. In this way the front streets, from end to end, with the openings leading thereto, were literally filled, the result being a dead-lock. The pedestrians had a slightly better chance of moving onward, though very slowly. We remember seeing and sympathising with a large number of those carriage-ridden pleasure-seekers. They sat motionless as mummies in the darkness of a back street, their only prospect being the gloomy churchyard or the gloomier river, imagination meanwhile tantalising them with the beautiful stars, beaming transparencies, brilliant crowns, glittering devices, of the grand illumination just beyond their ken. This last link of the extended chain occupied the Old Apple Market, pointing towards the

Irwell. Returning homeward in the early hours of the watch, we found the vehicles still there, but *minus* their occupants, who had abandoned both carriages and horses, taking wisely, though tardily, to the use of their own feet. Not until one or two o'clock in the morning, as the streets became relieved of wearied perambulators, could any conveyances make reasonable progress.

On Saturday morning, at Worsley, two or three noteworthy incidents occurred. At eight o'clock a deputation of the workmen's singing-classes from Manchester, under the direction of Mr Robert Weston, arrived at the Hall to warble a matinale under the Queen's window. Being already afoot, Her Majesty desired the minstrels to chant their melody within the mansion, where they acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of all the listeners, the sovereign lady included. They commenced with "Lo! the early beams of morning," and this was followed by a spirited chorale, "Now pray we for our country." A touch of romance lends interest to this musical compliment of Mr Weston's, whilst a gleam of patriotism illuminates the chosen words :—

" Now pray we for our country,
That England long may be,
The holy, and the happy,
And the gloriously free.

" Who blesseth her is blessed !
So peace be in her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages and halls ! "

Scarcely had the singers departed when the Queen's attention was drawn to another attraction. The scholars,

to the number of fourteen hundred, educated upon the Earl of Ellesmere's estate, were congregated in the grounds, accompanied by their teachers and ministers. Flags, bannerets, and juvenile bands were not lacking; briefly, it was the Peel Park display repeated in miniature, even to the customary address, the anthem, the cheers, and the brilliant surroundings. After the Queen had expressed her delight at the scene, the scholars were marched to the landing-stage to witness the regal embarkation in the state barges. The royal party were accompanied to Patricroft Station by the Earl and Countess of Derby, the Earl and Countess of Wilton, and other notables already named. The triumphal journey terminated about eight o'clock the same evening at Windsor Castle.

The store of Manchester loyalty was not quite exhausted at Her Majesty departure: if the flame had subsided, occasional sparks were still emitted. At Patricroft Station, "Royal copies" of Bradshaw's "Illustrated Guide" and maps of the line were handed to Prince Albert as a graceful farewell. In the wake of those utilities followed other specimens of Manchester literature. Books elegantly bound, stanzas daintily printed on satin, and headed "Unfurl the proud banners," were transmitted to the palace, written acknowledgments being returned from London and Balmoral to the respective authors. Other tributary bards were content to express their devotion in the "Poet's Corner" of the newspapers, or in the convenient form of a pamphlet. At the Exchange on the Monday succeeding the visit, a grand ball was held in commemoration thereof—a lengthy list of names

showing that the ladies and gentlemen of the locality freely responded to the loyal invitation to

“ Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.”

Shortly afterwards (in November 1851), the building in which this ball was held received a new title, the word “Royal” being officially prefixed to the name of Manchester Exchange. Another abiding memento of the regal visit is the marble statue of Queen Victoria adorning Peel Park, and a large oil painting at present hanging in the picture gallery of the same building further illustrates the event.

Towards the close of the month of October, Commerce, having feasted her eyes and indulged her inclinations to the full extent, saw the necessity of resuming her business avocations. The time had arrived when the “working-day world” must put aside its Sunday-clothes. So Mr Capes, the auctioneer, was forthwith summoned to disperse (in the Town Hall), at the ominous fall of his hammer, all the costly and magnificent paraphernalia—even to the throne and canopy—embellishing the Exchange. At the Salford Town Hall, on the following day, a similar dispersing process was performed by Mr Fletcher, who there sold the whole of the decorations used in the Pavilion at Peel Park.

With a memory fairly retentive, we have yet sought extraneous aid in describing the vivid realities of that eventful Friday and its manifold surroundings. Memory, resembling certain barristers, works all the more willingly

for an occasional “refresher;” so we have refreshed our recollection accordingly, mainly in the reliable yet ephemeral literature called forth by the occasion, or in the various newspaper reports (illustrated and otherwise) issued at the time.

CHAPTER VIII.

KNOT MILL.

“Behold Mancunium, infant town !
A straggling fort and huts full rude,
Deep in the forest’s solitude.”

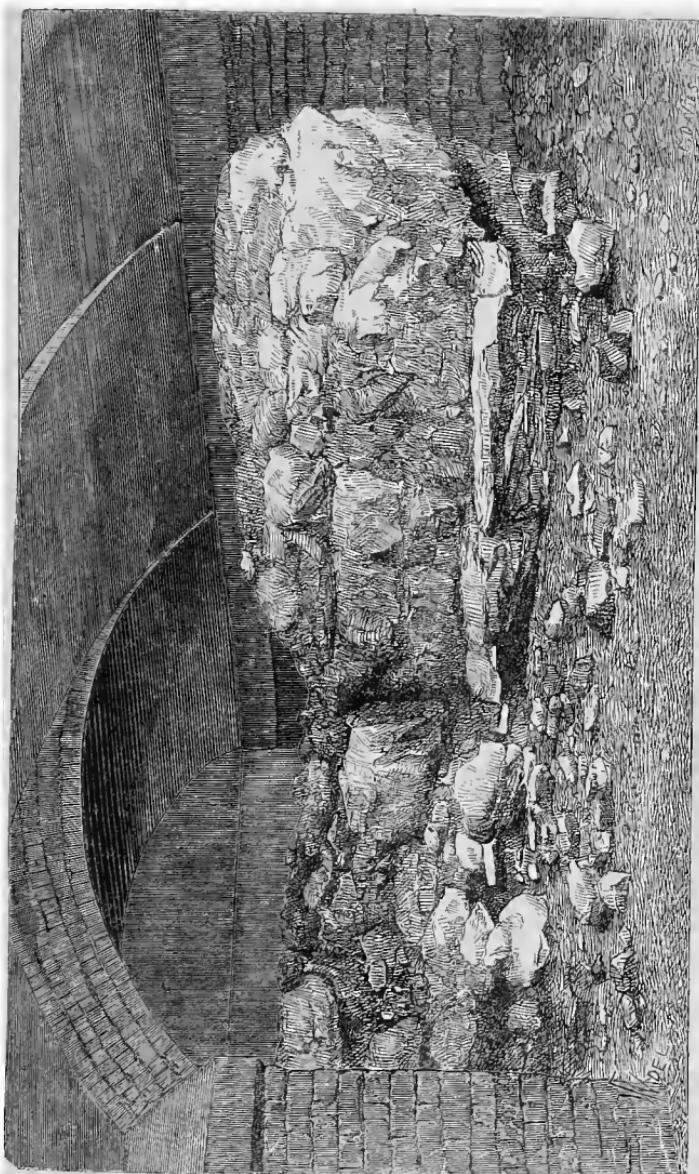
“IRWELL,” BY J. ANTHONY.

STANDING on the well-worn historic ground of Knot Mill, we are confronted by historians, speculative theorists, and bards in full congress. As we wish to wear as little as possible of borrowed plumage, we will try to keep clear of the “footprints” already left on our local sands. Except by way of illustration, or occasional correction, it is not our intention to repeat matters already familiar to every intelligent citizen. Leland, Camden, Hollingworth, Whitaker are available for reference; while the inquiring spirits who seek the more modern chronicles may find them on the shelves of public or private libraries. We aim rather to present items of interest overlooked by previous writers, or that have risen to view since the pen of our latest historian—Mr Harland—was suddenly laid aside. We need not fear any lack of material. Time is always bringing something to the light,—ever lifting the lid of the old oak chest to reveal the skeleton within. This is our recompense for all that Time keeps

taking away from our hearts and homes. We of the present generation may consider ourselves as creditors on Time's unavailable assets—his expended years and exhausted treasures.

Of the primitive Britons, who roamed in the woodland hereabout, few, if any, authentic remains are preserved in the museums of the district. But their Roman vanquishers have left indelible marks. In addition to the coins, urns, inscribed stones, and other articles so frequently pictured and explained, we still retain a tangible remnant of their rude stronghold, the present appearance of which clearly bears out the statement of the Rev. John Whitaker, that the builders "copiously poured their mortar upon it." For this interesting relic, nearly two thousand years old, we are indebted to the antiquarian taste and feeling of the late Lord Francis Egerton, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere, who watched its safety during the excavations at Knot Mill. He caused this fragment of the castle wall to be supported by brickwork, and then legally secured it from future molestation. Thus left to crumble by piecemeal before its natural enemy, the substantial handiwork of Agricola's soldiers bids fair to outlast many more generations of our fleeting race. We have purposely omitted to name the exact location of the foundation-wall, because it stands within private business premises, and too many curious visitors would interfere with trade. Another reason may be recorded. If every thoughtless or oversanguine person were to bring away a piece of the mortar as a proof of his discovery, the praiseworthy design of Lord Francis would be defeated, and Manchester would soon be deprived of its oldest historical relic. It has been

REMAINS OF THE ROMAN WALL IN CASTLE FIELD. 1873.



suggested in print that the rare antique should be immediately surrounded by a substantial iron railing; and surely it well deserveth such cheap preservation.

Another famous castle was once constructed (by tradition) at Knot Mill, but of this we have failed to discover a vestige. Time has dealt less tenderly with Tarquin than with Agricola. Not a stone of the "Knot Mill Giant's Tower" has been unearthed by delver or antiquary; not even a fragment of the bason or gong that was suspended at the gate or on the wayside tree as a challenge, and upon which Sir Lancelot du Lake rang his hollow-sounding acceptance. The fight that ensued can scarcely be considered a fair even-handed contest, such as Englishmen love, seeing that the Knight of the Round Table was aided by Viviana, the fairy of the waters—a kind of British Undine—presumably the first of the Lancashire witches, though Mr Halliwell would give the priority to Mother Cuthbert, a much less winsome fay. Further, Sir Lancelot, by sheer accident, got possession of Tarquin's magical sword of sharpness, and the luckless giant was immediately decapitated with his own weapon—the Fates and the fairies being alike against him. A date has been assigned to this celebrated duel, but as figures are fatal to all traditions, we withhold the statistical test. Our search for a satisfying relic of Tarquin proved more successful at Chetham's College than at Knot Mill. On the panelled ceiling of one of the antique rooms in that institution may still be seen, in excellent preservation, a polished oak carving of Sir Tarquin's head, the carnivorous worthy being in the act of enjoying his usual morning meal—that is, masticating "somebody's darling." The victim is evidently a baby, as

a tender limb is projecting from each side of the giant's mouth. The metrical legend connected herewith is as old as the reign of Elizabeth, though the local names introduced are of more recent date. We name the era of Queen Elizabeth on the authority of Bishop Percy; but Dr Hibbert-Ware attributes it to "a humble and anonymous minstrel of the reign of James the First." Either way, a year or two may be all the difference. As the present version does not appear in any of the histories of the town or county, and is absent from the various books of Lancashire ballads, it may be welcomed in the pages of these Memorials :—

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF SIR TARQUIN.

" Within this ancient British land,
In Lancashire, I understand,
Near Manchester, there lived a knight of fame,
Of a prodigious strength and might,
Who vanquished many a worthy knight,
A giant great, and Tarquin was his name.

" And in those days sprang up a precious gem,
Who wore the golden diadem—
Prince Arthur, lawful heir of Britain's king,
Who, for the honour of all Christendom,
Twelve bloody battles fierce he won,
Whose name and fame throughout the world did ring.

" Full many a valiant nobleman
Resorted to Prince Arthur then—
Such warlike fame was nowhere to be found—
Their lives and fortunes prostrating
Unto that most victorious king,
And styled themselves Knights of the Table Round.

“ A valiant knight amongst the rest,
Whose noble acts I find expressed,—
His name recorded is Lancelot du Lake ;
A mighty giant he pulled down,
Who lived near Shrewsbury’s fair town,
With his keen sword his life away did take.

“ When fortune thus on him did smile,
And he had rested him awhile,
To sport and play within his princely court,
Till of such tidings he did hear
From out of famous Lancashire,
He thither rode to see some princely sport.

“ From Winchester he’s gone with speed,
Well mounted on his stately steed,
Until at length to the Hoozend he came,
Where he good entertainments found
At noble Mosley’s, then renowned,
Who lived there in great repute and fame.

“ Then did he ride through a cloudy desert wild,
Frequented by no man or child,
Where stately trees have lain since Noah’s flood ;
Firwood and oak, there to be found,
All in that deluge then renowned,
Deep buried there, within that trembling mud.

“ Then did he ride through a forest wide,
Until a damsel he espied,
Who asked his business and required his name.
‘ My name is Lancelot du Lake,
Who venture for my country’s sake.’
Said she, ‘ Great sir, all countries spread your fame ;

“ ‘ And I will tell you of a knight,
Of a prodigious strength and might,
Who has imprisoned threescore knights and four,
Knights of King Arthur’s Table Round,
In chains and fetters he keeps bound ;
Such villainy I ne’er did hear before.’

“ Then did this trusty fair maid-guide
 Conduct him to a river-side
 Near the Knot Mills—this knight of great renown,
 And straight up to the castle gate,
 Where Tarquin long had taken up his seat,
 In the Lodge fields, near Manchester fair town.

“ Likewise she showed him to a tree,
 Which he rode up to valiantly,
 Whereon there hung a copper bason fair ;
 Within this bason it was writ—
 ‘ Who values not his life a whit,
 Let him adventure to strike on’t if he dare.’

“ This did Sir Lancelot so provoke,
 He struck so hard, the bason broke ;
 Immediately when Tarquin heard the sound,
 He drove a horse before him straight,
 Whereon a knight, both sick and weak,
 Upon that horse he brought with him fast bound.

“ ‘ Villain !’ said Lancelot, ‘ worst of men,
 Hast brought this object from thy den,
 This poor distressed knight, weak and unable ?
 I’ll make thee know before we part,
 And likewise give thee thy desert,
 For wronging thus the Knights of the Round Table.’

“ Then from the Ravenous these words did sound—
 ‘ If thou be of the Table Round,’
 Said Tarquin, speedily,
 ‘ And hither come in rage and spite,
 In single combat me to fight,
 Both thee and them I utterly defy.’

“ ‘ That’s over much,’ Sir Lancelot replied ;
 ‘ I’ll quickly tame thy haughty pride.’
 Crouching their spears, they at each other ran,
 With ghastly looks most furiously,
 Resolved their manhood for to try,
 More like two savage beasts than sons of men.

“ They wounded were, and bled full sore,
Each wrestling in his princely gore ;
Then willingly for breath they both did stand,
Till Tarquin he began to relent,
When breath was lost and blood was spent,
And said, ‘ Brave knight, I pray thee hold thy hand ;

“ And tell to me what knight thou art—
Thou art a knight of great desert,
And like a knight I hate most mortally ;
I’ll freely grant thee thy request,
Likewise deliver all the rest,
Upon condition that thou art not he.’

“ That’s well then,’ Lancelot replied,
‘ Thy proffer cannot be denied ;
But unto me his name I pray thee tell.’
‘ His name is Lancelot du Lake,—
Thoughts of him make my heart to ache ;
He slew my brother, whom I loved well ;

“ I wish I had that villain here,
I’d make him pay for it full dear.’
‘ Thy wish thou hast—I’m Lancelot du Lake ;
I slew thy brother manfully
Near to the town of Shrewsbury.’
Quoth Tarquin, ‘ Now my life lies at stake.’

“ Then to’t they went with downright blows,
Who gets the victory no one knows :
Like furies they did fight with might and main ;
The echoes of their blows resound—
Their horses slain, they fought on ground,
Resolving one or both for to be slain ;

“ Till Tarquin, then, for want of breath
And loss of blood, yielded to death,
His life resigned upon that fatal day ;
Then taking keys of the castle door,
From prison threescore knights and four
With cheerful hearts the victor brought away.

" Thus have I for my country's sake
Adventured all these pains to take,
Hoping they will my labours gratify
For bringing ancient things to light;
Here in this book I now do write,
Trusting they may some profit find thereby."

We have transcribed the foregoing Manchester ballad from a privately-printed volume, "Family Memoirs of the Mosleys," written by the late Baronet, whose literary plan might be advantageously adopted by others.* Why should not every family with a history possess an extended and illustrated "Debrett" of its own? If the record can be enriched with a metrical legend, so much the rarer. Who shall estimate the value of "Chevy Chase" to the Percies, or of the "Luck of Eden Hall" to the Musgraves, or of the "Eagle and Child" to the House of Stanley? To Lancashire folks, the Eagle and Child is virtually the Derby arms; they need no other, the popular legend being all-sufficient; and to this favourite emblem they are *sans changer*. Often have we marvelled that the tradition of the Eagle and Child, narrated so frequently in prose, has not yet been versified in true ballad measure. Once or twice we have been on the verge of attempting to forge the missing and connecting link; but as there is now no Manchester Catnach to pay half-a-crown for the copyright, nor any Ned Wrigley to fiddle it along the highways and byways to the great joy of the Bohemians, we have lost heart in the subject—and heartiness is every-

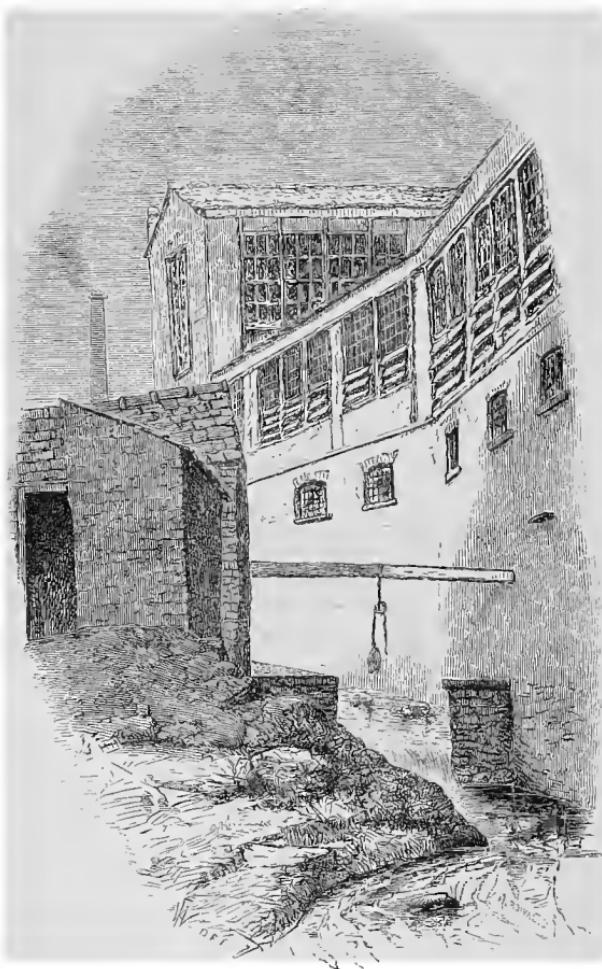
* Sir Oswald Mosley died at his seat, Rolleston Hall, Staffordshire, in May 1871, in his eighty-seventh year. The following October saw Rolleston Hall wellnigh destroyed by fire.

thing in a ballad for the million. Compared with such metrical reliques of legendary lore—and keeping in view the expressed purpose of floating the family name—of what earthly use to the forgotten builders are the everlasting Pyramids? Coming nearer home, take a peep into Mottram Church, where a glance at the sculptured figures now jestingly termed “Old Rowe and his Wife” will reveal the ultimate uselessness of a costly monument, even when formed of the purest marble. Better to imitate the example of the Ladye of Branksome; summon the Last Minstrel, and seek in his heart-felt lay the envied elixir of life and remembrance so vainly sought elsewhere.

In Sir Oswald Mosley’s book a fanciful idea of our own is partly embodied. We have frequently thought how charming it would be to sing, or say, or portray the glories of our ancient house—supposing us to be allied to the “old nobilitie” extolled by my Lord John Manners. How gratifying, forsooth, to our feeling of nationality, to our justifiable pride of home, could we linger in our portrait gallery, after the manner of Sir Roger de Coverley, and narrate the story of each venerated ancestor, as he or she silently, but none the less eloquently, surveyed and encouraged our exertions! Such domestic stories—blending occasionally with the national chronicles—we might reveal in plenty. Some romantic episode, some touching trait, attaches to the life of every man; and where is the woman to whom romance or pathos is a stranger? So far as practicable, we would tell the tale—with the pen or upon the easel—on the spot where the incident occurred. If treating of the Vernons, and of Dorothy in particular, we would sit beside her doorway (now half ruined,

and wholly encompassed with ivy), and muse beneath the same stars and the same moon that silvered the path of the devoted maiden. Thus inspired, it were easy to show, with due effect, the lady's secret flight from Haddon Hall ; her hasty passage along the terrace ; her exit by the famous steps (pictured a thousand times) ; and the completion of her elopement within the shadow of friendly trees—leaving home and all for love.

Although the mill which gives a secondary title to this chapter is moderately old, it cannot be traced to King Canute—the assumed sponsor to numerous knots and knuts throughout the country. There is little doubt it was built in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when it was termed Hulme's Mill. A licence, dated 10th November 1509, to construct a dam, was granted to Elyse Prestwych by Thomas West, Lord de la Warr. In 1552, at the Court Leet, "Edmund Prestwyche, Esq., is ordered to take down a yate between the town of Manchester and the [river] of Medlock, near unto Holms Mill, afore the Feast of St Martin in winter. Three shillings and fourpence" [penalty]. Again, in 1601, "That Edmund Prestwiche, Esq., shall take down a yate between the town of Manchester and the Water of Medlock, near unto Hulme's Mylne. Three shillings and sixpence." Squire Prestwich seems to have had infinite trouble with the said yate, which perversely withheld the official orders, until, in 1603, a fine of twenty shillings was imposed. Some years prior to the latter date, the mill was in the possession of "John Knott, of Knott Mylne," who was buried on the 8th of May 1597; and hence originated the appellation still existent. In 1623 the Court Leet records, in defining the



OUTLET OF THE RIVER TIB AT GAYTHORN. 1823.

boundaries of the town, allude to "Knot Bridge, towards Hulme." Leaping to the middle of January 1793, we find the mill was destroyed by fire. On the 10th of December 1799, the subjoined advertisement appeared in the *Mercury* :—"To be sold by auction, all that capital mill commonly called or known by the name of Knot Mill, in Manchester, with a four-stalled stable and cart-house nearly adjoining the same; together with the machinery for grinding logwood, fustick, &c., provided with a powerful steam-engine of a cylinder of twenty-four inches; and four French millstones fit for grinding flour, &c. All which premises were lately occupied by Joshua Wrigley and Company, and are subject only to a small chief or ground rent of twenty-eight pounds and sixpence per annum. The land upon which the above buildings are erected, with the vacant land adjoining, contains three thousand three hundred and sixty-three square yards." The last occupant of the mill, Mr Johnson, died in 1810. A portion of the old wall still remains in its original position, and is incorporated with the factory formerly known as Mr Gough's. The outlines of two windows, on the Hulme side, are plainly discernible, though now bricked up.

In Hewitt Street, at its most distant point from Knot Mill, our diminutive underground river, the Tib, may still be seen emerging from its obscurity to embrace the Medlock. After its escape from beneath a segmental arch of brick, it has an open course of nearly one hundred yards, when it enters the larger stream. The builder's yard in which the brook emerges, and sometimes overflows, may be entered from Hewitt Street as aforesaid, but only upon sufferance, and not too often. Here, as at the castle

wall, curiosity will find itself a trespasser ; and in order that its mysterious movements may be duly watched, the labourer will rest upon his spade, whilst the joiner checks his saw in the middle of the plank, and the boy's hammer is suddenly silenced before the nail is driven to the head. A poor prisoner from its source near Miles Platting, the Tib seems the Silvio Pellico of rivulets, while lacking the prison flower to alleviate its gloom. Yet once it had a cluster of pleasant homesteads on its unculverted banks. This was "Laberye's Ffould," sometimes called "ye Labarey Howses," which stood nearly upon the spot where York Street crosses Mosley Street, but below the present surface level. The origin of the place is indicated by a Court Leet entry in the year 1586 :—"That one Thomas Baylie hath encroached in the Market stid lane near to the way to Labrey's house." A still earlier notice of the family name appears in Baines, to the effect that Stephen Hulme, of Hulme, married, in 1524, Alice, daughter and co-heiress to Robert Labrey. Onwards, from the former date, the nestling fold and its residents are frequently mentioned in the Cathedral registers ; but they disappeared together from those useful chronicles when the modern streets were formed and the Tib was culverted. It seems the Tib wandered through the town, open and harmless enough, in the time of Tim Bobbin ; for he banters Whitaker for elevating a brook into a river, and avers that, on reading the reverend historian's florid description, he went to view the Tib, but could not find one drop of water in it, except some purple liquid issuing from a dyehouse. So we may assume the Milnrow pedagogue postponed his angling or boating diversion.

"Many estates in Manchester," writes Mr Aston, "have this *petite* river for their boundaries; and the name of River Tib is to be found in many writings by which the possessors claim a right to hold their property. In all probability, a few more years will make the existence of such a stream, dignified as it has been by the name of river, a matter of doubt, and perhaps the report classed with the legend of Sir Lancelot's killing the giant in Castle Field." To prevent this prophecy from falling literally true, we have summoned our artist to the rescue.

Humphreys' Garden, bounded on one side by Alport Lane (now the upper end of Deansgate), was familiar to our great-grandsires. The sudden decease of the original proprietor was announced in Harrop's *Mercury* of April 5, 1757; and the same print, twenty-one years later, contains the following advertisement anent his floral acres:—"To be sold, all that plot of land called Humphreys' Garden, now divided into twenty gardens." A final notice of the latest owner appears in the register of burials for July 1782, as thus:—"Robert Humphreys, of Humphreys' Gardens, Knot Mill." But long before the advent of the Humphreys family, the gardens and orchards, the stiles and the field-paths, "lying in y^e Deanesgate," formed the subject-matter of frequent arrangements in the ancient manorial courts.

To us there is a charm in the quaint old-fashioned names and places which the city has ruthlessly swallowed up, and we like to point them out and linger over them.

CHAPTER IX.

ALDPORT: ITS LODGE AND PARK.

“Hath sentinel of stern Cromwell
E'er watched thine ancient hall?
Thine olden bower hath seen the hour
Of royal Charles' fall;
O'er thy threshold hath warrior bold
E'er passed with manly tread?
Have drums e'er beat around thy seat,
Or martial banners spread?”

ELIJAH RIDINGS.

If it be true that one man in his time may play many parts, as an old favourite, still young, has averred, it is equally certain that one locality, in the lapse of ages, may bear many names. Aldport is a case in point. As Aldeparc, Aldport, Over Alporde, Nether Alteport, Alporton, Hooperton, and lastly Alport Town, it has been locally known. Still more marked is its change of every feature. Well may we speak of Time working wonders. Let any inquiring pedestrian (the New Zealander, it may be, when weary of moralising on London Bridge) traverse the ground assigned to ancient Aldport. Commencing at Quay Street, let him proceed along the present Deansgate to the Medlock at Knot Mill, thence cross-ways from the Irwell to the Tib. When he has explored the labyrinth of high prison-like walls until utterly sur-

feited with the "endless meals of bricks," bid him, while taking reasonable rest and refreshment, try to realise the sylvan heritage of the Gresleys, the La Warres, the Derbys, the Mosleys. The wood of Aldport (say the Manchester archives, as their contents reach us through Kuerden and Harland) comprised a mile in circumference; mention being also made of its eyries of sparrow-hawks, its herons, and eagles, and honey of bees. At the survey of the manor in 1322, Aldport contained ninety-five acres; thirty of these being heath, twenty pasture, and two meadow-land. The Medlock ran glittering through the middle of the lord's fee. A still earlier reference occurs in a paper contributed by the late Sir Oswald Mosley to "Corry's History of Lancashire," wherein it is stated that Robert Grelle, in 1281-82 died seised (amongst various effects) of a small park called Aldeparc. Passing from this family to the La Warres, the noble and reverend owner gave it, with other property, in 1421, to the newly-collegiated church. Soon afterwards the park and the lodge contained therein were held by the Warden, and continued to be enjoyed by his successors in office until the dissolution of the College in 1547, when the King granted them, with other of the church lands, to Edward third Earl of Derby. A little later, there arose a snug fold of homesteads on the site of the present Alport Town: on the Castle Field side stood the park. It was here, in 1586, that Camden saw the foundation of the Roman stronghold; and here, likewise, that Leland made his earlier observations while passing through the town. To these antiquarian chiefs we lift our modern cap. The lodge was placed near the

ground of our existing hay-market. These positions have been indicated in the "Family Memoirs of the Mosleys."

As Edward "Lord of Darby" (so the quaint itinerist styled him) was essentially the Manchester Earl, a brief outline of his eventful career will prove interesting to Manchester readers. Some lives teem with romance, while others are eventless and barren. Earl Edward belonged to the first division, a series of striking scenes marking his progress through life. Resembling a favourite actor, he seemed always performing—seldom absent from the stage. His father, the second Earl, dying in 1521, during the minority of his son, left the young heir to the guardianship of Cardinal Wolsey and divers others, minutely set forth in the "History of the House of Stanley." Wolsey, it appears, had read the nursery story of the children in the wood, profiting thereby after the manner of the selfish uncle, and forthwith lined his own nest with some of the feathers belonging to his young ward. On coming of age in 1527, the Earl was appointed by Henry the Eighth to attend this same Cardinal on an embassy to the French king. Five years later he waited upon Henry at his interview with Francis the First at Boulogne, and at the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn: in the same year he was made a Knight of the Bath. On the revolt of the Northern men, termed the Pilgrimage of Grace, he promptly raised the forces of Lancashire and Cheshire, and subdued the insurrection. On the accession of Edward the Sixth, the Earl was elected a Knight of the Garter, and at the close of that brief reign he was appointed Lord High Steward of England by Queen Mary. Upon receiving this appointment he set out from Lathom,

most nobly attended, to meet Her Majesty, having in his retinue, says the family historian, "upwards of eighty esquires, all clad in velvet, and two hundred and eighteen servants in liveries." Those were the days when Earls were sometimes king-makers. When Elizabeth ascended the throne, she created him Chamberlain of Chester, with a seat at her Privy Council. While holding the latter offices, the Earl's connection with Manchester grew closer, and he took the active control of local affairs as High Steward of the Court Leet. Weaning himself from London life, we find his name recorded, year by year, as the Baron's presiding officer, or judge, until 1567, when, on account of declining health, he selected a deputy to act in his stead. Finally, quitting his lodge and "new park" at Aldport, he retired to his country seat, Lathom House, whence was written his last letter on Manchester affairs, dated 19th of July 1572, only three months prior to his decease. Thus ended his prosperous career, at the age of sixty-six. We can scarcely state, in closing this history, that the Earl was duly gathered, like Abraham, to his fathers, inasmuch as the family resting-place in Burscough Priory had been rendered useless by the demolition of that monastic edifice. "Only two pillars belonging to the centre arch," Mr Roby informs us, "are now remaining." The Earl, after lying in state six weeks, was interred, in obedience to his will, in a new tomb within Ormskirk Church; and thither, in turn, his descendants have been silently conveyed, even to the recent Baron, Edward Geoffrey, who was as good and as great, according to the spirit of his age, as was his Manchester predecessor of three hundred years ago.

From the Adlington MSS., preserved in the Chetham Library, we derive a metrical tribute which will be welcome for its rarity. It was written, presumably, by a member of the Legh family, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

“AN EPITAPH

UPON THE DEATHE OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE EDWARD ERLE OF
DERBY AND KNIGHT OF Y^E MOSTE HONORABLE ORDER OF
THE GARTER WHO DECEASED THE XXIIIJTH DAY OF OCTOBER
1572.

“Beholde heare lyeth closed in claye a wight of worthy fame
Of lordly line of statly stocke and Standle was his name
In Man he ruled as a kinge and theire did use suche holesome lawe
As those that guided under him w^t ease kepte theim in awe
He also Earle of Derbye was as his forefathers were
Wheare he no lesse auctoritye then they before did beare
Then Knighte of Garter he was made a order sure
Lo his deserte as princes handes suche fau^r did procure
But liuinge in prospertie deuoyde of care and stryfe
And fortune fauoringe thus on him in maner all his lyfe
Colde pompous pryd or glorye darre from vertue drawe his minde
No he wolde not degenerat from that he was by kinde
Or did he sease to ayde the poore w^t meat w^t tongue w^t hande
No sure his lyke for all respectes was not w^tin this lande
How manye lame and impotente did he w^t payne and toyle
Reduce unto theire yfecte healthe w^tin theire country soyle
How manye did he daylie feede whome nede did pinch before
How manie haue ye nowe a dayes so carefull for the poore
How liberall was he to his men how carefull for his friende
How good unto his tenante still euen unto his latter ende
O god his faythe unto his prince surmountinge was alwayes
As well was proued by that he did in these his later dayes
All virtuous actes he did embrace and vyces did deteste
What shoulde I saye amongst the good he was accompted beste
Which causeth now the poore to mourne w^t manye weepinge eye
His men his frendes his tenaunte eke to playntes theimselfes applye

Our noble Queene bewayleth the losse of such a precious perle
A thousande times (no dowte she sayth) he was a worthye Erle
In helthe and sicknes well he liued and well he toke his ende
Wolde God eiche one wolde learne by him his spotted lyfe tamende
The heauens nowe doe possesse his soule the earth his corps retaynes
His passed lyfe a spectacle for others yet remaynes."

Several competent authorities inform us that the Derby property at Aldport was sold by William, the sixth Earl, in 1599, to Sir Randle Brereton, who immediately re-sold it, and in 1602 it passed to the Mosley family, in whose possession the sylvan acres long remained. But, previous to the introduction of fresh characters, suppose we add a small scene showing the primitive sport and pastime of our fore fathers and mothers. During several reigns the archery butts in Alport Lane (merged in Deansgate in 1812) were almost an institution of the town. Other butts were affixed at Old Garratt. At these targets the males were expected—yea, commanded—to practise daily, in order that they might be enabled to emulate their heroic ancestors who triumphed at Cressy and Poictiers. During the reign of Elizabeth archery gradually declined, until at length it became superseded by Brown Bess and the ramrod. Another reason has been vouchsafed for the occasional neglect of the butts. It would seem that the daughters of Eve were as tempting at Aldport as their mother had been in Eden; and it was no uncommon thing for the beaux to forsake their arrows for the purpose of toying with the shafts of Cupid.

Aldport Lodge and Park, with the fields adjoining, were peacefully ranged and enjoyed by the Mosleys until the breaking out of the civil war in 1642, when Lord Strange,

at the invitation of the owner, fixed his headquarters in the old home. "Thus we come to Manchester siege, of which I will not give a full and particular account, because it is already performed by several good hands." So says a curious pamphlet of that period, "Lancashire's Valley of Achor;" and so may we repeat. "The time when it began," continues the same original authority, "was September the five-and-twentieth, the Sabbath-day, about nine of the clock, church time." Indeed, the worshippers were called from the sermon to confront the invaders. An attack was made upon the town from the lodge, simultaneously with another from the foot of Salford Bridge. In the previous July a few skirmishes had taken place between Lord Strange and the inhabitants of Manchester, during which was shed the first blood of the disastrous civil war. To us the affray at the old bridge has always seemed (though we can scarcely account for the fancy) a mere playing at soldiers—a kind of Autumn Manceuvre. It is true that one warrior was slain on the Manchester side. The besiegers also killed a boy who was sitting on a stile innocently watching fair play. One of the defenders was accidentally shot by an impatient gun, that went off before it was presented at the enemy. These three apparently constituted the Puritan loss during the six days' siege. In the published letter of an eye-witness the number is raised to four, "whereof two being by accident, and two by the enemy." A few outlying houses were set on fire, and, under cover of the smoke, the cavaliers attempted to enter the town, but failed. Perhaps the uncertain aim and weak blows of the Royalists may be attributed, in some measure, to the indecision of their humane chief,

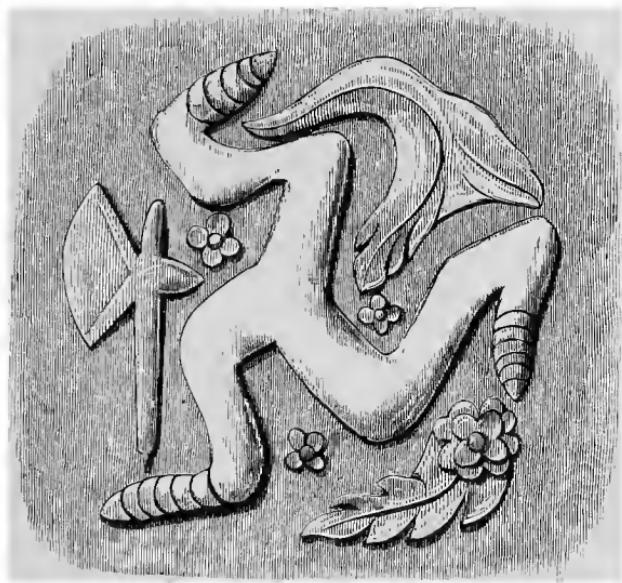
who really wished to frighten the townsfolk into submission without hurting them—one day threatening, the next conciliating. His party did not escape so easily as their opponents. Among other casualties, Captain Standish of Duxbury was shot while standing at a door in Serjeant (now Chapel) Street. The Captain's men, on seeing the dangerous nature of the position, hastily decamped. At Aldport, the cannon planted by order of the Earl played—"they did but play, they did no work"—down Deansgate, until the balls "made several holes in divers houses, and beat down part of a chimney, but little damage else was done"—a statement derived from John Palmer. From these accounts it is not difficult to gather that the Earl, resembling a needle between two magnets, was paralysed between the will and the way. Sent to treat the Mancestrians as enemies, he felt them to be neighbours who ought to be friends. With these amiable predilections, his cannon was reduced to mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing," while his sword, whichever way he pointed it, wounded himself. The return shot of the townsmen and their rustic auxiliaries (who had "but one small peece") set fire to Aldport Lodge, which was burned down, and never rebuilt. At what date its ruins were removed we are unaware; nor have we been able to trace a resemblance of the mansion in any stage of its existence. On the evening of the sixth day, Lord Strange (who had then succeeded his father as the seventh Earl of Derby) withdrew his forces, with a loss vaguely estimated at two hundred. So ended the short siege of Manchester. "There was little harvest weather that week," adds our jubilant Puritan guide; "it was not reaping work, but threshing work." In his

peculiar phraseology, we may now "sweetly conclude this comfortable historie."

It may be thought that we have treated this historic incident in a light spirit; but if so, every trace of frivolity vanishes as we turn to the closing scene in Bolton market-place, where the unfortunate Earl paid the highest penalty for his devotion to a gentle and good-intentioned, but weak monarch, who could not resist the evil influence of sinister advisers. And when we extend our view to the sable block at Whitehall, where that monarch himself perished, we feel the full force of the impressive lessons which life is ever teaching to man.

On taking down the timbers of the chancel roof of Bolton Church there was found, upon the centre boss, a rude carving of the Three Legs of Man, along with the representation of an axe having a formidable blade. This shows that the chancel was re-roofed shortly after the execution of the Earl, while the event was fresh in the minds of the people, who thus handed it down to posterity. These timbers were lying in Bolton churchyard during 1870-71, until finally sold as waste wood. Of the rude carving Mr Owen has preserved a sketch, which he made while the boss was lying in the yard. Our artist, Mr Winkfield, though desirous of making the sketch more pleasing, has retained the facsimile character of the amateur carving.

At Aldport, on the supposition of the Rev. John Whitaker, there stood, in the early centuries of the Christian era, a Saxon church dedicated to St Michael. With that supposition we are unable to coincide; and yet we are loth to express dissent, when it is so much easier,



RUDE CARVING ON A CHURCH BOSS.

so much more agreeable, to swim with the tide of opinion than to press against its stream. Let us see how the case stands, pro and con, as the Latin says. Leland, on visiting Manchester during the reign of Henry the Eighth, observed—" Yet is in hit but one paroch church, but is a college." Hollingworth thus wrote :—" Shortly after Manchester and a large compasse of ground neere to it was made a parish, at which time the parish Assheton-under-Lyme was within the parish of Manchester ; but afterward [prior to 1291, according to the new edition of Baines] it became a parish of it selfe, and yet was in the donation of the lord of Manchester." Again, "Doomsday booke mencioun a church called St Maries in Manchester, and a church called St Michaels, tho of this latter I find not the least memorial ; probably these two churches stood in one churchyard, as Paul's and Gregory's in London." In the first volume of the new edition of Baines it is stated that Thomas Greslet, in March 1309, made a formal grant of "the advowson of the churches of Mamecestre and Ashton-under-Lyme to John la Warre, Knight, and Joan, his wife." St Michael's was first associated with Aldport by Whitaker in this wise :—" When the Saxons of Manchester were converted to the faith of the Britons among them, they would naturally repair immediately to the old parish church of the latter, and one denominated St Michael's existed pretty plainly (as I shall show hereafter) among the Saxons in Aldport." The after-showing was simply a conjecture that Knot Mill Fair was commemorative of the church's feast of dedication : in this conjecture Hibbert-Ware coincided. Whitaker failed to trace the origin of Knot Mill Fair, which still, we believe, remains a mystery.

Subsequent writers have followed easily in Whitaker's wake, almost taking for granted that the said church existed at Aldport, without producing any foundation for the edifice to rest upon. A recent independent doubt, partly coinciding with Hollingworth, was raised in a footnote of Harland's "Mamecestre":—"It has been suggested," observes that author, "that St Mary's [St Michael's?] was not in Manchester at all, but only under Manchester, and at Ashton-under-Lyne, both advowsons being long held by the barons of Mamecestre, and Ashton church or chapel being appendant to that of Manchester." Two antiquarian students (John Owen and the late John Higson), anxious for a clearer knowledge, have searched into the mysteries of St Michael as indefatigably as the brothers Lander explored the secrets of the Niger. Referring to ancient documents, they found various allusions to Aldparc, but no mention whatever of a neighbouring place of worship; and although the older castle had left its name indelibly on a "Field," neither field nor fold throughout the locality had preserved the name of a church or of St Michael. Supported by these facts, they arrived at the conclusion that the sacred edifice named in "Doomsday book" was never situated at Aldport, but rather at Ashton, where, after suffering the natural mutations of time, St Michael's Church still remains. The two antiquaries considered, further, that Whitaker's error had occurred through his failing to remember that Ashton was included in the parish of Manchester at the date of the "Doomsday" survey.

About the corner of Priestner Street (converted to Liverpool Road in 1812) stood the shop of Mr John Holland, greengrocer, which was attacked by a riotous

mob on the 21st of April in the year just cited, when sundry provisions were forcibly carried away. Several of the rioters were captured. At that period, Manchester, resembling many other places, was in a dangerous state of excitement. Disturbances known as "Ludditing," and aiming chiefly at the destruction of machinery, were of frequent occurrence. Commencing at Nottingham, the mischief had spread over several manufacturing counties. The Deansgate riot and the Middleton fight were proceeding simultaneously. About the same time the farmers' produce in our market-place was seized by a lawless multitude. Runners and constables were placed upon extra duty; our amateur defenders, known as the "Watch and Ward," displayed their imposing weapons; while the military—no longer a standing army—was hurried from town to village, and *vice versa*, by forced marches. Although we, the chronicler hereof, were "looming in the future" in 1812, we witnessed similar scenes in the model privation year 1826, and again in 1829; so we are enabled to realise the Luddite tumults with sufficient vividness. Provisions were excessively dear and scarce in consequence of the long-protracted war, and many charitable efforts were made to alleviate the distress. In Miller Street a soup-house was opened, where useful articles were sold to the poor at reduced prices. Still discontent prevailed. As a proof of the bitterness of feeling which existed amongst the working class against any one in authority, it may be mentioned that a sergeant of militia, named John Moore, who had been active in the performance of his duty, was murdered, together with a female relation, upon Ancoats Bridge;

and the bodies were thrown over the parapet into the canal. The sergeant and his companion left the King's Arms, Great Ancoats Street, about twelve o'clock on the Saturday night. Soon afterward a cry of "Murder" arose at the Canal Bridge, where several men were observed hastening away. Marks of pipe-clay were noticed upon the parapet; and in the water beneath the two bodies were found early on Sunday morning. The date of this double murder was 10th May 1812. The perpetrators of the crime escaped detection, notwithstanding a reward of two hundred pounds was offered by the authorities.

Towards the close of the same month a special commission was opened at Lancaster. During the trials it transpired that several persons had received threatening letters, signed "N. Ludd, secretary to a Luddite Society;" and that one of the ringleaders had been dignified with the title of General Ludd. Many prisoners were arraigned, and charged with participating in the riots. Some of these were acquitted, others being sentenced to various terms of imprisonment or transportation; but the eight unfortunates undernamed were severally found guilty and condemned:—John Howarth, thirty; John Lee, forty-six; Thomas Hoyle, twenty-seven; for breaking into the house of John Holland, Deansgate. Job Fletcher, thirty-four; Abraham Charlson, sixteen; Thomas Kerfoot, twenty-six; James Smith, thirty-one; for setting fire to a weaving-mill at Westhoughton; and Hannah Smith, fifty-four, for rioting and seizing potatoes at Bank Top. The sentences were carried out to the letter, without a single reprieve, on Saturday, 16th June, about the meridian hour. Abraham



ANCOATS OLD HALL.

Charlson was the boy, so often alluded to in print, who called loudly and tearfully, when upon the scaffold, for his mother to come and save him. We have seen the place—the scene, as an actor or a painter would say—of this wholesale hanging. It is a dark heart-saddening corner at the back of Lancaster Castle, immediately overlooking St Mary's hillside churchyard. From their elevated position, the doomed ones would unite the gallows and the grave in their last searching view—a gloomy prospect, notwithstanding the chequered gleam of hope beyond.

Of the four hundred thousand (in round numbers) persons now overcrowding the city, how many, or rather how few, are aware of the pathos, the romance, the poetry underlying the commercial life of their own dwelling-place? Truly has it been observed, in effect, that history, when faithfully and vividly rendered, forms the most beautiful and touching of all romances.

If we cannot adorn our page, as we wish, with a picture of historical Aldport Lodge, we are enabled to present, in lieu thereof, a pleasing view of another Manchester seat of the Mosleys—Ancoats Old Hall. It has been briefly described by Mr George Richardson, author of “Patriotism, and other Poems,” who was born in the vicinity of the ancient mansion.

“Ancoats Old Hall was situated one mile east of Manchester. Let it be understood that by this we mean that the frontal façade looked to the west. We have the authority of Dr Whitaker to say that the house was of Saxon origin, and the name is derived from *Anna*, the proper name of a man, and *cota*, a cottage. We regret that, after much and diligent research into old books of

the Chetham Library, we have not been able to discover when or by whom the edifice was erected. Neither Dr Whitaker, Aiken, Baines, nor Wheeler make any mention of this; nor does it appear in a late work by Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., entitled ‘Family Memoirs of the Mosleys,’ printed for private circulation. About 1587, we find in this work, by a view of the edifice at that period, that it was much the same as the annexed illustration, only that the grounds in front were simply open, with large trees on the spectator’s left, and smaller ones, with shrubbery, upon the right.

“Within the pale of our own experience, on the site of the present Every Street (probably named after Sir Edward Every), stood Love Lane, with its ivy-mantled cottages and green hedgerows—a pleasant rustic walk, and favourite solitude for lovers to pass ‘the tender hour;’ hence its name. The locality was altogether picturesque; the lane commanded a sweet variety of scenes to the south-east; fertile valleys and meadows, and here and there the gleaming bosom of the Medlock might be seen circling its way, ‘singing a song of peace by many a cottage home.’ Beyond the river, undulating land, with clumps of trees lifting up their various-tinted heads; humble homesteads were scattered upon the scene, and smoke, the indication of man’s habitation, was seen circling in relief from the quiet glory of the hills which enfolded the landscape. . . . The fascination is over; the hand of time and change have fallen upon it—the scene is faded—the Old Hall is no more.”

CHAPTER X.

DEANSGATE AND ITS BYWAYS.

"No trace is left of the invading Dane,
Or the armed followers of the Norman knight ;
Gone is the dwelling of the Saxon thane,
And lord and baron with their feudal might ;
The ancient Irwell holds his course alone,
And washes still Mancunium's base of stone."

J. B. ROGERSON.

AS we pass leisurely along historical Deansgate—the tiny birthplace of the now overgrown city—we will briefly note the derivations of its byways, when we happen to know them. As regards the derivation of Deansgate, we are unable to satisfy ourselves, and therefore cannot hope to satisfy others. Various and conflicting are the origins given. One authority informs us that the street derived its name, in the year 634, from the rural dean. Another is equally certain that the place was nameless until A.D. 870, when the Danes seized Manchester, leaving their name behind them to indicate their line of march and conquest. A third historian would induce us to believe the true etymology is *dene*, meaning a valley or sheltered place—a most unsatisfying hypothesis, because in this way each town built upon undulating ground might claim half a dozen Dene-gates. We must allow the

reader to take his choice, and adopt the source that pleases him most.

Tonman Street (probably the newest of all the lengthy line) was so called in compliment to the mother of the lord of the manor, and likewise as a remembrancer of his second son, the present baronet, Sir Tonman Mosley. The name does not appear in the street list of our Directories prior to the year 1824. In this street was discovered, in the year 1839, a bronze statuette of Jupiter Stator, five and a half inches in height, and standing upon a bronze pedestal. While excavating for the foundation of the Hall of Science (now the Free Library), a workman dug out the beautiful specimen of ancient art—buried, as may be assumed, nigh two thousand years, and affording our latest evidence of Roman occupation. When found, one hand of the model figure contained the thunderbolts of Jove, in the other was extended a rod. These, together with the pedestal, were unfortunately soon lost. The statuette itself passed into the custody of Mr Leigh, at present Medical Officer of Health for this city, in whose possession it still remains. Being a Rosicrucian, he displayed it to the brethren of that order at their first chapter in 1852. This bronze Jupiter is a marvel of perfection, bearing no trace of age or indication of decay. Here, as Ben Jonson wrote—

“In small proportions we just beauty see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.”

The statuette has not been pictured, we believe, save in these Memorials. In the same ground whence the Jupiter was recovered were found soon afterwards a small



BRONZE STATUETTE OF JUPITER STATOR.

silver coin of Trajan (now in Mr Leigh's possession), and a massive gold signet-ring, having on a bloodstone a figure of Mercury in intaglio. The ring passed into the collection of the late Mr Charles Bradbury, of the Crescent, Salford.

The next in rotation, Stewart Street, bears the name of its principal builder, a facetious character, a coachmaker, long residing at the corner frontage of his own row. He died in 1817, aged sixty-eight. His son, the Rev. William Stewart, was minister of Hale Church during the lengthened period of forty-four years, dying in December 1856, aged seventy-two, as recorded on a flat stone in the nave of his tide-girt church. One of his silent neighbours is the far-famed giant of the seventeenth century, the "Childe of Hale." At this picturesque out-of-the-way village, where flowers encircle many a cottage porch, and sombre avenues lead to the ancestral hall of the Ireland-Blackburnes, the residents can approach the longevity of Old Parr without the aid of his pills, as evidenced by two inscriptions which we copied from one family headstone :—

"Richard Halsall, died September the 10th, 1759, in the
97th year of his age."

"Esther Hallsall, died 23d March 1833, aged 104 years."

The latter curiosity is chiseled on each side of the stone. Perhaps we are loitering too long in Hale Churchyard, which is far removed from our subject-matter ; but when we reach a quiet interesting spot that wins our fancy, the reader will allow us to linger a little, if he please. Few of our retrospects are more enduring, or afford us higher satisfaction, than our solitary rambles in these rural places of rest, where Hislop contemplated "The Cameronian's

Dream," and where Landseer pictured "The Shepherd's Grave."

In a large prospect of Manchester and Salford, published between the years 1729-34, and dedicated to Lady Ann Bland, appears a view of "Mr Longworth's house," on the site of the present Longworth Street, and near to the Hay Market. In describing the prospect, Mr Harland has remarked, "This is probably the same building afterwards called 'Longworth's Folly.'" But our earliest Directories show that "Longworth's Folly" (whatever that might be) was situated at the corner of Princess Street and Redcross Street. Of the original owner of the house in question we have no further record, but his son and grandson, each described in the obituary as "James Longworth, Esq., of Longworth Street," lie interred in St John's Churchyard, Byrom Street. A great-grandson, Mr Thomas Longworth, was father to the lady who has become so widely known in connection with the Yelverton trials.

The sight of the weighing-machine so long established at Aldport serves to remind us of an advertisement which appeared in the *Mercury* in January 1774. As that announcement shows somewhat of the antiquity of the machine, and also the nature of the business a century ago, we venture to reproduce it in part:—"Whereas the weighing-machine at Alport Town has been for some time unattended, owing to former neglect, mistakes, and mismanagement, this is to acquaint the public that John Gooden, innkeeper at the Half-Moon, in Alport Town, has taken the said machine, where due attendance will be given and the strictest impartiality observed in weighing. This may be asserted in favour of the Alport Town

machine, that tallies are kept, which may be referred to for a year, so that gentlemen, farmers, and others may be enabled to settle any dispute for that time on a reference to the books." We are told by John Collier, in his "Curious Remarks on the History of Manchester," that he resided hereabouts in his youth, when the place was commonly called Hooperton or Upperton. It is, nevertheless, clear by our advertisement that the name was soon afterwards changed to the one it still bears—Alport Town. The more ancient designation, "Alport Town Fold," was retained in print so recently as 1803.

A brief announcement in the *Mercury*, dated September 23, 1760, proves that Cockpit Hill was not our only arena for fighting chanticleers; and, further, that our annual races were then held in the autumn of the year—not at Whitsuntide:—"A main of cocks will be fought during the races, at the Cockpit, the upper end of Deansgate, between the gentlemen of Yorkshire and Cheshire."

It scarcely need be stated in print that Windmill Street derives its name from the windmill which long crowned the upland, and gave interest to the landscape. Although we cannot describe its rise and fall in the manner of Gibbon, we can at least give a few intervening incidents. In 1766, the *Mercury* (*Mercury* was ever the people's news-bearer) thus enlightened its readers:—"To be sold, at the house of Mr James Dale, near the Exchange, the windmill at the top of Deansgate, Manchester, with the utensils thereto belonging, and all in very good repair. There are four pair of stones for grinding all sorts of dyeing wood and potashes, two grindle stones, and two rasping-mills, a stable for three horses, and a carthouse;

also a summer-house, and large kitchen-garden well planted with wall fruit. The whole contains two thousand five hundred yards, handsomely walled and palisaded round. The premises are subject to a chief rent of ten pounds a year, payable to Edward Byrom, Esq." In 1792 the windmill was again offered for sale, with these additional words—"Situate and being upon the mount at the top of Deansgate, and near to St Peter's Church." For the due understanding of these local landmarks, the reader must bear in mind that, prior to the year 1812, Deansgate did not extend beyond Peter Street. In 1793 a fire broke out at the mill, which in a short time destroyed it. Two years later the windmill, completely renovated, was once more in the auctioneer's hands. Again, in 1798, the hammer was brought into requisition; and in 1811 (for the last time apparently) the "strong and well-accustomed windmill, with dwelling-house, and extensive garden with pond in the centre," were announced for public sale.

As we have once more diverged to the locality of the long-vanished "Labrey's Fold," we will just add, by the way, a few words to the notice in our eighth chapter. The Labreys (wellnigh the only family of the name in this country) were supposed to be Flemish Huguenots, who sought and found in free England a refuge from the religious persecutions of their native land. We have ever felt a deep interest in all exiles for conscience' sake, and we trust the day is far distant when the descendants of those same Huguenots shall flee *from* England in search of religious freedom on other shores. But who shall say, when history so constantly repeats itself, and the wheel of Fate, with its fabled Ixion, is for ever turning round? In



THE KEY (QUAY). 1746.

the year 1598 Mr and Mrs Labrey died, within one day of each other, probably by fever—a frequent and grievous visitant to Manchester in those early times, when sanitary regulations were lax, and officers of health were unknown. After the date just given, no member of the family is named in the Cathedral registers; the clear inference being, that, when the parents died, their children were removed by relatives or friends from Labrey's Fold, and, like David the Psalmist, they “came no more home to their father's house.”

Quay Street is its own etymologist, being the direct route to the Key (so spelled in 1746), or wharf, on the bank of the Irwell. The contracted nature of the convenience at that date provided for the river traffic of the town is revealed by our engraved view. The little picture, telling its simple story plainly enough, is full of suggestiveness and food for contrast. We see the limited range of Manchester commerce on the very eve of the cotton-spinning discoveries,—only a few years prior to the introduction of machines by Hayes and Arkwright. It shows the last slumber preceding the great commercial awakening.

While passing the remaining portion of the dull brick wall at the corner of Jackson's Row, we are reminded of an extract from the Cathedral register proving the antiquity of the first burial-ground belonging to the Friends in Manchester:—“1682, Nov. 4.—Giles Meadowcroft of Crumpsall, Gent., buried att the Quaker's Folly.” The deed of purchase, dated 1673, describes this plot of ground as being outside the town of Manchester.

In the will of Jonathan Stockton, of Monton, in the parish of Eccles, dated 1748, occurs the following paragraph,

throwing a passing light upon the older history of this portion of Deansgate :—"Whereas I have several covenants and privileges of inheritance in two fields at the upper end of the Deansgate, one formerly called by the name of the Birch Croft, and now called by the name of Queen Street, and the other by the name of the Doall" (Dole).

The street at which we next arrive bears a singular name, suggestive of an Oxford college—Brazennose. We know not the date of this strange designation, nor whence derived, but here resided, about the year 1793, two remarkable characters—Robert Owen, the philanthropist, and Robert Fulton, who launched, in 1807, the first steam-boat upon the river Hudson. These notables dwelt in the same boarding-house, and during their sojourn in Manchester maintained a friendly, accommodating intercourse.* At the earlier date in question, Mr Owen, then a very young man, was manager of Mr Peter Drinkwater's "Bank Top Mill." Nearly half a century later (August 5, 1839), we heard Mr Owen deliver an oration after laying the foundation-stone of the Hall of Science (now the Free Library), Camp Field.

Cumberland Street calls forth another antiquated bill of sale, pointing out a forgotten poorhouse :—"June 12th, 1792.—To be sold, by order of the churchwardens and overseers of the poor of Manchester, the fee-simple and inheritance of and in all that large and substantial pile of building, with the workshops and appurtenances thereunto belonging, situated, standing, and being in Cumberland Street, in Manchester aforesaid, now used as the Man-

* "Threading my Way," by Robert Dale Owen.

chester poorhouse ; the site or ground-plot contains upwards of one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven superficial square yards." In the previous June was laid the first stone of a new and larger workhouse near Strange-ways, which still serves its purpose when supplemented by the Crumpsall Farm and the Swinton School,—rather important supplements, it must be admitted. An earlier home for the indigent was abandoned, and thus advertised in April 1764 :—"To be let, for any term not exceeding twenty-one years, all that large piece of building commonly called the Workhouse, situate at the top of Shude-hill."

It more immediately adjoins Mayes Street,—the latter taking its name from Edward Mayes, who, in 1621, left a charitable bequest, which was expended in land and houses at this spot, for the lasting benefit of the poor. In 1680 almshouses were erected on a portion of this estate ; they contained accommodation for twenty-four families. The burial of one of the inmates is thus registered :—"1704, July 24.—Samuel, son of Thomas Blackcow, of Milgate almshouse." For Manchester's first effort in this charitable direction, we must travel backward to the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, when a portion of the College Barn (situated at Hunt's Bank, between the prison and the College Gate House) was purchased by the churchwarden and overseer for the time being, in order that it might be "made in readiness to set the poor people on work to prevent their begging."

In Spinning Field was born "Tommy Lye," the popular jockey, whom we have often seen upon the famous race-course at Kersal Moor, and have been amused

at his manœuvres as he successfully strove to out-general his juniors in silken jackets. At Doncaster and at Epsom his exciting triumphs were likewise manifold. He rode the winners of two St Legers and three Oaks ; his prime favourite being the Queen of Trumps—"the turf's splendid monarch, the Queen!"—on which mare he won the double event. "To the last," says an obituary notice in the *Manchester Guardian*, "he was a quaint, sagacious little fellow." During nearly half a century his home had been fixed at Middleham, Yorkshire, where he died, after a tedious illness, 27th May 1866, aged seventy-one. His remains were interred in the churchyard of East Witton. About two months previously he had lost his son, who was a trainer. After Lye's retirement from the saddle, at Manchester races 1853, "he might be seen," says a writer in the *Sporting Life*, "at York or Doncaster, with white hair, and looking quite the small divine in black and a white neckcloth ; and for a two-handed crack on old times few men were better." This brief record of the popular jockey may be supplemented by a few facts touching his favourite course. The history of Kersal Moor and its amusements is correctly given, so far as local authorities could guide the writer, in a small book, "Our Turf, Stage, and Ring." More recently our attention has been drawn to a file of the London *Gazette*, in which newspaper our turf announcements were usually printed before Manchester possessed any journal of its own. The first mention in the *Gazette* is dated 2d May 1687—being the eve of the great Revolution, when monarchs were felled and upraised in England like the wooden kings in a skittle-alley. This

date, though not exactly the origin of horse-racing in Manchester, may be accepted as the nearest approach thereto at which we can arrive in print—a fact of some interest to the lovers of Lancashire sports and pastimes; more especially to those who, resembling ourselves, retain a regretful remembrance of the wild free moorland. When we compare its liberties with the enclosed mercantile course we now possess, where money—not recreation—is the primary object, and where “Pay here” confronts the visitor at every turn, we feel that in the boasted march of improvement there is sometimes a retrograde motion. To any one accustomed to the freedom of Kersal Moor, this modern system of constraint and toll is tantamount to wearing a strait jacket and paying a keeper for pressing it on. We have an idea that race-courses should be public property, held for general recreation. The old moor was at liberty for healthful exercises all the year round—thanks to Miss Atherton, whose memory “smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust.” It appears by the *Gazette* that Liverpool races preceded our own at Kersal; although at Barlow Moor, on the southern border of Manchester, racing was common so far back as 1647. We give an extract by way of proof:—“1671, Feb. 15th.—These are to give notice that the Right Hon. Charles Earl of Derby, with many other gentlemen of quality within the two counties of Lancaster and Chester, together with the Mayor, Aldermen, and burgesses of Liverpool, have set forth near the said town a five-mile course for a horse race, which is intended to be run on the 18th day of May next, and so for ever yearly at the same time.” Passing onward to 1688, we find the sports at “Carsall

Moore" removed from Whitsuntide to September, two plates, as in the previous year, yielding cheap amusement during two days. After 1709 our sporting announcements disappear from the official pages of the *Gazette*. They were transferred ten years later, we may assume, to the columns of our earliest newspaper, the *Manchester Weekly Journal*. The departed glories of Kersal Moor have been perpetuated in song by various enthusiastic minstrels. With one of these eulogistic strains it was our desire to give poetic interest to this prose narrative. But the writer's course, resembling the celebrated course of true love, does not always run smooth. Michael Wilson's ditty is too familiar to suit our purpose. The characteristic song written by Ryley, the itinerant, for the theatre in Spring Gardens, and chanted by him upon that stage in 1798, has persistently eluded our research. Another ballad (one of the best of its class, although anonymous), would be equally welcome, if obtainable. It is called "Victorious Stump," and enumerates the triumphs, in 1790, of a noted Lancashire pedestrian, whose real name was Wild. We read this ballad once, several years ago, in a jealously-guarded tome, where the privilege of copying was forbidden. In our search for these rhymed rarities, we wonder how many roods of song-sheets, pinned on walls or tied to railings, at Knot Mill Fair and other kindred places, have been patiently conned, until the wandering vendors have inquired:—"Any particular song, sir?" "Yes, please; have you got 'Victorious Stump'?" "Victorious what?" A repetition of the name producing merely a hopeless shake of the head, it was easy to see that the "Merry legs" once so famous

were now utterly forgotten. “Who *Stump* was, or how he fared, nobody knew, nobody cared.”

In passing Wood Street (unsavoury now), we need not quite ignore the residence of James Ogden, schoolmaster and author, nor overlook the printing-office of his son William, the political reformer. As we have already written of the twain more at length, and from original sources, in another work, it will be sufficient to add here, that James Ogden contributed freely to Dr Aikin’s History of Manchester and its surroundings, collecting materials for that book respecting several of the manufacturing towns of Lancashire.

Throughout the present chapter we have made free use of bygone advertisements, laying under frequent tribute their genuine yet neglected treasures. In justification—if such be needed—we may repeat an averment of the Rev. George Crabbe, to wit, that while each division of a newspaper is a reflex of life, the advertisements are “life itself.”

CHAPTER XI.

PICCADILLY REVISITED.

"The older Lancashire ballads have, as a rule, very little of literary excellence about them ; nevertheless they are worthy of preservation, and sometimes throw a curious light upon the social history of the past. . . . In this, as in other matters, Lancashire is chiefly noticeable for what has been done within the present century. Beyond it she does not possess many lyrics of much note or beauty."

"FOLK SONG," BY W. E. A. AXON.

IT will be patent to our readers that, in closing the last chapter, we "played a lament" for two stray ballads wellnigh as plaintively as Patrick lamented for his poor dog Tray. As no person can announce his wants in a popular newspaper without being heard, few will be surprised to find that one of the missing melodies has already, Micawber-like, "turned up." So our flag of distress is now half furled. This simple incident may serve to point a moral to the vainglorious, as thus :—If we assume airs of superiority, thus declaring our successful rivalry, the world will use all its arts to lower our inflated standard ; yet the moment Fate lays us in the dust (as Fate sometimes will), and we call for help, as the waggoner called to Hercules, that same world will stoop to raise and befriend us. In truth, the world is often more generous than just ; perhaps it feels its own goodness in acts of public benevolence. This may be one reason why charity

is extolled above all other virtues. To our thinking, justice is the nobler attribute; and we would say to our sons (if we had them), Be just, both to yourselves and to others. This day let each man adopt the golden rule, the eleventh commandment, and to-morrow he shall hail the millennium.

Without waiting for the advent of that desirable era, we will now revisit Piccadilly, after an absence of several years' duration. Glancing at Chatham Street, allow us to refer to the grand circus it once contained. As a tangible proof of its existence we may present the contents of a handbill issued from that establishment when in its hey-day:—"At the Circus, November 2nd, 1796. A foot race by Mr Wild (Stump) and another noted runner for ten guineas, twelve times round, making eight hundred yards. Stump is the same who ran on Kersal Moor." To this old circus bill the long-sought ballad will lend a new charm:—

VICTORIOUS STUMP.

(Copied, by permission, from the Greaves Collection.)

" You sportsmen all in England fair,
Come listen awhile to me ;
A song I am just going to sing,
Of Stump of high degree :
For he most footmen will subdue,
And to his countrymen stand true.

" It was in April, the fifteenth day,
To Kersal Moor Stump came ;
Saying, here comes Trovetor, that noble horse,
That long has been in fame :
I mean these footmen to subdue,
And to my countrymen stand true.

“ It was on Monday, mark the day,
These heroes came to start ;
That noble Chapman against Stump,
But Stump did play his part,
And noble Chapman did subdue,
And to his countrymen stood true.

“ They took the gallant Stump to bed
When Chapman he had beat ;
For in two hours’ time, he had
To run another heat :
He was not fit, I must speak true,
But to his countrymen stood true.

“ The second heat the men did start,
As I must tell you plain ;
But Seddon seven yards got the start,
And soon fourteen did gain ;
But Stump o’ertook him at Yarn Croft Broo,
And likewise Seddon did subdue.

“ Then side by side these footmen went,
Which made them shout amain ;
Saying, Bonny Stump will now be beat
O how they were mista’en !
But Stump he was both loyal and true,
First up to th’ chair this hero flew.

“ Some people said it was not fair,
And I will say the same,
To run twice in so short a space ;
Stump was himself to blame.
Huzza ! for Stump is loyal and true,
And made these Swinton gamesters rue.

“ To Epsom, in Surrey, bold Stump went,
To run against one Pye,
The noted footman of that part ;
They thought that he could fly :
But Stump this Pye-man did subdue,
And to his countrymen stood true.

“ Likewise to Gisburn once he went,
A sheep-catcher to run ;
But of that Yorkshire footman then
He nothing made but fun ;
For valiant Stump, thinking no harm,
Put on his clothes to keep him warm.

“ So now to conclude, and make an end ;
For Stump we'll loud huzza !
Victorious he has always proved,
And always bore the sway ;
His honour let it always ring :
God bless bold Stump and George our King !”

1790.

In May 1840 (half a century beyond the date appended to the above ballad), a Manchester newspaper contained the following obituary notice:—“Death of a Veteran Pedestrian.—Died, on the 10th inst., near Rochdale, at the advanced age of eighty years, the celebrated Lancashire runner, Stump.” This statement proving to be premature, John Wild was not long in assuring the world that there was “life in the old dog yet,” although he was unable to run so fast or so far as formerly. At what date his decease actually occurred, where he was buried, or the character of the inscription chiseled on his gravestone, we are not in a position to record.

Since writing the foregone remarks, an intelligent correspondent has increased our store of information with a few personal recollections. “Wild” he states, “was a native of Milnrow, in which village there is on a public-house sign a painting of ‘Stump and Pie Lad.’ Wild was one of those men who are stronger in the legs than in the head, for whilst he won large sums for those who laid wagers on his racing powers, he entirely neglected him-

self. I well remember his tall, gaunt, aged form walking in short quick steps about the village of Hollingworth, where my father was master of the Endowed School. Had his ‘backers,’ in his last days, remembered the almost forgotten Stump, it would have been more to their credit.” From another correspondent we learn that John Wild breathed his last at the residence of his daughter Sarah at Laneside, near Milnrow.

In our premier chapter on Piccadilly allusion was made to a curious library that won our attention while passing its portal. It has since been removed by its owner to another quarter of the city. This is one of the most unique of private libraries—a miscellaneous and extensive collection of anything scarce or peculiar, especially in local literature; and with no lack of the ample ivory margins which Coleridge loved to fill, and which bibliophilists in general know how to appreciate. When we watch the career of any quiet, persevering bookworm, who dedicates his time and fortune, be they little or much, to the rescue and preservation of neglected treasures—when we trace such a career to its close, and perceive that, usually, at the decease of the worthy collector, his accumulations are re-scattered to the winds, is it not painfully evident that the lettered child, though up-grown and mentally endowed, has merely been playing at baby-house? Much better to keep in view the example of Chetham, or Ashmole, or Bodley, and in this way transmit his name to future generations of silent readers, fruitful thinkers, than leave the pious labours of his life to be undone by an auctioneer. Rumour has whispered, in her fitful and dubious manner, that some such favourable

destiny awaits the library near Piccadilly; but as Rumour is proverbially gifted with a hundred tongues, each one a fabulist, it were unsafe to confide in her report. An article, written by the now venerable owner of this library, and published in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine* half a century ago, proves how well he can appreciate his literary stores, while holding fit communion with the mental heroes who surround him. The article in question—"On the Chetham Library"—is, with the author's permission, inserted entire in our Appendix.

The readers of the aforesaid article will not be surprised to learn that its author has found a niche in the pages of "Men of the Time." As the brief biographies there inserted are usually submitted to the persons immediately concerned, we may safely assume their correctness.

"Crossley, James, F.S.A., son of a merchant at Halifax, Yorkshire, born in 1800, was educated for the law, and practised as a solicitor at Manchester till 1860, when he retired from the profession. He was a frequent contributor to the earlier volumes of *Blackwood's Magazine*, one of the writers in the first *Retrospective Review*, and occasionally assisted J. G. Lockhart in biographical articles in the *Quarterly Review*. The peculiar department to which he has devoted himself is criticism and antiquarian and literary research. Mr Crossley has been a member of the Philobiblon Society since its commencement. He was appointed president of the Chetham Society in 1848, which office he still holds; and he is also president of the more recently formed Spenser Society. He is the editor of 'Pott's Discovery of Witches,' 'The Diary and Cor-

respondence of Dr John Worthington,' two volumes, and 'Heywood's Observations in Verse,' in the Chetham series. His assistance will be found to be acknowledged in very many of the works of literary research which have appeared during the last forty years. He is well known as an ardent book-collector, and has accumulated a curious and extensive library. His present residence is Cavendish Place, Manchester."

Certain characteristics lying upon the surface of our present street may be briefly chronicled. "Piccadilly flags," broad and commanding, are locally proverbial. Here, owing to the extended area, the immured citizen may hail his freshest breeze or his brightest sunbeam, or take his longest gaze at the mysterious comet, when that "stranger of heaven" is careering aloft, with the beautiful evening star glittering through its far-spreading tail. We are told that trees refuse to flourish, flowers to expand their petals, hereabouts. If this be true, what shall be said of Angel Meadow and similar verdant retreats? It was in this convenient area that our home defenders frequently chose to parade; and the curious in military manœuvres—in martial exercises—took an interest in watching those volunteers present their arms to their officers, whilst presenting their attractive uniforms to admiring sweethearts. The interest was of a sadder kind when, a comrade having grounded his arms in death, the survivors mustered here, with sable ensigns, to honour him with a soldier's funeral, and awaken the gazer's sympathy with the dreary music of the "Dead March in Saul." More than once our political candidates have selected this scene, at the close of the poll, to express

their gratitude for parliamentary honours conferred or for minority votes recorded in vain. One evening, we remember, was especially exciting. Three parties were haranguing at the same moment—one at the western end upon a balcony; another at a window at the northern side; the third group being located upon and around the pedestal of a central monument. We sighed for the ability to divide ourselves into the requisite trio, so that we might listen to them all fully and fairly. This being an impossible feat, we proceeded to hear them partially and consecutively, yielding the natural preference to the member whose success had been the most striking. It is not given to every winner to look victorious. But this gentleman, rosy, substantial, and joyous in every feature, was triumph personified. His observations were few and telling. "He came, saw, and overcame," formed the gist of his speech. A veritable Cæsar! After praising our independence and determination, he assured us that his victory was equally our own: so we went on our way rejoicing. Crossing the street, we next joined the crowd surrounding two candidates—a winner and a loser. Throughout the canvass they had declared their intention of being partners for life; but at the poll the voters had cruelly forbidden the banns. During our stay the winner was addressing the citizens, the difficulties of his task being apparent. Each word of congratulation spoken for himself required two of condolence for the less fortunate friend at his side. Orestes, having lost his Pylades, refused to be wholly comforted. As we turned from the novel and perplexing scene, we caught ourselves humming the sugges-

tive fanciful ditty, "Said a smile to a tear." Arriving at length at the monument, or final rostrum, we were at the foot of the election poll,—the sober, subdued aspect of affairs contrasting strangely with the balcony scene, where all seemed *couleur de rose*. The audience, being smaller, was here more select and orderly; the cheers, though feebler, were more discriminating. In short, the assembly was full of the wisdom which recent adversity is known to bestow. When the candidate rose to thank us—to thank us for nothing—he smiled benignantly, while asserting that in all contests of this nature there must of necessity be losers—a fact we already felt as a truism. He had calmly prepared himself for defeat, being shrewder in this respect than the Great Napoleon, who thought only of conquest; and he believed, with Jacob Faithful, that another opportunity would bring better fortune. His friends had merely to bide their turn, taking heart from a homely proverb—"The third time will pay for all." Personally the apparent loss was a real gain. He could now enjoy the comforts of home, the profits of business, instead of sacrificing both to parliamentary duties. Other consolatory phrases following in well-timed succession, the listening losers began to experience "the joy of sorrow," and to think that, after all, they had not so much the worst of the bargain. With the hush of the hopeful speaker's voice our parting glance was taken, and we felt duly grateful for a useful lesson of life; nor have we since forgotten the interesting Shakespearian tableau—"Patience on a monument smiling at Grief." Possibly our interest in the monumental scene was enhanced by

a remembrance of the time when the working-men's candidate and his auditor were both young, and little anticipating this contest for parliamentary honours, nor foreseeing the high civic dignities which have since been conferred upon him by his fellow-citizens.

CHAPTER XII.

GORE STREET—HENRY LIVERSEEGE.

“To arrive, untutored and unaided, at that purity of style, that truth to nature, that display of lively and harmless humour, which abound in his pictures, was a great deal; but it was greater to satisfy his own rigorous self-criticism, and to die with the consciousness of having secured to himself a memory of enduring fame.”

GEORGE CONDY.

WHO could pass the end of Gore Street, Piccadilly, without casting a wistful glance at the house where Henry Liverseege lived during his later years, and ultimately died,* leaving his latest creation, “Falstaff and Bardolph,” unfinished upon the easel? Not we, by our troth! At the sale of the late John Clowes Grundy’s art collection, this last work of Liverseege was knocked down at forty-six pounds four shillings. When we see a favourite picture thus brought to new life by the ring of the auctioneer’s hammer, and remember that the gifted producer has long ago passed from amongst us, we are forcibly impressed by a thought which has impressed men before to-day—that the painter is even less of a reality than the shadows emanating from his pencil.

* To render this fact clear, we append a verbatim copy of his burial record, as preserved in the register at St Luke’s:—“Henry Liverseege, single man; abode, Gore Street, Piccadilly; buried, 19th January 1832; age, 29 years.”

It will be fresh in the remembrance of many of our readers, that, ten years ago, attention was called by a correspondent in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian* to the neglected, precarious state of the young painter's grave. With a hearty, commendable *esprit-de-corps*, immediate action was taken in the matter by the chief editor of the journal named, who summoned a few kindred spirits, and the requisite funds were subscribed towards a suitable memorial tablet, since executed by Mr Marshall Wood. The original letter is here revived, together with the editorial reply.

"The Grave of Liverseege the Painter."

"To the Editor:—SIR,— To-day, being at leisure, I have been watching the demolition of St Luke's Church, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, and saw workmen sorting the fallen *debris* upon the grave of poor Liverseege, who was buried close to the wall of the church. It is needless, sir, to speak of the merits of Liverseege; his name and works are public property. As, on my return home, I passed the monuments in front of the Infirmary, I felt that, when we talk of 'the fortune of war,' we may likewise talk of the fortune of peace. The social enigma which perpetuates one son of genius in bronze or in marble, while it leaves another to be degraded in an obscure grave, is more difficult of solution than all the riddles of my Lord Dundreary. However, sir, knowing the value of your space, I will briefly repeat that the resting-place of Henry Liverseege requires immediate attention, or all trace of it may soon be lost."

The urgency of the case being acknowledged, the following notice appeared in the newspaper within a few days:—

"THE GRAVE OF LIVERSEEGE.—Our attention having been called to the grave of Henry Liverseege by our correspondent, we made some inquiries on the subject yesterday. St Luke's Church, Bedford Street, of which the Rev. W. A. Darby is rector, is about to be rebuilt. The old church, which was of brick, is being pulled down, and the

necessary consequence is that some of the *debris* falls upon the stones in the adjoining graveyard. The stone over the unfortunate artist's remains is close to the side of the church, and a portion of the spout which drained the roof passes through it. The inscription is mainly to the memory of a family named Mitchell, the name of Liverseege being the last upon the stone. Although some rubbish may have rested upon this, as well as other gravestones, the greatest care is being taken to preserve them from injury. It is intended to take up the stones—probably the wiser course for their preservation—during the rebuilding—to lower the surface of the ground slightly, and to replace the stones. We cannot, however, think it creditable to Manchester that the last resting-place of one of whom an eminent critic has said that, had he lived, he might have been an English Wilkie, should remain unhonoured and almost unknown. Doubtless, many visitors to the Art Treasures Exhibition remember Liverseege's picture of a political cobbler poring over Cobbett's *Register*. The man who painted that, and who spent his brief life of twenty-nine years in this city, deserves some record at our hands. At least an upright stone should mark his grave, and a tablet in the church, when it is rebuilt, should perpetuate his artistic merit. The editor of the *Guardian* will be glad to receive the names of any gentlemen who approve of this suggestion."

After the lapse of thirty years of silent neglect, it is gratifying to the worshipper or occasional loiterer in the chaste new church dedicated to St Luke, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, to rest his eyes on the medallion portrait of Liverseege, and, comparing the present with the past, read the appropriate inscription beneath:—

"Henry Liverseege, painter, born at Manchester, September 4, 1803, where he died, January 13, 1832, is buried in this church. He cultivated his innate love of painting in defiance of adverse circumstances and a weakly frame. Life was to him a school of earnest study of his art in the subjects of romance and humour, to which his genius



"HENRY LIVERSEEGE, painter, born at Manchester, Sept. 4, 1803, where he died Jan. 13, 1832, is buried in this church. He cultivated his innate love of painting in defiance of adverse circumstances and a weakly frame. Life was to him a school of earnest study of his art in the subjects of romance and humour, to which his genius inclined. Death overtook him as he passed from scholar into master. Some of his townsmen, who, in the picture he has left, recognise his genius, and lament the death that left such promise unfulfilled, have raised this stone to his memory. June 1865."

THE LIVERSEEGE MEMORIAL.

inclined. Death overtook him as he passed from scholar into master. Some of his towns-men, who, in the pictures he has left, recognise his genius, and lament the death that left such promise unfulfilled, have raised this stone to his memory. June 1865."

Still the tablet in question, being formed of light material, and placed against a light wall, seems to ask for a dark relieving border to give it full effect. It represents the Muse of Painting mourning the loss of her son, and laying a wreath upon his tomb.

The grave of Liverseege, originally in the yard, was enclosed, with several others, by the new church (of larger dimensions than the old), and is now beneath the Rector's pew; where many a furtive glance is still cast by Henry's admiring and aspiring brethren of the easel, thus forming an instinctive guardianship.

It is known that Liverseege, at the outset of his brief career, painted at least two inn-signs, the Ostrich, displayed near New Islington, and a fierce, swarthy, richly-coloured, half-length figure, named the Saracen's Head,—long an object of interest to the wayfarer on Rochdale Road. The builder of the inn, desirous of an attractive sign for his new house, gave the commission to his young friend Liverseege, who more than satisfied the expectations formed. After some years of outdoor service, the Saracen's Head was taken in to preserve it from the corroding effects of the weather, and was then hung as a treasure in the landlord's private room,—precisely as the Royal Oak, painted by David Cox, is preserved at Bettws. Manchester possessed another superior inn-sign—the Haunch of Venison, Dale

Street—from the easel of Paul Wilkinson, a wayward genius, not exactly of the Liverseege order, but rather a diamond in the rough, who never submitted to the lapidary's refining art.

The persevering industry of Liverseege, which was remarkable, will be best revealed by a contemplation of his numerous works—numerous when his youth and delicate health are considered, and of rare excellence withal. Of course these cannot be consulted by our readers in the original paintings, rich and varied in colour, but there is an excellent substitute in the folio volume of engravings published in London by Hodgson, Boys, & Graves, and in Manchester by Grundy & Goadsby. As this volume appeared within three years of the painter's decease, the owners of his pictures at that date would be, in the majority of instances, the early admirers and encouragers of his genius. We have pleasure in reproducing their names.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS FROM THE WORKS OF
HENRY LIVERSEEGE.

<i>Name of Subject.</i>	<i>Proprietor of Picture.</i>
THE WEEKLY REGISTER	JOHN BENTLEY, Esq.
THE INQUIRY	BENJAMIN HICK, Esq.
CAPTAIN MACHEATH	BENJAMIN HICK, Esq.
THE GRAVEDIGGERS	JOSEPH MARSLAND, Esq.
AGNES	A. G. VICKERS, Esq.
HAMLET AND GHOST	JOHN S. HERON, Esq.
BLACK DWARF	BENJAMIN HICK, Esq.
TOUCH OF THE SPASMS	JOHN S. HERON, Esq.
FRIAR TUCK	JOHN S. HERON, Esq.
THE RECRUIT	LAWRENCE FORT, Esq.

<i>Name of Subject.</i>	<i>Proprietor of Picture.</i>
LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD	G. GILBERTSON, Esq.
GOOD RESOLUTION ...	JOSEPH MARSLAND, Esq.
THE VISIONARY ...	JOSEPH MARSLAND, Esq.
SIR PIERCIE SHAFTON ...	DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
THE GRANDFATHER ...	THOMAS OLLIVANT, Esq.
THE BETROTHED ...	BENJAMIN DOBSON, Esq.
OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA	JOSEPH MARSLAND, Esq.
FALSTAFF AND BARDOLPH	GEORGE TALBOT KNOWLES, Esq.
POPPING THE QUESTION ...	CHARLES MEIGH, Esq.
LUCY ASHTON ...	BOLTON INSTITUTION.
PARENTAL AFFECTION ...	BENJAMIN HICK, Esq.
THE ORPHAN ...	JOHN BENTLEY, Esq.
THE FALCONER ...	JOSEPH MARSLAND, Esq.
FRIAR TUCK ASLEEP ...	BENJAMIN GODFREY WINDUS, Esq.
DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY	C. K. MAINWARING, Esq.
THE CAVALIER ...	JOHN GREAVES, Esq.
EDIE OCHILTREE ...	J. M. INCE, Esq.
THE BENEDICTION ...	JOSEPH MARSLAND, Esq.
MY LADY'S PAGE ...	M. P. CALVERT, Esq.
CHRISTOPHER SLY AND } THE HOSTESS }	WILLIAM WELLS, Esq.
TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY	JOSEPH MARSLAND, Esq.
MEG MERRILEES AND } HAZLEWOOD }	GEORGE PEEL, Esq.
HUDIBRAS AND RALPHO ...	HENRY BROOKE, Esq.
ANN PAGE ...	GEORGE STEPHENS, Esq.
THE GHOST STORY ...	ROBERT VERNON, Esq.
PORTRAIT OF LIVERSEEGE	THOMAS AGNEW, Esq.
LIVERSEEGE'S CHAIR ...	BENJAMIN GODFREY WINDUS, Esq.

Even this lengthy list does not embrace all his productions. At the Exhibition of the works of local artists at Peel Park, in 1857, we had the pleasure of viewing many of Liverseege's paintings. The titles of some of these, not included in the above list, may be transcribed from the catalogue.

<i>Name of Subject.</i>	<i>Proprietor of Picture.</i>
THE BARON'S DWARF (<i>Vide</i> "Lay of the Last Minstrel")	W. D. WHITEHEAD, Esq.
DEAD GAME	C. BRADBURY, Esq.
* * *	C. BRADBURY, Esq.

"All—all, save one—and she bends by his side,
 Whose arms were first to clasp her with a love
 Fond as a bridegroom's for his blushing bride,
 Strong as a parent's heart alone may prove !
 And she is there beside him, like a dove,
 'Tending his drooping form with pitying care ;
 And oft her tearful eyes she lifts above,
 And offers to her God a quiet prayer,
 With looks like angel's—mild and beautifully fair."

C. SWAIN'S "BEAUTIES OF THE MIND."

<i>Name of Subject.</i>	<i>Proprietor of Picture.</i>
A STUDY OF A BOY	J. BOSTOCK, Esq.
PORTRAIT OF MRS CALVERT ...	M. P. CALVERT, Esq.
THE BIRD-TRAP*	J. C. GRUNDY, Esq.
CAPTAIN DALGETTY (<i>Vide</i> "Legend of Montrose")	J. R. TAYLOR, Esq.
STORM SCENE from "The Antiquary"	A. HALL, Esq.
EFFIE DEANS (<i>Vide</i> "Heart of Mid- Lothian")	J. R. TAYLOR, Esq.
HALBERT GLENDINNING (<i>Vide</i> "The Abbot")	J. R. TAYLOR, Esq.
ORIGINAL SKETCH	J. MARSLAND, Esq.
A SKETCH	JOHN BARRATT, Esq.

During the Exhibition of 1861, in the same building at Lark Hill, we noticed three additional productions, thus catalogued :—

* A charming little picture, rarely mentioned.

<i>Name of Subject.</i>	<i>Proprietor of Picture.</i>
"SCENE FROM KENILWORTH :" Anne Robsart assaulted by Lam- bourne and Staples	... J. MARSLAND, Esq.
EVENING DEVOTION (a sepia drawing, with the artist's autograph)	... J. SATTERFIELD, Esq.
PORTRAIT OF LIVERSEEGE (chalk sketch, by Bradley)	... J. HEUGH, Esq.

Several others are mentioned by Mr Tom Taylor and Mr George Richardson (a pupil of Liverseege's), one being "Adam Woodcock," purchased by the Earl of Wilton; another, "A Robber on the Look-out." Of "Little Red Riding-Hood" we have received a later and further account. In the folio volume the print is dedicated to Mr Gilbertson, the possessor of the original picture. Mr George Gilbertson, late of Stocks Street, Cheetham, an early admirer of Liverseege, bought this painting from the artist; and it remained a favourite ornament of the owner's dwelling until his demise, about ten years ago, when his effects, inclusive of the picture, were distributed by auction. Mr James Shaw, in his visits to Mr Gilbertson in the capacity of family physician, saw the painting in question so frequently that he recollects every feature; more especially the centre attraction, where the damsels, fascinated by the "soft sawder" of Master Wolf, is unconsciously and unceasingly dropping from her pinafore the wild flowers she never stoops to recover. As a matter of course, the reader will be familiar with this incident. We all know the story of Little Red Riding-Hood, having learned it from the loving lips of mother in the nursery. *All, did we write?* Yes, all save the poor little Bohemians, who,

lacking both nurse and nursery, have no such pure remembrings. But those waifs and strays of (or rather from) society must not lure us away—far away—from the winsome favourite, Red Riding-Hood, as pictured by Henry Liverseege.

Once upon a time (before the formation of dates or numerals, and ere the restrictions of Fact were allowed to fetter the wild movements of Fancy), a pretty little country girl lived—as country girls usually do live—in a village. Her mother, we are assured, loved her much; whilst her grandmother's affection was so abounding, that she bestowed upon her darling a rose-coloured hood, and the pet became known, within a circle of many green miles, by the designation she still retains—to the annihilation of the formal names conferred at the baptismal font. The tiny maiden, dutiful as pretty, went forth one sunny day, at her mother's request, and in the hue of the Lancastrian rose, with some cakes and butter for grandame, who was ailing, and who dwelt alone on the skirt of an adjoining forest, the porch of her straw-roofed cottage being encircled with flowers. While crossing the wood, our heroine encountered a wolf,—a savage of taste, as the sequel proved,—for upon seeing how sweet and tender she was, he yearned to devour her; but hearing woodcutters at work, he postponed his meal to a more convenient hour for dining. The wolf then entered freely into conversation with the child, and, judging by the reporter's verbatim notes, the brute was of the Talleyrand breed, using language for the purpose of concealing, not revealing, his sinister intentions. It is almost needless to write that the guileless girl failed to hold her own against the wiles of her astute

companion—*Seeming*, as usual, proving more than a match for the *True*. The issue was a double sacrifice,—another Massacre of the Innocents; but as we possess no talent for tragedy, the great sensation scene will not be enacted before the curtain. Better to cover the gore with forest leaves, as Redbreast covered the babies, and hasten to the retribution. Wolf being despatched on the scene of his enormities by the avenging hand of Red Riding-Hood's father, a ban was forthwith laid upon the treacherous race by the Court of Fairies in full council assembled. The wolfish tongue, condemned to wordless silence, is never to betray more; nor will one of the species be permitted to prowl again, in his natural garb, upon English soil. This latter proviso, as all readers can verify, has been carried out to the letter,—the only wolves to be found in Albion at the present date being those disguised in sheep's clothing.

Surely there is a spark of true Promethean fire in the undying nursery charmers,—the pictured legends that are lisped in babyhood and venerated in age.

The fate of Liverseege bore some resemblance to the fate of Tasso. The messenger who brought the intelligence to the Latin poet that the laurel crown had been decreed to him, found him dying. Liverseege saw in prospective the laurel which he could not live to wear. The elder genius had won his unworn crown; the younger was still striving, and winning his meed. So when we mark the wreath upon Henry's tablet, we feel constrained to acknowledge the peculiar fitness of the symbol.

Appreciative Mancestrians find unfailing interest in the manifold illustrations of humour and romance emanating from the pencil of their “English Wilkie.” In him, a

merry heart, a soaring mind, were chained unfairly to the earth by circumstances beyond his control; and if, like Francis Quarles, we were selecting emblems for special application, the emblem for Liverseege might be a skylark with a wounded wing.

Perhaps we cannot better part from Henry Liverseege than in the tributary lines of his gifted townswoman, the late Maria Jane Jewsbury:—

*MIPS
EW DURP.*

DIRGE FOR A DEAD PAINTER.

“ Death, grim Death, when shall we see
 This broad earth no more thy city ?
 Grave, deep Grave, when shall it be
 Thou wilt close thy lips in pity ?
 When shall Love’s subduing prayer,
 When shall Genius, yet more rare,
 Mind and Worth, in blended beauty,
 Woo ye from your cold stern duty ?
 When shall Sweetness win back one ?
 Never, never !—he is gone !

Emendⁿ:
Si, couldst thou not, even
thou art give

“ Yet, swift hunter, couldst not give
 Summons ere the hart was stricken ?
 Grave, that on Death’s prey dost live,
 Could thy hungry silence quicken
 Into no foreboding knell
 Ere the unconscious victim fell ?
 Could ye not give leave to plight
 Farewell, ere his day grew night ?
 Might not Sorrow’s need have one ?
 Ye were ruthless !—he is gone !

“ Yesterday, scarce yesterday,
 Bright dreams through his brain were flowing,
 And his hand, with cunning play,
 To the world those dreams was showing.

Yesterday, and in his eye
 Fame had writ her prophecy ;
 Sealed it on his flexile lips,
 Now in dark and mute eclipse.
 Could not Genius save her son ?
 Wherefore question ?—he is gone !

“ Speak not of his fragile form,
 And his often painful pillow ;
 What may longer bide the storm
 Than the delicate drooping willow ?
 { He was loved, and Love can do
 Feats physicians never knew,
 With its boundlessness of care,
 Mighty hope, and fervent prayer...
 Hush, oh hush !—Love’s power is none—
 It is weeping !—he is gone !

“ Dust to dust, now dust to dust,
 And we leave his dwelling lowly ;
 Not another sigh we must,
 If it be not meek and holy.
 Whose the arm that smote him down ?
 Whose the hand took off his crown ?
 God alone, omnipotent,
 Calling back what He had lent.
 Come then, friends, and be each one
 Better Christian now he’s gone.”

Thus far concerning Henry Liverseege, the master-spirit of our artistic circle. Were these Memorials not already crowded with select illustrations, presenting scenes of interest or relics of antiquity, we might add to this chapter an outline map of Manchester and its environs, just to indicate the various churchyards and cemeteries where he and other local painters are resting from their easels. Our motive therein would be to guide the citizen or casual stranger to those consecrated spots by the most

direct routes, so that even the mercantile minds, who rate their time at so much current coin of the realm, might pay an occasional visit without finding a serious deficit in their cash accounts. The connoisseur, on returning to his gallery, would feel his interest in a favourite picture enhanced by knowing where the skilful hand that wrought it lies—forgetful of its cunning.

CHAPTER XIII.

LITERARY DEANSGATE.

“ The Pen and the Press, blessed alliance ! combined
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind ;
For that to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
And this sent them forth to the ends of the earth.
Their battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed.
They were made to exalt us, to teach us, to bless—
Those invincible brothers, the Pen and the Press.”

J. C. PRINCE.

AS already shown, the thoroughfare now under treatment is sufficiently time-worn. Long an object of interest, historically and commercially, Deansgate has latterly become entitled to our sympathy. Placed on the rack of modern improvements, its venerable frame has been stretched and tortured until barely recognisable; and it now seems fitting that some kindly hand should analyse and dissect its dislocated remains before they disappear from our view. Dispensing with hyperbole, which is holiday-speech, we merely, in work-a-day words, intend to examine the fallen *debris* before it is carted away, scrutinise the hoary foundations as we find them ruthlessly laid bare, and summon to their accustomed haunts a few of the choice spirits who once abode within the fated walls. In comparison with the antiquated scene, the characters now introduced are modern,

being wielders of the feathered quill rather than of the feathered arrow, and more familiar with the harmless thunders of the printing-machine than with the far-distant "artillery" of the Grelles or Greslets, or De la Warres or Wests.

In a shop situated between the Star Inn and the Three Arrows resided Mr Joseph Aston, a notable penman and pressman of the last generation. The earliest glimpse we obtain of Mr Aston's family is from Mrs Raffald's primitive Manchester Directory, just one hundred years old—a unique and tiny tome, that can be seen on sufferance only. That early notice informs us that William Aston (father of our journalist), gunsmith, dwelt at the bottom of Deansgate. In 1811 the address is changed to 53 King Street, where "William Aston and Son" appear as gun and pistol makers. Here Mr Aston, senior, died on the 8th of October 1826, in his ninety-second year; and here, also, his wife preceded him to the grave in 1808, at the age of seventy-four.

Since the foregoing was written, we have met with a business advertisement of an earlier date—August 1770—possessing some interest:—"This is to inform the public that William Aston, gunmaker (from Birmingham), hath now opened a shop in Deansgate, Manchester, where he makes and sells all sorts of guns and pistols, mounted either in silver, steel, or brass, or a remarkably fine pinchbeck, in the best manner; where all gentlemen, sportsmen, tradesmen, and others, who please to favour him with their commands, may depend on being served on the lowest terms."

Retracing our steps to October 1790, we meet with a

record of Mr Joseph Aston's marriage to Miss Elizabeth Preston, "both of this town." Three years later began a series of friendly communications with James Montgomery, the Sheffield poet—a correspondence extending over thirty-four years. In July 1794, on commencing the *Iris*, Montgomery (it is the privilege of established favourites, when respect has ripened into affection, to lose the formal prefix of Mr) thus addressed Mr Aston :—"The principal object of this letter is to request the favour of your correspondence in any character you please to assume. The elegant productions of your liberal and enlightened pen often graced the last page of the *Register*." The *Register* was a newspaper previously published in Sheffield, and from its ruins sprang the *Iris*. Montgomery frequently submitted his manuscripts to Mr Aston for his critical opinion, receiving a useful suggestion or a likely topic in return. These literary correspondents first met at Buxton, in 1797, and spent a day or two together at Castleton. On several subsequent occasions they exchanged brief visits at Manchester and at Sheffield. At one of these meetings Mr Aston introduced Mr Harrison Ainsworth to Montgomery.

Politically Mr Aston pursued an independent course. A reformer in his youth, when Liberal opinions were dangerous to the holder, he contributed to the *Manchester Herald*, printed in the Market Place, by Messrs Falkner and Birch, until the office of that paper was violently attacked by a mob, and all the types thrown into "pye," to the tune of Church and King. Composing sticks were then and there broken, to the detriment of all composure. Cases suddenly lost their contents—pica, large and small ; primer, short and tall ; brevier and nonpareil, all left to the

mercy of each minion of the multitude ; English, though appertaining to their own country, was treated with as little ceremony as the Gallican bourgeois ; while the diamond was distributed as recklessly as if it were merely paste, and the pearl was cast forth literally unto swine. This political riot occurred in the year of grace 1793. In his more mature years Mr Aston wrote in a Conservative spirit. Liberty is the dream of our youth, which age too seldom realises. His poetical fancy found more enduring charms in the primitive customs and sylvan beauty of old England than in the changing unrest of these modern days. The feeling of veneration implanted in the poet's breast makes him cling to the past, even in decay—he is the ivy of animated nature.

In 1803 Mr Aston entered into the stationery business, and Montgomery recommended to him Messrs Longmans, as wholesale booksellers, adding some interesting particulars :—"Towards me and my little volume—[the "Wanderer of Switzerland"]—they have acted with great spirit and liberality ; they are printing an edition of one thousand copies, to sell at five shillings each, at their own expense and hazard ; and I am to have half of the profits, still retaining the copyright." In continuation he remarks :—"Mr [afterwards Dr] Adam Clarke called on me. I was delighted with him in private, and astonished at him in public when I heard him preach. He spoke most favourably of you, and desired his kindest remembrance." Adam Clarke was at that time stationed in Manchester as a Methodist preacher, where he is said to have taken a leading part in the formation of a philological society, of which Mr Aston became a member.

In the same year (1803) Montgomery, depressed by political troubles in connection with his newspaper, further wrote :—“During this dreary interval I had but one friend and counsellor at home, Mr Ebenezer Rhodes [author of the “Peak Scenery”], and another at Manchester, Mr Joseph Aston, with whom I frequently corresponded. To these two I confided my schemes, enterprises, and miscarriages ; and they, so far as they could, consoled me with anticipations of a favourable change in the taste of the times, or a luckier application of my talents.”

Our intention was to give a complete list of Mr Aston’s productions ; but, finding his pamphlets and reprints concerning local history voluminous, we must be content with the enumeration of his newspapers, books, and plays. Prior to the close of the last century he had written a novel in letters, as evidenced by a note of Montgomery’s. The first work attributed to his press is the “*Argus*,” bearing date 1803 ; but the only “*Argus*” we can trace carries the imprint of R. & W. Dean, published in the succeeding year, no author’s name being given. In 1804 he brought out the “*Manchester Guide*,” the precursor of a long series of provincial guide-books by other hands. This work, rewritten and embellished with views of public buildings, afterwards appeared under a new name, “*A Picture of Manchester*.” Mr Aston’s next undertaking was a newspaper, the prospectus of which will show how simple and homely were the aspirations of a Manchester editor—and a clever one—at the opening of the present century. He had not the remotest idea of “laying down the law,” as now laid down by the “*Thunderer*” and other living

magnates of the press. Unfortunately, the tattered copy—scarcely a broadside—from which we transcribe is bereft of one corner, and the reader's ingenuity will be slightly taxed to supply the deficiency caused by wear and tear and time :—

“ Prospectus of a new weekly Manchester newspaper. On Tuesday, January the 1st, 1805, will be published (price sixpence) a newspaper, under the title of the *Manchester Mail*. The population of Manchester and its neighbourhood has become so great, and its commercial consequence risen so high, that it would not be matter for surprise if speculations were formed in it every day, not only in its staple manufactures, but in other employments and pursuits of active life, by those persons who wish to participate in the local prosperity, ‘To share the triumph, and partake the gale.’ Actuated by wishes of this nature, the publisher of this advertisement intends to offer to the public patronage another newspaper. But in this speculation, to use the very appropriate words of a prospectus lately published on a similar occasion, ‘The proprietor is not in the least actuated by anything like a spirit of opposition ; disclaiming every idea of attempting to depreciate the professional or literary merits of contemporary prints, but erects his hopes of success solely on the fair basis of honest competition.’ The editor of the *Manchester Mail* makes a choice of Tuesday for the day of publication, in the hope of making his paper a commercial advertiser ; because Tuesday is the commercial market-day, when the town has a constant influx of respectable visitants, and on which so very great a proportion of the business of the district is transacted.

“ It has of late years been a rule for the editor of a newspaper to publish his political creed with his prospectus : but in times like the present, when every British heart is swelling with anxiety for its country ; when a generous patriotic pride in national independency, and a general abhorrence of usurpation have reconciled every jarring opinion ; when every man who possesses the faculty of thought is exercising it in contemplating the means of averting the boast of the common enemy of Britain—of Europe—and of who has proudly threatened to make this country fall prostrate at the feet of France : in times like these, when one sentiment appears to pervade

all, . . . of the *Manchester Mail* would deem it insulting to the best feelings of . . . to introduce a political creed into his prospectus. It might imply that there are Englishmen divided from the sentiment—the *amor patriæ*, which has drawn so many of their gallant countrymen from their firesides, to form a cordon of defence around that part of the community whose age, sex, infirmities, or peculiar occupations unfit them for the sacred task of guarding the birthright of Britons, and of aiding to perpetuate the chartered blessings which this country, notwithstanding all the political shocks it hath experienced, still enjoys—blessings which were purchased by the manly fortitude of our glorious and venerated ancestors, and cemented to the constitution by patriotic blood. But, even in times less propitious to harmony of sentiment than the present, the editor of a newspaper ought not to assume the situation of a political dictator. In his editorial capacity he is the servant of the public. When he industriously collects information, and reports it faithfully, he is in the line of his duty ; but when he presumes to obtrude his own political opinions upon the world, as if he were infallible, he assumes a consequence to which he has no legitimate claim. The political details of an English newspaper should be as unlike the slavish pages of a French one as possible. They should be like the charges of upright British judges to British juries—plain constitutional statements of facts, without endeavouring to influence opinions. The *Manchester Mail* shall be conducted in conformity to these ideas.

"It would be a waste of words to say what miscellaneous matter newspapers published in the centre of the most flourishing province of the British Empire ought to contain. The editor and publisher of the *Manchester Mail* only promises that in variety of matter, calculated to inform or to amuse, he will at the least emulate the best ; and, if amusement and information be found in its columns, there can be no doubt of its success ; for it will then be the interest of advertisers to notice it. To them he particularly offers himself for a share of their favours, being fully aware that, however kind his literary friends may be in their communications, however industrious he may be himself in making selections and obtaining information, or however extended the sale of the *Manchester Mail* may be, to advertisements only can he look for remuneration. The *Mail* will be delivered in Manchester every Monday evening, and in the adjacent country early on Tuesday morning. Orders for the *Mail*, advertise-

ments, literary communications, and articles of intelligence, will be gratefully received by Joseph Aston, No. 84 Deansgate, Manchester."

An incident more remarkable than the birth of the *Mail* occurred here in 1805. During that fortunate year no poor-rate was laid in this town—an accidental omission which has been amply atoned for since by the laying and levying of two rates in a year in lieu of one.

Writing in 1806, Montgomery alludes to Mr Aston's friend Charles Mayne Young, at that date leading tragedian at the Theatre in Spring Gardens, and also at Liverpool. Rising, but not yet risen into eminence, Mr Young was a frequent visitor at the shop of the new editor; and when the actor's wife prematurely died, in the summer of the said year, his editorial friend proved his sympathy by penning her epitaph, which is still visible on her gravestone in Prestwich Churchyard. With a free and easy faculty for rhyming, Mr Aston was never chary of his poetical tributes, private or public; and many may be called to mind, notably the characteristic description of his intimate acquaintance Thomas Barritt, the antiquary. It was the opinion of Montgomery that Mr Aston read poetry better than he wrote it, being so far different from some writers he had known. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Mr Aston succeeded in poetry according to his aim—is not that sufficient in all cases? He did not seek to be a laureate, but preferred to rhyme in a familiar way, so that all who read might understand. Montgomery further thought—apart from his Manchester friend—that no poet should read aloud his own verses, but leave that privilege to his admirers. In prose, as freely as in rhyme,

Joseph Aston was quite at home. Ever ready, versatile, industrious with his pen, he was the John Harland of his day; precisely the gentleman for newspaper service and for practical literary guidance to his fellow-townsmen.

The *Mail* continued to furnish its patient readers with the customary tardy intelligence Tuesday after Tuesday, until it was run off the road by its established rivals, Harrop's *Mercury* and Wheeler's *Chronicle*. In no way disheartened, Mr Aston removed across the narrow thoroughfare of Deansgate to more convenient business premises in St Ann Street, and commenced, in September 1809, the *Exchange Herald*—the newspaper with which his name is most frequently associated. This journal he conducted with popularity and success until 1825. As a coincidence, it may be remarked that his friend Montgomery disposed of the *Sheffield Iris* in the same year—the latter afterwards asserting that he was one of the earliest to introduce editorial leaders into a newspaper.

Three dramatic pieces emanated from Mr Aston's pen—"Retributive Justice," a tragedy; "A Family Story," a comedy (1814), written during convalescence, and dedicated to his wife, who had watched him through a nervous fever; and "Conscience," founded on one of Miss Lee's "Canterbury Tales." This play, the best known of the three, was first performed on the 10th of February 1815. It proved moderately successful, being well supported by the stock company of the Theatre Royal—which company is worth naming—to wit, Vandenhoff, Cooper, Bass, Browne, Tayleure, and Mrs Ward.

Mr Aston's theatrical diversions were varied by frequent contributions to our local history, including the "Lan-

cashire Gazetteer," the "Patriot," and "Metrical Records of Manchester," the latter being a humorous reprint, in 1822, from the poets' corner of the *Exchange Herald*.

On the extinction of the *Herald*, the editor's long connection with Manchester terminated. Removing to the land of Tim Bobbin, he started the *Rochdale Recorder*; and while conducting that journal he received, in 1827, his last letter from Montgomery. Writing a few years earlier (1818), the Sheffield poet congratulated Mr Aston on the promotion of his friend, Alaric A. Watts, to the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*. The whole of the letters dating from Sheffield were returned to the writer by Miss Aston shortly after her father's decease, and they appear in the "Memoirs of James Montgomery," edited by John Holland and James Everett, and published, in 1855-56, by Messrs Longman & Co. To that interesting biography our obligations will be manifest, and we tender our acknowledgments accordingly.

Referring to Miss Aston, Montgomery thus wrote in 1823:—"I perused your daughter's stanzas, published in the *New Monthly*, with twofold pleasure."

Wishing to obtain a line or two of information from one who had the pleasure of knowing our local editor and historian in his retirement at Chadderton Hall, near Oldham, Mr Owen addressed a few queries to the Rev. Canon Raines, and we subjoin a portion of that gentleman's reply:—"Milnrow Vicarage, Rochdale, December 2d [1872]. Dear Sir,—I knew Mr Aston very well, and always found him genial and intelligent. His excellent wife survived him. I have heard the old man say that he was born in the same year with George IV.—1762. He was the friend and

executor of Mr Thomas Barritt, the antiquary, and had in his possession the celebrated sword of the Black Prince, or of Edward III., of which so much has just been written. I wonder what became of it?—With best wishes, very truly yours, F. R. RAINES."

Mr Aston seems to have been surrounded to the last by an affectionate partner and dutiful children. This is much. In life—in the world's theatre—"all is well that ends well." Chateaubriand, in a pensive mood, has asserted that "any hand will serve to reach us the last cup of cold water." True. The stranger's hand may indeed suffice for the sad office, while adding to the water's coldness an icy chill—as the less fortunate brothers of the pen or the press may one day prove to their sorrow. But when, as with Mr Aston, the relieving hand is prompted by affection or guided by filial duty, the parting spirit may well feel soothed, and some heart-music from our wedding-chimes may mingle with our coming funeral-knell.

Learning, by the courtesy of a member of the family, that the venerable literary worthy lay interred at Tonge, adjoining Middleton, an obliging friend went thither by a convenient train, and copied the brief inscription that follows. The lettering appears on a flat stone, in the south-west corner of the churchyard, and is supplemented by other names connected with the family:—

"In memory of Joseph Aston, of Chadderton Hall, who died October the 19th, 1844, aged 81 years. Also Elizabeth his wife, who died July the 20th, 1852, aged 84 years."

This inscription on Mr Aston's gravestone is duly respectful and pleasing, so far as it goes; but it leaves a

desire for something more. Some reference, however slight, to his long and honourable connection with the literature of Lancashire would prove a welcome addition. Of course two views may be taken of this question, as an anecdote will serve to illustrate. When Voltaire visited Congreve, the latter observed in conversation that he felt prouder of being a gentleman than of being an author. "Doubtless," retorted the French wit, "there are many gentlemen in England, but only one William Congreve. Had you been nothing more than an English gentleman, even of the highest degree, Voltaire would never have travelled from Ferney for the pleasure of speaking with you." Need the similitude be brought nearer home? There have doubtless been many respected owners of Chadderton Hall, but only one Joseph Aston, wielder of the pen and the press.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

“ Mute place of rest ! We leave our dead,
With hopeful glance on high,
To Him who, watching o'er the world,
Still guards us when we die :
And joy may sparkle in our eyes,
However prone to weep,
To know that, through the Saviour slain,
Our lost ones do but sleep.”

SYLVAN.

ALTHOUGH, writing literally, a churchyard may not be termed a street, it is nevertheless the portal, solemn and mysterious, leading to the Silent Way we are all destined to tread. From this general category we must of necessity exclude two unfortunate sections of our fellow-beings—first, the hopeless suicides who, wildly anticipating their fate, are buried beneath the un-consecrated stones of the cross roads ; and, secondly, the victims—far more numerous—of the deep sea. In either case, the sleepers are severed from the epitaph or the forget-me-not ; and the only monody vouchsafed to the first is the rumble of the waggon wheel,—to the last, the fitful wail of Undine, or of some sister Spirit of the Waters.

Treeless and barren as the yard now appears, with scarcely a bush within the distance of a mile, it once pos-

sessed spreading branches and seasonable leaves—too many, indeed, for the public safety. A singular accident, bearing date January 15, 1581, is thus recorded :—"Margret Wilson, a Kendall woman, slane with a tree in the church-yard." Whether the Westmoreland dame was entangled by the boughs and so "slane," like Absalom in the wood of Ephraim, or was felled by the storm king in his fury, we are left to surmise. About this period the "church stile" is officially mentioned as being then in general use. In 1579 appeared an order of the Court Leet too quaintly descriptive to be omitted here :—"That William Lindley shall, from the old ancient quickwood standing in the east end of his garden hedge to the green quickwood beneath the apple-tree towards the churchyard, set his hedge straight where now he hath diverged without the apple-tree." A century later there is further evidence of the rural aspect of the burial ground, thanks to the curious diary "maid by Philip Burnell, grave macker :"—"1678, January 1st.—John, sun to John Jepson in Dainsgait, liath est in the churchyard, about a yerd deep, just at the little plane tree over against Calin Cum's door." The lapse of another century wrought little change in the landscape, as shown by a conveyance dated 1783 :—"Down to the river Irwell, and the whole length from the Irk bridge to the garden place, then lately enclosed and belonging to the House of Correction, on which said plot there were formerly, or then were, poplars and willow-trees growing."

We have lingered as long as may be with the apple-trees and orchards, in bloom or in fruit, with the gardens and stiles, of the Old Churchyard. Even now we leave them regretfully, because Nature never murmurs at a con-

scientious description of her flora, nor feels the least punctilio when her sylva is faithfully portrayed. In her secure presence we need not wear the softest Indian moccasins to prevent an accidental pressure on a tender corn. But when we return to our fellows—to the family trees, as expressed in heraldry—the prospect wholly changes. The juvenile branches diverge so widely from the parent stems, that often, as Sir Walter Scott found and affirmed, they are nearer in blood than in disposition or sympathetic feeling. So any writer who seeks to gratify both sire and son, and yet meet the public claim for truthfulness, will find enough to do. However remote the subject in hand, or however tenderly treated, some sensitive feelings may unwittingly be wounded. An incident will more fully illustrate our meaning. Not very long ago, wishing to recall in print the scenic triumphs of a departed player, and knowing we could not better please a Thespian than by linking his name with that of the immortal Athenian stroller, or by showing his near approach to the Roman Roscius, we referred to his gravestone for any dates or other information it might contain. We were pleased to find the mortuary inscription lengthy and the suburban grave well kept, but must own to feeling a trifle crestfallen as we perused the chiseled lines which piously lamented the sinfulness of his early theatrical career. As we could not serve two masters, any more than the Pharisees could serve God and Mammon, we travelled no further in the direction indicated, but left the player to his forgetfulness in the green churchyard. Oblivion often proves a welcome veil, which never should be lifted with an unkindly hand.

An indenture, made in 1711, shows that Sarah Broster, widow, owned the Black Boy Tavern, "together with its orchards and gardens, lying at the north-east corner of the Collegiate Church." This property afterwards passed to a friend of the Broster family, Elizabeth Bennion, of Manchester, who devised it in 1784 for the benefit of the charity school in the Old Churchyard, "supported by the subscriptions of well-disposed people and by the offerings at the church." Two years later the houses came, by will, under the guardianship of one of the ministers, who sold them to a fellow clergyman, the proceeds being added to the funds of the charity. At a parish meeting, held in 1808, it was announced that "the old charity school in the churchyard was blown down and destroyed." That building, never replaced, has passed from the public memory, but its funds are still distributed in connection with the Cathedral.

It was on this convenient and consecrated spot, so long devoted to peace and sanctity, that Mr Whitaker ventured to construct, alone and unaided, a summer camp for the Roman soldiers. Here the camp still remains, at least in print, as likewise in the too-confiding belief of the populace. But from such unsupported theory Mr Clarke, in his "*Lancashire Gazetteer*," thus humorously dissents:—"He (the reverend historian) concludes, without a shadow of proof or reference, that the Romans placed what he calls a summer camp on the site of the present Collegiate Church, though no antiquities have been there discovered; as if soldiers habituated to the sun of Italy could want cooling in such a climate as this part of Britain must have been in the early centuries of the Christian era." Mr Whitaker,

as we learn from Taylor's "Records of my Life," was one of the few men whom Doctor Wolcot, a shrewd judge of mankind, regarded with particular respect for his intellectual powers; and we are further informed by the same authority that the Manchester historian told Wolcot "he envied him the power of making people laugh by his writings," which, he said, he had often attempted in his own narratives, but never succeeded. Hence, we may conclude, his pen-pictures, though sufficiently romantic, were not enriched with the relieving lights, the sunny effects, which genuine humour alone can give. Well might he envy Peter Pindar this rare quality—peculiarly English—which Thackeray happily defined as "a mixture of love and wit." A sweet-tempered offspring, truly.

Several praiseworthy efforts have been made from time to time by local literary hands to trace the rise and progress of letterpress printers, booksellers, binders, and stationers in Manchester, which is in reality tracing the advancement of mental culture in the town. Only partial success has rewarded those efforts, leaving somewhat vague conclusions. The gravestones and parish registers will now enable us to form a brief authentic record in chronological order, so far as it seems needful to extend the subject—to the date of the first Manchester Directory. Thenceforward the inquiring reader, if patient and persevering, will be enabled to continue the record for himself.

After the destruction in 1588 of the wandering and widely-known Marprelate press, our first traceable stationer is John Browne, buried in the Old Churchyard on the 10th of May 1612. Of our next stationer, William Shel-

merdine, two items of intelligence are preserved. A son and namesake of his was baptized in 1619; and on the 20th of February 1653, he was hither borne to his rest. The long interim is, as regards the Shelmerdines, a blank. In 1637 was baptized a daughter of Thomas Smith, "buckbinder." Six years later, on the title-page of a civil-war tract, Mr Smith appears as a bookseller:—"Lancashire's Valley of Achor is England's Doore of Hope. London: Printed for Luke Fawne, and are sold by Thomas Smith at his shop in Manchester, 1643." While still in the eventful reign of Charles the First, we meet with a singular appeal emanating from this tradesman, and addressed to the Lords of the Privy Council. The transcript subjoined was copied from the original in the Public Record Office, London, communicated by a friend to the Rosicrucian Brethren of this city, and circulated in one of their recent reports:—

"Petition of Thomas Smith to his worship to be allowed to continue the trade of bookseller in Manchester, whither he [removed when the former bookseller left the town, and has furnished the place with all sorts of Latin and English bookes allowed by authority to be sold,

"The humble petition of Thomas Smith humbly sheweth—That whereas your petitioner hath been a bookseller this four or five years in the towne of Barnstaple, and haveing not sufficient tradeing there to maintain himself and his charge, removed from thence to the towne of Manchester (where there had beeene a bookseller formerly, but by his misdemeanor ran himselfe so deeply into men's debts that he was forced to depart), where your petitioner hath soe behaved himself and furnished the place with all sorts of Latin and English bookes allowed by authority to be sold, that he hath gained ye custom both of towne and countrey. May it therefore please y^r worship to take the premises into your consideration, and give y^r petitioner (whose conformity to or^d discipline and sufficiency in y^e

trade is certeyfyed by letters testimoniall), such encouragement that he may continue there in his trade dureing his good behaviour; and y^r petitioner, his wife, and children shall ever be bound to pray for y^r worship long life and happiness."

This document, interesting in itself, and necessary to the completeness of our narrative, has induced us to trespass on the good-nature of the Brotherhood. The unique gem shone so winningly in its original case, that we could not resist the temptation of transferring it to our own casket. We fear kleptomania is contagious. Commend us to the beaten literary path! It is so pleasant to follow in the wake of a conscientious writer who has cleared away the briars that encumbered the road. In this way proficiency may be displayed at a cheap and easy rate!

The gravestone of Thomas Smith was last seen, in fragments, on the north side of the Cathedral, opposite the Derby Chapel. Here is all that remained of his memorial:—

“Here resteth the body
Thomas Smith of Manc
okseller who was
the 27th day of Febrv
1653”

As the name of the town occurs in almost every entry, we need not repeat it further. On May Day 1657, Nathaniel Heathcote, stationer, buried a son; after which insertion we must pass from the sombre rule of Oliver Cromwell—"The Man of Huntingdon"—to the frivolous reign of the Merry Monarch, when we find William Shelmerdine's business continued by his son Ralph, who published in 1661 a coronation sermon, preached

at the Collegiate Church by Warden Heyrick. This fact appears in a contribution of Mr Axon's to *Notes and Queries*; a copy of the sermon itself—now rare—is preserved in Mr Crossley's library. Of domestic felicity Ralph Shelmerdine received more than a common share, being favoured in 1663 with twin daughters, supplemented four years later by twin sons. With the last year of the century his book of life was closed. In 1673 Abraham Holland, bookseller, Hanging Ditch, became a Benedict; and at sundry seasons, ending in October 1681, this dealer is named in connection with the birth or death of his offspring. In the poll-book of 1690 he is rated for two children and a maid. His demise is not chronicled; but he was born at Crumpsall, March 1640. Robert Hilton, bookseller, married in 1678, took the oath of allegiance to Charles the Second in the following year, had a son baptized in 1681, and then vanishes from the records. One year further, Mordecai Moxon, stationer, registered a christening; and on several subsequent occasions Mr Moxon, personally or by proxy, visited the old font. On taking the oath of allegiance, accompanied by Robert Hilton, he was styled "gent." The date of his decease does not appear, the latest entry referring to the family being the burial of his daughter, March 1693. In 1683, Adam Martindale, the diarist, arranged with "Mr Moxon, bookseller in Manchester," for the publication of a pamphlet.

As the two entries that follow next in rotation, though very brief, possess some historical interest, they are given verbatim:—"1692, Sepr. 11, Thomas Hud, of Manchester, printer," buried. "1693, March 1, Jonathan, son to John

Greenwood, of Manchester, printer," baptized. These being our earliest printers, careful search has been made for additional information, but the solitary item given in each case is all that can be traced.

The next bookseller of the town was Ephraim Johnston, whose name is repeatedly seen, between 1694 and 1701, in the Collegiate registers, and who published several controversial pamphlets which are still hoarded by local collectors. Contemporary with Johnston was Zachary Whitworth, of Smithy Door. In the poll-book of 1690 Zachary is accredited to the amount of one shilling. As the tax was a shilling a head, he was then dwelling alone, having no poll to pay for except his own. On the 30th November 1697 he was buried. Zachary's successor, John Whitworth, likewise of Smithy Door, had a son born unto him in 1706, and another, Robert, in July 1707. This Robert, afterwards the well-known printer of the *Manchester Magazine*, is erroneously stated in "Collectanea" to be the son of Henry Whitworth. According to the inscription on the family gravestone, at Cross Street Chapel, John Whitworth died August 2, 1727, aged sixty-four.

An amateur dealer in literary wares at that period was Edmund Harrold, a wigmaker by trade, whose picturesque shop in Market Stead Lane was not a whit more peculiar than its tenant, as his queer diary demonstrates. With a habit of bartering, he sometimes took books in payment for wigs, again parting with the volumes in return for plain hair, which his nimble fingers quickly converted to profitable uses. When exchanges were not available, he made cash purchases, chiefly from his neighbour in Smithy Door, John Whitworth, though he blames him for having

two notes—"either to extol or run down commodities, as served his interest." Harrold drew out a catalogue of his books; held public auctions; and when Manchester buyers were served, he travelled to Ashton, Stockport, and other surrounding places in search of fresh bidders. So Edmund Harrold may be considered our original literary Cheap John.

Roger Adams, as many readers are aware, was the printer and proprietor of the first Manchester newspaper, issued in January 1719. The first book, also, printed in this town is accredited to his office; although that point is debatable, one fact is clear—no Manchester-printed book bearing an earlier date than Roger's is at present producible. Nothing seems to be known of Mr Adams prior to the birth of his journal. In all probability he came from Chester, whither he ultimately returned, and conducted the *Chester Courant* until his decease, when it was continued by his widow. Very soon after settling here, his name is found in our registers—the births and burials being frequent. On the 17th of April 1720, his twin son and daughter—Orion and Dorothy—were baptized. A copy of the inscription on the flat stone covering his family grave in the Cathedral yard, near the Hope and Anchor Tavern, will be of some interest through its associations, besides constituting a residential proof:—

"Here resteth the body of Peter, son to
Roger Adams, of Manchester, Printer,
bur'd Novbr ye 9, 1719.
Roger, his son, buried March the
12th 172².
Thos. his son buried Janry ye
4th 1725."

Orion, the surviving son of Roger Adams, was one of

those rolling stones that seldom gather moss, or if gathering, seldom retain. A little maiden picking buttercups is just as thrifty, and not an unfitting emblem of the itinerant printer whom everybody knew and liked. If her pinafore be filled to overflowing with the yellow favourites, they escape at their own "sweet will" as she stoops to place a flower under the chin of her playmate, asking innocently, "Do you like butter?" Pity he did not write his wayward memoirs, leaving them as a legacy to posterity. Such book would have been a suitable companion to Ryley's "*Itinerant*." To either hero would the witty description of a spendthrift equally apply—

"John ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last ;
He ran in debt, and then, to pay,
He gave leg-bail, and ran away."

Orion's roving habits prevented his succession to his father's steady business; but he branched off upon his own account, and as a master-printer tried his fortune at various towns in England and Ireland. At Manchester his chief speculations were the *Humourist*, published in 1750;* and, two years later, *Orion Adams's Weekly Journal*. The latter half of his life was passed in working as a journeyman or in lengthy pedestrian excursions—never allowing the grass to grow under his active feet.

* The only number of the *Humourist* we have seen is thus fully described on its first page:—"The Hnmonrist : or Magazine of Magazines. Calculated for the Improvement and Entertainment of the People of Lancashire, Cheshire, &c. Numb. III. For Saturday, November 3, 1750. To be continued once a Fortnight. Manchester: Printed by Orion Adams, at the Smithy-Door ; where Printing Work in general is neatly performed, at Reasonable Rates. MDCCCL. Price Twopence."

He is described as the cheery and welcome companion of typos and of players. However far his vagaries might lead him, Orion usually returned to Chester as his home. From that ancient city he started on his wedding trip to Frodsham ; and near its noted walls and rows he breathed his last, at the age of seventy-seven. Dying wellnigh penniless, Orion required no lawyer to frame his last will and testament, nor was any legacy duty payable thereon.

For further particulars touching Orion Adams, the reader is referred to the "Dictionary of Printers and Printing," by Charles H. Timperley—one of those patient writers who perform more useful work for the public than the public ever reward. Of Mr Timperley, though living in our own time and neighbourhood, we never knew much. Once or twice we called at his little bookshop, at the corner of Old Millgate, holding him in conversation while buying a copy of his "Annals of Manchester," which was the extent of our acquaintance. But we know from other sources that he had his share of the shifting scenes of life, mainly of a downward tendency. A footnote appended to the preface of his principal work, issued in 1839, is more explanatory :—"I received the rudiments of my education at a day-school in my native town, Manchester, and was afterwards removed to the Free Grammar School, under the Rev. Thomas Gaskell. Early attached to reading, I have remained all my life an ardent inquirer after knowledge. From the month of March 1810 (being then little more than fifteen years of age), to November 28, 1815, my days were passed in the 33rd Regiment of Foot, from which I obtained my discharge (with a pension of one shilling a day) in consequence of wounds received

at the battle of Waterloo. During those years I had few facilities of self-improvement. Having been apprenticed to an engraver and copperplate printer, I resumed the latter on returning from the army ; but, from a distaste and other causes, in the year 1821 I adopted the profession of a letterpress printer, under indenture with Messrs Dicey & Smithson, proprietors of the *Northampton Mercury*. Adopting the profession of a printer with the view of affording me that literary information which I so ardently desired, I endeavoured to become acquainted with its history. From this desire arose the ‘Lectures,’ at Warwick ; the ‘Songs of the Press,’ at Nottingham ; and, finally, the ‘Dictionary of Printers and Printing,’ with the ‘Printer’s Manual,’ at Manchester.” Learning incidentally, by an article in the *Bookseller*, February 1861, that Mr Timperley had died while writing for Messrs Fisher of London, we referred to the obituary columns of Sylvanus Urban for corroborative evidence, but in vain. The departed scribe, who had lovingly recorded names and dates and ages for countless others, apparently found no recorder of his own demise. A correspondent of the *Manchester and Salford Gazette* states that Mr Timperley, in 1845, was associated with Mr G. N. Wright in the editorial part of “The Gallery of Engravings,” three volumes quarto ; and afterwards advertised a new book entitled “Laconics of the Press,” which remains, we believe, unpublished. The unsold copies of Mr Timperley’s “Manual” and “Dictionary” passed from Messrs Bancks to a London publisher, who, in 1842, re-issued them together as one work, under a new title, “The Encyclopædia of Literary and Typographical Anecdote.”

CHAPTER XV.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

"I call the world a gay good world,
Of its smiles and bounties free ;
But Death, alas ! is the king of the world,
And he holds a grave for me.
The world hath gold, it is bright and red ;
It hath love, and the love is sweet ;
And praise, like the song of a lovely lute ;
But all these with Death must meet.
Death will rust the gold, and the fervid love
He will bury beneath dark mould ;
And the praise he will put in an epitaph,
Written on marble cold !"

MARIA JANE JEWESBURY.

ONCE more in the Cathedral Yard. The heavy sleepers, countless in their number and endless in their variety, who have been hither borne, and whose dust has been accumulating (as we will endeavour to show) upwards of a thousand years, have already found their historians in a costly illustrated work, "The Foundations in Manchester," the joint production of Messrs Hibbert-Ware, Whatton, and Palmer. Many inscriptions are there copied, while the burial-ground and its sanctuary are treated with considerate assiduity. Considerate any churchyard gleaner will assuredly be who remembers he is merely a passing arbiter between the coming and the gone, and that at any moment the Sister

Fates may again close their shears. Even now, the names of these authors, all three, are found in the obituaries—their “labours of love” being all that remain to the world. So, briefly and simply, as one of the generation next succeeding, we will pay unto them the same courtesy of remembrance which they have paid unto others.

The remains of Dr Hibbert-Ware rest beneath a handsome monument in Ardwick Cemetery. The upper compartment of the slab bears a tribute to the memory of his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Hibbert, C.B., late of the 40th Regiment, who died November 12, 1847. Underneath appears the following inscription :—

“Here are also interred the remains of Samuel Hibbert-Ware, M.D., F.R.S. Ed., &c., formerly Vice-president of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, author of the ‘History of the Founders of the College and Collegiate Church of Manchester,’ the ‘History of the Shetland Islands,’ the ‘Philosophy of Apparitions,’ and various other works. He was born in St Ann’s Square, on the 24th April 1782, and died at his residence, Hale Barns, Cheshire, on the 30th December 1848.”

At the back of the slab appear inscriptions to the memory of Sarah, first wife of Dr Hibbert-Ware, who died in 1822, and was buried at Edinburgh; William, his second son, who was surgeon of the 15th Hussars, and perished near Hyderabad on the 30th January 1837, in consequence of the setting on fire of a jungle by some hostile natives; Sarah, his daughter, who died on the 12th of August 1839, and was buried at Knaresborough, Yorkshire; and Charlotte Wilhelmina, his second wife, who died on the

1st of August 1835, and was also buried at Knaresborough. One other name may now be added: Elizabeth, his third wife, died at Hale Barns, near Altringham, on the 11th of May 1873, aged seventy-three years, being interred at Bowdon.

It was the expressed intention of Dr Hibbert-Ware, had his life been prolonged, to continue the history of our ancient church to the recent period when it became a Cathedral. In the three volumes of the "Foundations" already published, the manuscript collection of Mr John Greswell, a former schoolmaster at Chetham's College, proved of essential service.

With respect to Mr Whatton, we regret that a lack of information will prevent us from rendering adequate justice to his memory. Seeing that he was a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, and also the librarian, we referred with some confidence to its published "Transactions" for an appreciative memoir of its talented past officer, but failed in our search. The local newspapers of the day were little more communicative or satisfactory in their obituary notices, one journal stating his age to be forty-five, another fifty. However, the varying prints agreed that "William Robert Whatton, Esq., F.R.S., F.A.S., and one of the surgeons to the Royal Infirmary, died on the 5th inst. [December 1835], in Portland Place, after a severe suffering." The members of the Medical Society addressed to Mrs Whatton a letter of condolence on the bereavement which separated one of their brethren from his dearest connections "almost at the moment when he was realising the main object of his ambition and the reward of his past labours." It is known

that Mr Whatton meditated and partly executed an extensive biographical work embracing the Worthies of Lancashire; but, after inserting a few of the memoirs in his History of the Free Grammar School and of Chetham's Hospital, he confided the remainder of his materials to Mr Baines, who incorporated them with his history of the county.

Mr John Palmer was a native of Bishop Middleham, Durham. A manuscript leaf in his handwriting states that "in February 1804, Mr Palmer removed from his native place to Scoon Palace, near the city of Perth, in Scotland, when he was nineteen years of age. At Scoon Palace he remained nearly three years, during which time he learned the rudiments of architecture, while that palace was in progress of rebuilding. From Scoon he went to London, and remained there about two years; hence in March 1808 he went to Yarmouth, in Norfolk, and remained there during the time the Naval Hospital was erecting at that place. While he remained at Yarmouth he married Miss Smith of Norwich; and in the spring of 1811 he again returned to London; and after continuing there upwards of two years, he removed to Manchester in August 1813. In 1814 he commenced the restoration of the window in Strangeways Chapel, within the Collegiate Church, Manchester; and from time to time continued the restoration of the fabric of the church for some years. The Catholic Chapel in Granby Row was not only designed by him, but executed under his superintendence." Mr Palmer's literary works were the "Siege of Manchester" and the "Architectural Description of the Collegiate Church." The following

inscription is copied from his gravestone:—"Johannes Palmer, architecta, obiit die 23 mensis Augusti 1846 anno, ætatis suæ 63. Also of Harriet, wife of the above John Palmer, who departed this life September 28, 1852, aged 63 years."

Scarcely any portion of the "History of the Foundations in Manchester" need be quoted in these columns. That which is already well done should be allowed to rest. No newcomer would be justified in making a hasty raid over literary ground already efficiently traversed. The points of interest necessarily overlooked by the writers of that work, together with the new matter—or rather the old resuscitated since their time,—will be found amply sufficient for the present purpose.

Resuming the chronological list of printers, binders, booksellers, and stationers commenced in the previous chapter, the first in order is William Clayton, who was here baptized in August 1679, and married at the beginning of 1708. It appears he served his apprenticeship with Ephraim Johnston, bookseller, already mentioned, and succeeded him in a prosperous business. At his shop at the Conduit, in 1719, he had the credit of introducing to the town Mr Jackson's "Mathematical Lectures," considered to be the first book printed in Manchester. Another local work of his publishing, dated 1724, was "An Introduction to the Skill of Music," by Edward Betts, organist of the Collegiate Church. In the year next ensuing he died. From his gravestone within the Cathedral two items may be selected:—"William Clayton, stationer, buried April 3, 1725, aged 46 years." "Rev. John Clayton, M.A., Fellow of this College, died Sepr. 25,

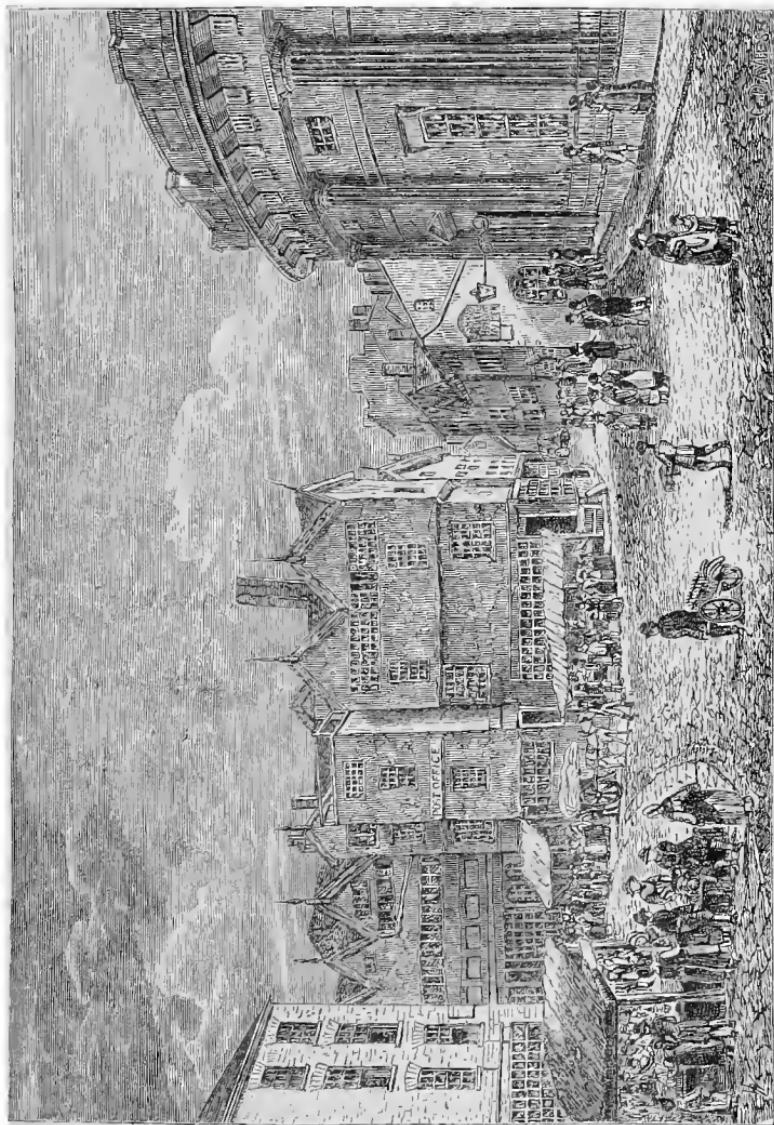
1773, aged 64 years." The minister was one of the sons of the stationer. We need not dwell on this reverend gentleman's familiar interview with Prince Charlie at the head of the rebel army in 1745, nor upon the interest with which he witnessed the Manchester regiment mustered in the Old Churchyard; these incidents, together with his flight and return to his ministry, are patent to the citizens. Of the Rev. John Clayton a characteristic trait appears in the journal of Charles Wesley, who visited Manchester in 1756:—"I stood close to Mr Clayton in church (as all the week past), but not a look would he cast towards me, 'So stiff was his parochial pride.'" Mr William Clayton's bookselling and stationery business was continued during a few years by his youngest son and namesake, who dying at the youthful age of twenty-six, was here interred, January 27, 1736. The oldest reference in the registers to this family applies to the baptism of the minister's grandsire, as thus:—"1644, Oct. 13, John, son of Samuel Clayton."

Contemporary with the younger Clayton was Robert Whitworth—so far, at least, as the morning and evening of life, or the beginning and ending of commercial pursuits, may be called contemporary. As the printer of the second Manchester newspaper, more attention has been paid by previous writers to Robert Whitworth than to the majority of our bygone pressmen; so we may briefly add our mite of information and pass on. His printed books and pamphlets yield evidence that he became a master-printer while very young, probably upon the decease of his father, in 1727, and thereupon removed from Smithy Door to a shop in the Market Place—"betwixt the Angel and Bull's

Head Inns"—as thus defined by himself in a permanent line printed at the top of his *Manchester Magazine*. The earliest book known to be printed by Robert Whitworth is a volume of miscellaneous poems, bearing the date of 1733. Mr Whitworth was twice married; in 1741 at Manchester, and seven years later at Stretford. He died 27th October 1772, aged sixty-five. The burial-place of the Whitworths is at Cross Street Unitarian Chapel.

Mr Whitworth's long-tenanted shop has been rescued from oblivion. In 1823, when the doom of Market-stead Lane had been pronounced, a local artist, John Ralston, hastened to snatch a general view of the Market Place before its aspect became entirely metamorphosed. A similar "labour of love" had been previously performed by Messrs James. Mr Whitworth's shop—with projecting staircase and railed terrace—was then (1823) dignified as the "Post-office," being in the occupation of Mr James Harrop, who died in that year. The site of those peculiar premises may be readily traced, inasmuch as the original Bull's Head still surveys, with a surly nonchalance, the altered prospect around, albeit his gentle neighbour, the Angel, hath taken wing from his frowning side.

The busy yet homely scene preserved by the artists represents Manchester at market in the third year of the reign of "the fat Adonis of fifty." Our parents are shown in the act of bartering (doubtless with due thriftiness) for the good things of the table,—"table traits," as Dr Doran might define them,—whilst we of the present generation were standing in wonderland at our mother's side, or left cosily in cradles to dream of the angels, or smile in recognition of those mysterious visitants, who are poeti-



THE MARKET PLACE. 1823.

cally supposed to keep watch and ward over the blossoming affairs of babyhood. The holiday group in front of the saddler's shop seem a disappointed group,—possibly country cousins come to enjoy all the fun of Acre's Fair, and find it just removed to Camp Field ; or they may be amateur turfites, who, having lost their wages in betting against the Doge of Venice winning the gold cup on Kersal Moor, are doubtless surveying with deep sighs the well-provisioned market. The cluster standing beneath the oil-lamp have more important business in hand ; a general meeting of the inhabitants is about to be held in the Exchange (with Dr Davenport Hulme in the chair), for the purpose of founding the Royal Institution. The consequential gentleman nearest to the entrance is clearly one of the long line of Johnny Newcomes, with trade-filled purses, who have since bought up so many of the landed gentry. In the solitary figure adjacent to the railing, there can be little difficulty in recognising Mr Wootton, who, in this year, came all the way from Nottingham to remove the dangerous ball and cross from the tall, tapering spire of St Mary's Church, Parsonage. We must now hasten, like General Morris's woodman, to "leave the spot ;" else the large market spectacles may look into our motives for tarrying so long, as once they scrutinised the late Joseph Perrin, while peering hereabouts for his Green Mantle. So turn we again to our booksellers.

In a contribution to *Notes and Queries*, Mr Axon states :— "There was a bookseller in Manchester named Thomas Hodges, who published a charge of Bishop Peploe's ;" but we have failed in our search for further traces of such publisher. Neither can we fill the vacancies left by two

vague initials, “A. S.” printer of a short-lived journal in 1738–39. After passing a baptismal entry touching the daughter of one Richard Lees, bookbinder, bearing date October 1738, and then glancing at the burial record, three years afterwards, of William Holmbe, printer, the name of Falkner thus appears in the Collegiate registers:—“1742, June 16, Mary, daughter of Matthew Falkner, bookseller,” was buried. Another Matthew Falkner—the Matthew—was married to Ann Harrop, in July 1764. From the entrance of the first member of that family to the exit of the last, nigh upon a century elapsed; and the several branches of the bookmaking and newspaper trade engaged their attention. Mr Falkner in 1773 was trading in the Market Place—formerly the literary Rialto of the town, where all the bookworms clustered. In our thirteenth chapter we briefly described the demolition by a mob of Messrs Falkner & Birch’s *Herald* office, and the sequel of that political outrage is now presented. The statement, taking the obituary form, is from the pen of Mr Joseph Aston, a personal friend of the sufferers, and is worth reviving here, as showing the shady side of a Manchester street:—“On the 8th inst. [March 1824] died, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, at Burnley, Mr Matthew Falkner, formerly of this town, where he carried on the business of a stationer and bookseller with both credit and profit, till seduced into political opposition, and submitting to be made the cat’s paw of a party that deserted him in the adversity which followed, one of the kindest-hearted of mankind was driven from his country, and his fortunes, till then prosperous, entirely ruined. He remained in America from the year 1793 till 1806, when he returned to England,

in the vain hope of rescuing a part of his property from the whirlpool in which it was involved. He whose hand records his death well knew the worth of Matthew Falkner, who in early life ate the bread of active industry, in middle life shared his prosperity with every child of want who told him a tale of misery, and in his age was dependent on one whom he once hoped to enrich."

Two brothers, Thomas and William Newton, were considered dealers of mark by the book-buyers of their period. When the inscription on the gravestone of the Newtons was copied by Mr Owen, a few years ago, a very small fragment remained to tell the family story. John, the elder of the house, was parish clerk of this town ; his son Thomas kept the old Coffee-house near the Exchange, subsequently conducted by his widow—the sons of the said Thomas being the booksellers. The death of one of these bibliopolists, and the marriage of the other, are thus chronicled in the *Mercury* :—“Last week [February 1758], died, much lamented [aged thirty-seven], Mr Thomas Newton, an eminent bookseller of this town. With an uncommon share of good nature, he preserved the esteem of all his friends, and acquired the ill-will of nobody. The business will be carried on by his only brother.” The wedding is announced in the descriptive and communicative terms usually applied in the last century, which seem a little comical to modern readers, because a simpler style prevails ; but Taste is a terrestrial comet, ranging without a fixed orbit, while her twin-sister Fashion is ever changing with the moon. “On Tuesday last [April 1762], was married at the Collegiate Church, Mr William Newton, bookseller, to Miss Parren, an agreeable young lady with

a handsome fortune." We fancy Miss Parren would scarcely feel complimented on finding herself merely "agreeable," while her fortune was so decidedly "handsome." William Newton was still pursuing the trade with success in 1773, and occupied one of a row of shops standing at the entrance to the present Exchange Street. A view of the homely range, sketched by the timely pencil of Thomas Barritt, has found a niche in the College scrap-book, as likewise in our own pages. Mr William Newton died in April 1794. A few traces of the Rev. Thomas Newton—William's son—are given in the first volume of the "Admission Register of the Manchester School," published by the Chetham Society.

Abraham Clarke, who impressed his name as a bookseller upon the memory of the Manchester public, originally came, it appears, from Cumberland. In 1748, and again in September 1754, he was married at the Collegiate Church. The extensive and profitable concern which he created was retained in his family during a long series of years. Over the clear, unruffled tide of their affairs it is pleasant to skim, in swallow fashion, until our flight is arrested by the warning injunction which bids us "look to the end," such end being a family grave, situated at the eastern part of St Ann's Churchyard. The inscription on the flat stone may be read as follows:—

"Here lyeth the body of Abraham Clarke,
bookseller, who died May 20, 1775, aged 60.
Arabella, wife of Abraham Clarke, bookseller,
who died May the 31, 1754, aged 35 years.
Also Isaac Clarke, bookseller, his nephew,
who departed this life June 18, 1816, aged 72



PRINTING OFFICE OF HARROP'S "MERCURY." 1752.

years. Ann Clarke, wife of Isaac Clarke, of Manchester, who died October 6, 1810, aged 63 years."

In approaching the next in rotation, Joseph Harrop, it is somewhat difficult to conceive that one hundred and twenty-two years have gone by since he launched his *Mercury*, which is still a source of frequent reference to the literary antiquaries of the district. Many are the hours, yea, days, that we have sat in the sunlight reading in its yet living columns the records of the buried past. Of course, not in the sunlight as it glistened upon dewdrops, but in the beneficent rays that gleamed through the painted windows of the College recess. In April 1749, Joseph Harrop and Ellen Williamson were married at the Cathedral, and three years afterwards he started his long-lived newspaper. One of its early issues—the ninth, we believe—was adorned with a singular picture of the printing office, wherein the *Mercury* staff is shown busily engaged in the production of the two small leaves of intelligence of which that weekly newspaper consisted. As both printers are assiduous, the tardy publishing day seems approaching, when a very limited number of copies would be required, chiefly by traders at the market. The facsimile here traced will form a curious counterpart to the modern office of a leading daily newspaper—a huge pile of building, crowded with hurried workers; while the noise of its marvellous machinery, and the nightly blaze of its gas, may faintly typify the warfare of the elements. Elsewhere Mr Harrop's public career as a journalist has been narrated, and it may suffice to add a few reliable facts of a domestic nature, gleaned from his gravestone in St John's Church-

yard, Byrom Street. The names of a few juveniles are omitted.

"Here resteth the body of Joseph Harrop, who died January 20th, 1804, aged 76 years. Ellen, wife of Joseph Harrop, printer, who died January 12th, 1772, aged 44 years. Mary, his wife, who died December 25th, 1801, aged 56 years. Thomas Harrop, who died April 25th, 1843, aged 62 years. James Harrop, died January 12th, 1775, aged 34.

In an adjoining grave are interred Mr Harrop's three daughters as under-named:—Frances, died March 23, 1791, aged 16; Mary, died December 14, 1856, aged 76; and Sarah Ann, who died at the age of 84, on the 17th of September 1862. Beneath another stone in the same churchyard reposes Mr Harrop's best-known son and successor—"James Harrop, who departed this life February the 22nd, 1823, aged 60 years. Also Nancy Elvins, his wife, who departed this life 23rd May 1811, aged 44 years." Mr James Harrop was a person of multifarious business pursuits, described in the Directory for 1797 as "printer, bookseller, stationer, stamp distributor, medicine vendor, and post-office."

On Saturday, 9th March 1754, appeared the second number of the *Manchester Journal*, printed and published by J. Schofield and M. Turnbull, "at their printing-office down the Fountain Court, at the back of the Exchange; where all manner of printing work is performed with the greatest accuracy and despatch. At their shop in the Deansgate also may be had new books and pamphlets, maps, pictures, &c., where books are bound in the neatest manner. At either of which said places subscriptions and

advertisements for this paper are taken." Mr James Schofield afterwards became a bookseller at Scarborough, where he died in August 1798, aged sixty-three. Of Mr M. Turnbull we have no further account.

In January 1756, T. Anderton, bookseller, binder, letter case and pattern book maker, was in business in the Old Millgate, at the Shakespeare's Head, near the Market Cross. In 1762 he printed and published the *Manchester Chronicle; or Anderton's Universal Advertiser*. He further undertook general engraving work, especially signs and cyphers upon innkeepers' tankards and cups—the durable drinking vessels then in vogue.

John Prescott, printer of another *Manchester Journal*, in 1771, was, like Mr Anderton, a bookseller in Old Millgate. After a lengthened residence here, he removed to Bedford, near Leigh, where he died, aged seventy-nine, on the 13th of April 1811. At the same village, in December 1824, died his only surviving daughter, Miss Prescott. She was the writer of a small volume of poems.

John Haslingden, bookseller, stationer, and occasional publisher, residing and trading in Cannon Street during the greater portion of a long life, terminated his business career at the close of the last century. His period will be indicated by the dates of his two marriages—first, in 1760, at Liverpool, and secondly, in 1787, at Rochdale.

The next five appearing on our list are ephemerals, possibly workers who never rose to be masters, or who left the town to rear their families elsewhere:—Edward Warren, printer, 1755; John Pue, printer, 1760; William Norton, printer, 1761; James Bottomley, printer, 1763; Thomas Roylance, stationer, 1771; were each and sever-

ally united to their brides-elect at the dates given, but nothing further is seen of them. Within the same period two other typos were duly present with their partners at the altar—Robert Blacklock, in 1759, and Charles Wheeler, in 1770; but with these surviving names we are not prepared to linger beyond quoting a portion of an epitaph that appears near the north door of the Cathedral:—"Here resteth the body of Charles Wheeler, of Manchester, who died on the 9th of September 1827, aged 76 years. Mary, his wife, died November 13, 1796, aged 50 years."

John Hopps, bookseller, described as a worthy and respected character, lies buried on the north side of Flixton Church, nearly opposite the entrance to the well-known and well-worn footpath leading through Mr Wright's grounds. The following is a verbatim copy (save one corrected figure) of the inscription on the flat stone covering his remains:—"In memory of John Hopps, late of Manchester, bookseller. He was born on the 4th day of March O. S. 1740, at a village call'd Helwith, near Richmond, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and departed this life October the 30th, 1823, in the 83rd year of his age. Also Betty, his wife, departed this life August 14th, 1804, aged 50 years." The bookselling business of John Hopps, with the addition of a circulating library, remained in his family until 1840.

Casting a backward glance at Thomas Hodges (page 195 *ante*), it now appears that the fifty-seventh number of the *Lancashire Journal*, printed and published by John Berry, at the Dial near the Cross, on Monday, July 30, 1739, contains an advertisement of certain books "on sale by Mr Newton and Mr Hodges, booksellers in Manchester."

Having now brought our chronological record to the date—1772—when the first Manchester Directory was published, we may transfer our office of indicator to that mercantile guide, and seasonably take our leave of the printing, binding, stationery, bookselling, and newspaper departments of the trade.

In the chapter thus closing we are afraid we have offered to the reader that which we would rather avoid—a dry catalogue of facts and figures, a classified *résumé* of dates and occurrences, unrelieved by romantic incident or poetic fancy. Of course, in a commercial city the utilitarian element will be fairly appreciated; yet even here we soon become wearied of its sternness and sameness, which beget a longing for a few rose-leaves to blend with the thorns.

CHAPTER XVI.

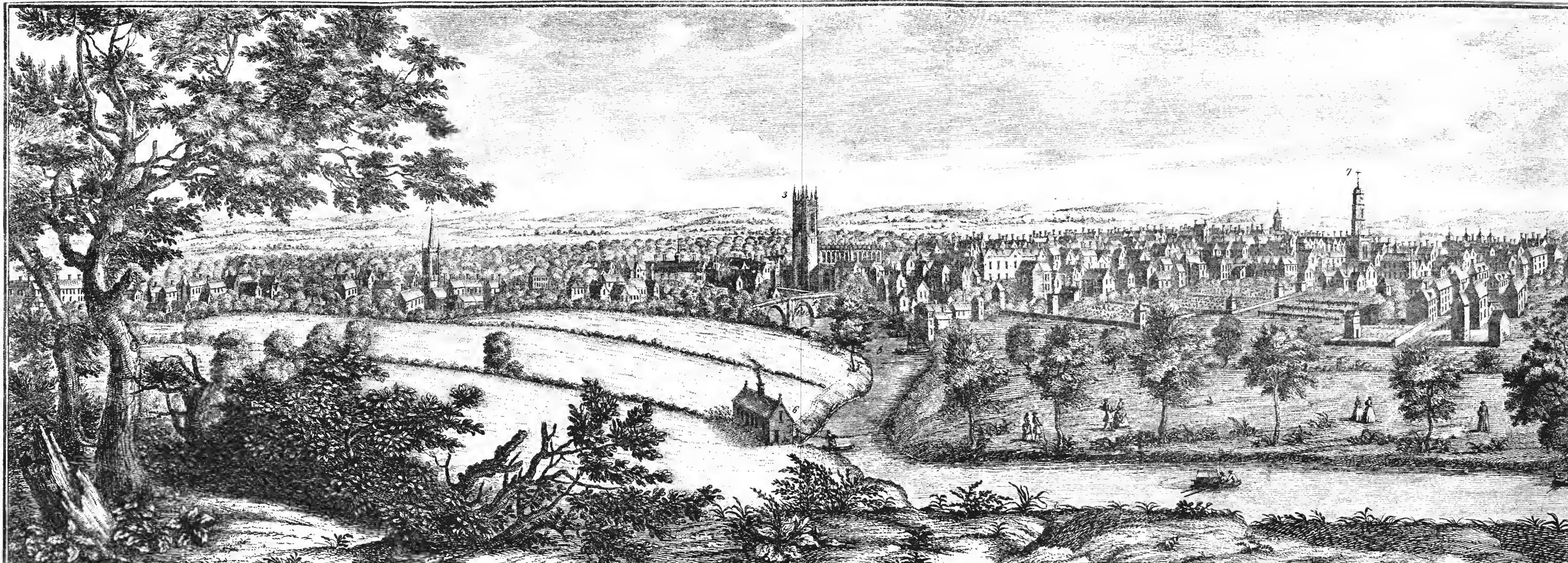
THE DENE GATE OF YORE.

"Dear me ! what a large portion of 'the world' bows down to the goddess Appearance ! We had shops once, but we have none now. Our shops have become 'Emporiums,' 'Marts,' 'Saloons,' 'Pantechnethecas.' The goddess Appearance smiles on them, and they thrive : but the music of a Blondel's lute shall yet solace simple Truth in her captivity."

WILLIAM FRANCIS PEACOCK.

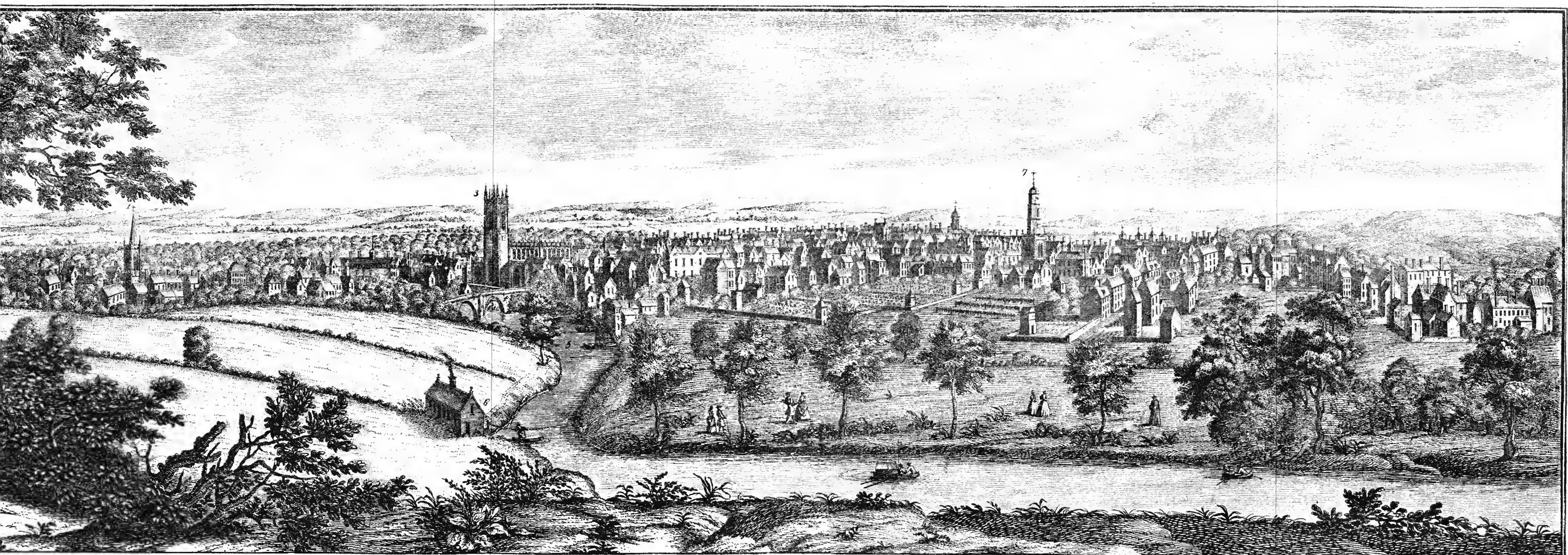
BY the Dene Gate of Yore we mean the narrow path-way which, existing from very remote years, began at the Old Bridge and ended at the Blenorcharde or Walle-greenes. The Blenorcharde has been described as a wilderness of trees and underwood, occupying the space between the modern Bridge Street and Jackson's Row, or thereabouts. To this vague scene no precise date can be affixed ; but certainly Time has pursued his unwearying pilgrimage during many hundreds of years since the last of those trees was felled. With that uncertain yet romantic period this chapter will find little concern. Being rich in the materials of which melodramas are constructed, the barons and castles, the magicians and caves, have been efficiently treated by Mr Harrison Ainsworth, and by other Manchester writers of less literary mark. This relieves us much. Had the task been left in our hands, we might have hesitated before placing our uninsured life within arrow-range of those threatening loop-

THE SOUTH WEST PROSPECT OF MANCHESTER, IN THE COUNTY PALATINE OF



Manchester is neither Borough nor Corporation, but a spacious, rich, and populous Inland Town in the Hundred of Salford, and South East part of Lancashire: Situate upon a Rocky Cliff, at the confluence of the River Irk, & Irwell, bounding it on the North West most part Gravelly. It is a Mannour with Courts Leet, & Barow; which, at the decease of the present Lady Dovrage Bland, will devolve to Sir Oswald Morley Barr.⁶ Is governed by two Constables, annually chosen in the Court Leet at Mich^{July}. famous for the Woollen, Linen, and many 100. poor Families employ'd from several Counties. This Town is adorn'd with many noted Buildings, such are The Collegiate Church in its lofty Pile & fine Tower, built after the Gotick manner; The new Church in the Moderne taste; The Free School, founded by Hugh Old Nob^{le} Library generously endowed by the Founder Humph^y Cheatham Esq.¹ And with handsome broad Streets both New & Old; And a large Bridge over the River Irwell which, joyneth Salford, a populous, Beautiful Town, giving name to the hundred, & seemeth as a Suburb there to. This falls into the Mersey, communicateth with Liverpool, which by their expence & labour hath gained a considerable progress, & is soon expected to be made navigable. 1. Salford Church. 2. The Hospital. 3. The Collegiate Church. 4. The Bridge. 5. The River Irwell. 6. The

WEST PROSPECT OF MANCHESTER, IN THE COUNTY PALATINE OF LANCASTER.



nation, but a spacious, rich, and populous Inland Town in the Hundred of Salford, and South East part of Lancashire. Situate upon a Rocky Cliff, at the confluence of the Rivers Irk, & Irwell, bounding it on the North West add much pleasure to its healthfull Soil, which is Leet, & Barony; which, at the decease of the present Lady Dowager Bland, will devolve to S^r. Aswald Mosley Barr.⁶ Is governed by two Constables, annually chosen in the Court Leet at Mich.⁷ Is famous for the Woollen, Linen, & Cotton Manufactories, whereby its immensely enriched, Counties. This Town is adorn'd with many noted Buildings, such are The Collegiate Church in its lofty Pile & fine Tower, built after the Gothick manner; The new Church in the Modern taste; The Free School, founded by Hugh Oldham Bp^r of Exeter, A.D. 1510. The Hospital for 60 Boys with a sumptuous Chatham, b.sq.⁸ And with handsome broad Streets both New & Old; And a large Bridge over the River Irwell which, joyneth Salford, a populous, Beautiful Town, giving name to the hundred, & seemeth as a Suburb thereto. The Exchange non building by S^r. Osmond; and the River Irwell, to which by their expence & Labour hath gained a considerable progress, & is soon expected to be made navigable. 1. Salford Church. 2. The Hospital. 3. The Collegiate Church. 4. The Bridge. 5. The River Irwell. 6. The Boat house in wth is a curious Bath. 7. S^r. Ann's Church.

holes ; with the frowning barons, mailed, lanced, and shielded, our acquaintance would be scarcely more congenial ; and from all incantations of the black art, or piercings of bewitching eyes, preserve us.

The wilderness of underwood having gradually yielded to the exigencies of town life, the spot was agreeably suburban in 1711, and known, as now, by the designation of Ridge Field, its characteristics being verdant meads and cherry-gardens. A number of deeds, leases, and the like, containing earlier notices of the Ridge family, were in the possession of a city shopkeeper a few years ago, but have now vanished, probably wasted by piecemeal, or pummeled to obliteration by some industrious goldbeater's hammer. In Dugdale's "Visitation" appears a reference to "Robert Ridge, of Ridge, county Salop, gent. ob. circa 1560;" but the first of the family connected with Manchester was his great grandson, Robert Ridge of Marple, married at our Collegiate Church, in January 1614, to Helen Shepley (not Shepheard, as printed in Dugdale's "Visitation"). This Robert was buried at Warrington in 1669. We have been favoured with a lengthy list of their births, deaths, and marriages, occurring mainly at Stockport, Romiley, and Manchester, and ranging between the years 1584 and 1825. One item is peculiar, giving a glimpse of English social life during the Protectorate—a brief period of time, but full of strange fascinations for the student of history—"1656, Richard Hartley and Frances Ridge, of Marple, published at the Market Cross, in Stockport, 6th, 13th, and 20th of June." Another document, anno domini 1673, relates to a transfer of a burgage or tenement, with one garden, near a certain street commonly

called the Danesgate, from Jonathan Ridge and Jane his wife to Edward Mosley of Holme and Edward Gaythorn of Manchester. In addition to the records already cited, there is in the middle aisle of Stockport Church a broken gravestone to the memory of Grace Ridge, aged eighty-three, grand-daughter of the aforesaid Jonathan.

Crossing over to the Parsonage, we find that, in 1780, one of its residents was Mr John Quincey, linen-draper, uncle to the "English Opium-Eater." In the previous year Mr Quincey was married to Miss Martha Goodyear, of Ardwick. His residence was bounded, it seems, on the north and west by "a narrow street or passage called Black Fryars;" while on the other points of the vane his prospect is thus shown by an extract from a lease dated 1758:—"The orchard or garden plot adjoining the river; it is now fenced out with hedges and ditches." Some years earlier mention is made of a summer-house, fruit trees, and plants in abundance, with "free liberty of way to the spring or well called the Parsonage Well." In 1686, Thomas Heyrick of Manchester, gentleman, leased a "tenement and parcel of land abutting upon a messuage and garden heretofore in the possession of George Tipping, deceased, and now the dwelling-house of the warden [Richard Wroe] of the said College; bounded on the east part with the old Parsonage ditch adjoining to the tene-ment of Mr John Oldfield. Close by are or were the residences of John Nield, Hugh Boardman, Richard Haworth, Esq., and lately Jane Haworth, his widow." A worn parchment proves the existence, in 1698, of "Par-sonage Croft;" another of "Parsonage Pool;" and an order of the Court Leet, 1594, required the tenants to "go

along the hedge-side, keeping the footway towards the Parsonage style, for their fetching of water from the river." In 1765, an advertisement in the *Mercury* mentions "the sign of the Grey Horse in or near Parsonage Brow." St Mary's Church covers the ground once known as the Parsonage Green.

The interest of this description of the Parsonage lands will be much enhanced by a reference to Buck's Prospect, a faithful portraiture of the locality in the year 1728. It illustrates the entire length of the "Dene Gate of Yore," as viewed from the river,—conveying more satisfying information at a glance than the pen can furnish in a chapter. The large gardens (Mr Quincey's, Mr Tipping's, Mr Sedgwick's, and others), to which we have separately alluded, are here seen in pleasant rows. The doubting reader who may have fancied our orchards were mythical, our stiles and summer-houses mere day-dreams, will find such misgivings agreeably removed. The bountiful trees are depicted in full bearing. No wonder we love them. Green-leaved, blossom-scented, or russet-hued, we have ever prized them—the more so when made vocal with singing-birds. There is more attraction in trees than usually meets the eye: not unfrequently they aid in moving the heart. In one of these trees—flourishing within a garden near the Old Church—a winsome maiden of fifteen summers, named Silence Wagstaff, was once gathering fruit. As the truthful story goes, it was a scene of cherries all round—cherry lips, cherry cheeks, cherry fruitage. Let Herrick revive the glowing picture :—

"Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy.

If so be you ask me where
They do grow ?—I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
There's the land, or cherry-isle ;
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.”

While thus pleasingly engaged, Silence chanced to be observed by a young gentleman of Cheshire, Mr John Leigh, of the family of Leigh of West Hall, and nothing less than marriage at the earliest opportunity would satisfy his love at first sight. And married they were. After a few years of wedded bliss, the orange blossoms were succeeded by the widow's weeds. In the absence of their wedding register, we here substitute the tombstone inscription—less a few figures worn away—as it appeared in the north aisle of the chancel of the Cathedral :—

“John Leigh, died Decem : 17, 1738,
aged
Peter, his son, died April 10, 1753,
aged 20.”

“Saynte Mary Gayte”—thus spelled in 1552—led, as the Rev. John Whitaker conjectured, to a certain, or rather uncertain, wooden church, which once flourished, as he further surmised, on the site of the present Exchange Street. Much rather would we, in this instance, be a confiding Stephen than a sceptical Thomas of Didymus ; but in the absence of proof our doubts may be excused, especially as we hope to justify them by some recent discoveries, reserved for our final chapter. The one strong point in favour of Mr Whitaker's conclusion—and probably his inducement thereto—is the ancient nomenclature of St Mary's Gate, but all corroborative evidence is lacking.

Often have we heard of human bones being dug up hereabout, but never could trace them to an authentic source. Even if such exhumations really occurred, they would not, unsupported, prove the pre-existence of a churchyard. Human bones have been revealed in various parts of the city. At the New Cross, in April 1846, two coffins were laid bare, and their contents examined; these were the remains of suicides, formerly buried at the cross roads. A bootcloser, named Smith, who had hastened his end in the frenzy or despondency of love, was one of the castaways; another was a young woman-servant, who poisoned herself in September 1808. In April 1753, an ostler at the Swan and Saracen's Head, Market Stead Lane, was found hanging in the stable. At the inquest, the jury returned a verdict of "self-murder;" and the body was ordered to be "drawn upon a sledge, and buried at four lane-ends, with all his clothes on, and to have a stake driven through his body; which was executed on Tuesday forenoon, in the presence of a numerous concourse of spectators." So we read in the newspaper of the period. Of others we have no published account, saving the latest, said to be a soldier, who committed suicide in 1821. While pursuing our researches, we glean that on one particular Thursday morning in July 1798, the workmen employed in digging the foundation of some outhousing at Mr Halliwell's (now Halliwell Lane), near Cheetham Hill village, discovered a human skeleton about a yard under ground. Twelve years previously, a servant woman in the neighbourhood was suddenly missed, and never afterwards seen; so there was sufficient reason to suppose she fell a victim to a secret murderer, who as

secretly buried her, and that these were her poor remains. More recently similar remains were found at the lower end of Miller Street; and in September 1869 a skull and several large bones were seen during an excavation at the corner of Marsden Street and Brown Street: in neither instance did any traces of coffins or furniture appear, nor could any satisfying explanation be obtained, though much interest was awakened at the time. At Mayfield, Moss Side, was interred a victim of the plague, the grave-stone, bearing the following inscription, being visible until lately :—"Here lyeth the body of Margery Beswicke, wife of Hugh Beswicke of Hulme, who departed this life the 29th of September 1645." Two or three entries in the parish registers denote that the plague-stricken inhabitants were sometimes buried at the cabins in Collyhurst; while others are supposed to have been interred near George Street, Hulme, as human remains were there dug up in the summer of last year (1872).

We next pass Shepherd's Court, Deansgate, its antiquity being indicated by a brief entry in the burial register :— "1612, Jany. 4, Cislie, widdowe to Richard Travis, dyed at Thomas Andrewes in Shepp-des Court." An incorporated fragment,—just a corner post of a half-timbered building resting upon its original ashlar foundation,—may still be seen. Of the neighbouring court—Sedgwick's—it may be noted that the late Mr James Everett, author of the "Panorama of Manchester," and other works, resided here; but as we are not prepared to enter at large into the literary or general merits of this well-known Wesleyan preacher, a passing mention must suffice. Some day we may be enabled to pay him a more satisfactory visit at

his bookshop in Market Street, where his "Panorama" was published. In November 1831 James Montgomery, the Sheffield poet, was the guest of Mr Everett, in Sedgwick's Court. On looking from the window of the house, situated on the rock overhanging the Irwell, the poet said, "Mr Everett, you do not dwell in a Parnassus here; and if this be your Castalia which flows below, it is certainly both a turbid and a turbulent stream just now." The buildings forming this court were erected about 1690 for Mr James Johnson, and purchased in 1707 by Mr Roger Sedgwick, one of the feoffees of the Blue-Coat School. Mr Sedgwick's garden is marked on the large Prospect published between the years 1729-34.

A few doors lower, on the same side of Deansgate, stood the printing-office of Messrs Sowler & Russell, whose business had previously been carried on at Hunt's Bank. In Deansgate the originator of the *Manchester Courier* newspaper was born. A detailed account of the Sowler family, written by Mr Crossley, will be found in the second volume of the "Admission Register of the Manchester School." To that biographical sketch may now be added the inscriptions cut upon an altar-tomb in Bowdon churchyard, and placed within view of the wide-spreading yew-tree—the sylvan patriarch—so long forming an attractive feature of the scene:—

"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Sowler,
of Manchester. Born 2d July 1789; died,
at Bowdon, 18th November 1857. Also in
loving remembrance of John, youngest son of
Thomas Sowler, of Bowdon, who died June
15, 1871, aged 51 years.

"Thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased Thee."

"Also of Florence Emily, grandchild of Thomas Sowler, and infant daughter of Thomas and Emily Sowler. Born March 17, 1871; died March 3, 1872."

"Sacred to the memory of Mary Helen, daughter of Thomas Sowler, of Bowdon. Born 7th August 1822; died, in London, 6th June 1855."

"Also of Harriet, wife of the Rev. Bevis Green, youngest daughter of Thomas Sowler. Born September 17, 1824; died, at Bromyard, February 27, 1860. Also of Charles Edward, infant son of John and Ellen Sowler. Born 17th August, died 27th September, 1861."

By way of illustrative contrast to this chapter on the Dene Gate of Yore, the idea had been entertained of reproducing and here inserting a panoramic view—drawn about 1830—of a portion of modern Deansgate, enlivened on each hand by familiar names, signboards, and shops (inclusive of the tiny "Noah's Ark" once quaintly gracing the corner of St Mary's Gate). As this panorama, though desirable in the main, presented some difficulties, it was ultimately withdrawn. We were loth to disturb an arrangement giving life and character to the scene; yet no choice remained, without encroaching on the commercial mediums. Advertisements floated before our vision in all directions, whilst the Critic's catalogue of puffs, "direct, preliminary, collateral, collusive, and oblique," as rattled forth by Charles Mathews upon the stage, was fresh in the recollection of the reader. To render a book generally informing, and at the same time generally pleasing, is a desirable union not always attainable.

C H A P T E R X V I I.

A RETROSPECT OF DEANSGATE.

"No grown-up person who has resided in Manchester even twenty years is unacquainted with the mighty changes that have passed over its suburbs during that period; while those who have lived here thirty, forty, and fifty years tell us of circumstances and conditions almost incredible. . . . I allude to these changes and contrasts in order to invite attention to the desirability of their history being written before the actors in them and the witnesses shall be all gone."

LEO HARTLEY GRINDON.

NO TWITHSTANDING the serious tendencies of looking backward, as exemplified in the sad fate of Lot's wife—with the pillar of salt in full view, we will venture to cast a backward glance along the metamorphosed thoroughfare we have sedately traversed, from the Medlock at Knot Mill to the Irwell at the Old Bridge. Such reviewing will enable the writer to supply a deficiency here, or mark a correction there, to the mutual advantage of himself and his readers.

Mr Jesse Lee, a worthy local writer and genealogist, who is not remembered in proportion to his merits, resided some time in Crown Street, Great Bridgewater Street, as a collector of tonnage, afterwards removing to Hulme, where he died, at the age of fifty-three, on the 17th February 1844. The remarks appended to his

"History of the House of Stanley" show that he was a conscientious editor :—

"Having brought down to the present day the genealogical account of the House of Stanley, it only remains for the editor to make his valedictory remarks. Ninety-nine years have now elapsed since Mr Seacombe's history was printed, which was brought down to the year 1735 only ; and of the various reprints of his work that have been published, no additions have been made until the present edition, which will be found considerable. The 'Genealogia,' as beforetime given, for want of proper arrangement, was almost unintelligible, even to those well skilled in such matters ; consequently great liberty has been taken with it, and another prefixed more in accordance with the descent of the noble family, and somewhat more novel ; whilst the various collateral branches have not been overlooked. It is therefore hoped that any errors of names or dates, —for different authorities vary much in them,—may be favourably noticed.

"HULME, MANCHESTER, August 1840.

J. LEE."

For the same publisher Mr Lee prepared an elaborate edition of the works of John Collier, with an extended glossary, but his labour was entirely wasted, the enterprise failing in consequence of the publisher's bankruptcy. Mr Lee, as the *Recorder* informs us, was "a native of Rochdale, but settled at Manchester in early life." In the unfortunate Tim Bobbin speculation the editor was not the only sufferer, as Mr James Stephenson, the artist, found to his cost. Drawings, together with engraved plates and blocks, completed or in progress, to the value of one hundred pounds, were left useless upon his hands. Misfortune has a trick of clinging to some people in a pertinacious manner. In the early part of the current year (1873), Mr Stephenson was a competitor for the honours of the Royal Academy, when the blindfolded

goddess failed to see his deserts, though his sterling qualities had long been patent. Seldom, we fancy, will the presiding deity smile on a worthier Associate, or on a better engraver, than the veteran in question.

In the will of Mr Robert Gregson, dated 1795, mention is made of his lands in Gregson Street, Watson Street, and elsewhere. Thirteen years previously Mr Gregson had purchased a portion of these lands from Mr Roger Aytoun and others.

In St John Street resided during two decades or more the author of "Sir Percy Legh, a Legend of Lyme, and other Ballads," a dainty little volume, issued at Manchester in 1862. The brief preface informs us that "they were composed during visits to Lyme, as the writer's contribution to the evening's entertainments at that delightful mansion. The traditions on which they are founded were related by the late Mr Legh, and amplified by his accomplished lady. The estate of Lyme was the reward of the valour of an ancestor of the present possessor on the field of Cressy. The subsequent achievements of the heroes of the House of Legh at Agincourt and elsewhere are matters of history." After the publication of "Sir Percy Legh," the writer thereof amused his leisure by versifying other traditions; making, when requisite, the oral accounts more consistent and complete. Apparently his aim was to preserve in verse the Palatine legends not included by Mr Roby in his prose narrations; and certainly in one of his new stories, entitled "Bramhall Hall," the romantic element is not lacking. A mail-clad warrior, after special service in the wars, returns to claim, or rather to win, his affianced though unseen bride, a fair daughter of Bram-

hall. Succeeding in his suit, the wedding is nevertheless prevented by the death of the adventurous knight, who is slain in the forest by a band of marauders on his refusal to pay tribute to their leader, a Cheshire Robin Hood. In another of the ballads, "Marple Hall," a young cavalier, bearing despatches, seeks and finds shelter for the night at the home of the Bradshaws, and in the morning he is drowned, through the treachery of his guide, while crossing the ford. Clearly it is not well—barely safe—to be a hero. To find the dainty Captain Plumes thus made the merest sport of fortune, losing their peerless brides as soon as won, and compelled to die at the critical time when life is most enchanting, all this cross purpose is sufficient to make an everyday man thankful for his commonplace existence. Possibly this is not the moral the author intended to be drawn; and if so, he will try to excuse our somewhat wilful departure from his teaching. In each instance, at Bramhall as at Marple, a ghost wandered—mayhap still wanders—in search of retributive justice; but those ghostly visitants we prefer to leave unmolested in their "ancient solitary reign." Thirty years ago this gentleman was an occasional contributor to a literary magazine published in our city. Quite recently the remembrance of those days, youthful and pleasant, induced a desire on his part to give a friendly call to some of his fellow-contributors. On casting up their names, he was startled to find that he must visit nearly all in their narrow homes. From the favourite editor to the bard in the poet's corner, scarcely an odd one remained upon earth. Although not of a tearful nature, nor morbid in his anticipations, he could not help feeling, in an earthquake

like this, the ground tremble beneath his feet. The inscription chiseled upon a family gravestone, now invisible, but still lying beneath the Derby Chapel, in the Cathedral, indicates the name and kindred of the author of "Sir Percy Legh." The record it bears may be thus deciphered :—

"Here resteth the remains of John Leigh,
late of Manch^r, who departed this life July
1797, aged 61."

Turning from his grave, we catch a glimpse of his youth in the first volume of the "Admission Register of the Grammar School":—"1744, Nov. 22.—John, son of John Leigh of Manchester, tradesman. Of the family of Leigh of West Hall, Cheshire. His grandfather was Peter Leigh, M.A., rector of Whitchurch, Salop, rector of Lymme, and vicar of Great Budworth, Cheshire."

The *Mercury*, in 1776, announces the sale of "two closes of land, belonging to Samuel Clowes, Esq., called 'Purgatory' and the 'Lion's Den,' in Manchester, opposite and near to a certain street called the Quay Street."

When treating of Cumberland Street, we ought to have named Mr Moses Hughes as one of its residents. This musician was a member of the Theatre Royal orchestra nearly half a century, his favourite instrument being the oboe, on which he was considered unrivalled in Britain. On the evening preceding his decease, during the performance of Miss Kelly, he occupied his usual post, when he suddenly fainted, and was carried to his home, where he died, on the 26th of November 1836, aged seventy-one. Mr Hughes, who was born near Wigan, served an appren-

ticeship in Liverpool. He was much esteemed for his moral worth, as well as for his musical talents.

Except by the aid of pictured views or written descriptions, the younger part of our population can know nothing of primitive Deansgate, the main artery of the once wooded, castellated little town. Only our elders, with beards and sidelocks turned grey, have the privilege of recalling to memory the latest lingerers of its picturesque homes and hostelries. But whosoever shall journey forth to Chester, and wander along its singular rows, may still feast his eyes and humour his fancy with similar fantastic dwellings. The influence of those rows upon ourselves was peculiar. As we crossed the noble bridge that spans the Dee, and perambulated the principal street dividing the city, the friendly eaves and attics projected over the pathways, as if desirous of embracing ; and we were forcibly reminded of a merry Scottish lilt—"We're a' noddin' at our house at hame."

While thus ruminating with the eaves, oriel windows, and gables of the two palatine cities, or with their memories, our attention has been drawn to a gentle controversy touching a kindred structure of some historic interest. In certain letters recently printed, endeavours have been made to fix the locality of the Eagle and Child Tavern, where Taylor, the Water-Poet, lodged (as his homely rhymes inform us) during his stay in Manchester, the hostess being Mistress Saracole, with John Pinner for his principal boon companion. With all their modern knowledge, the astute correspondents were hunting for a fact that was patent to every Mancestrian two centuries ago. Time is the veriest of misers, continually hiding his

treasures. So when we pine for "a missing link" of any description, we have only to seek, and we shall assuredly find; but we must delve deeply into the sand which the great Traveller sheds from his hour-glass. Our first witnesses (one baptism and five burials) are subpœnaed from the Collegiate registers, and will depose to the names of John Taylor's friends :—

- " 1600, Maie 3.—Barbary, wief to John Beamond, *alias Pynner.*"
" 1603, Oct. 23.—Raphe, sonne of John Sorrocolde, vintner.
Baptised."
" 1621, Maye 17.—John Sorracold, of Manchester, vintner."
" 1623, Aug. 2.—Margery, widowe of John Beamond, *alias Pynner.*"
" 1623, Sep. 8.—Edward Beamond, *alias Pynner.*"
" 1628, Aprill 29.—Robarte Soracould, of Manchester, inn-keeper."

Thus far of the persons named by the Water-Poet. Next let us search for the house and its sign. In the primitive years when Manchester possessed no newspaper of her own, she advertised her wants and published her more important occurrences in a metropolitan print, the *London Gazette*. In those time-obscured columns, so little known to provincial searchers, a friend of ours has enjoyed divers clandestine peeps, ever and anon adding another "wrinkle" to his previous furrows. This sage mentor keeps a good-natured guard over our antiquarian footsteps, leading us back to the correct historic line when we chance to diverge, however slightly. The subjoined extracts from the *Gazette* we have verified :—

- 1711, June 16.—One John Oldham, a bankrupt, is required to surrender himself "at the Eagle and Child Coffee-house, in Manchester aforesaid."

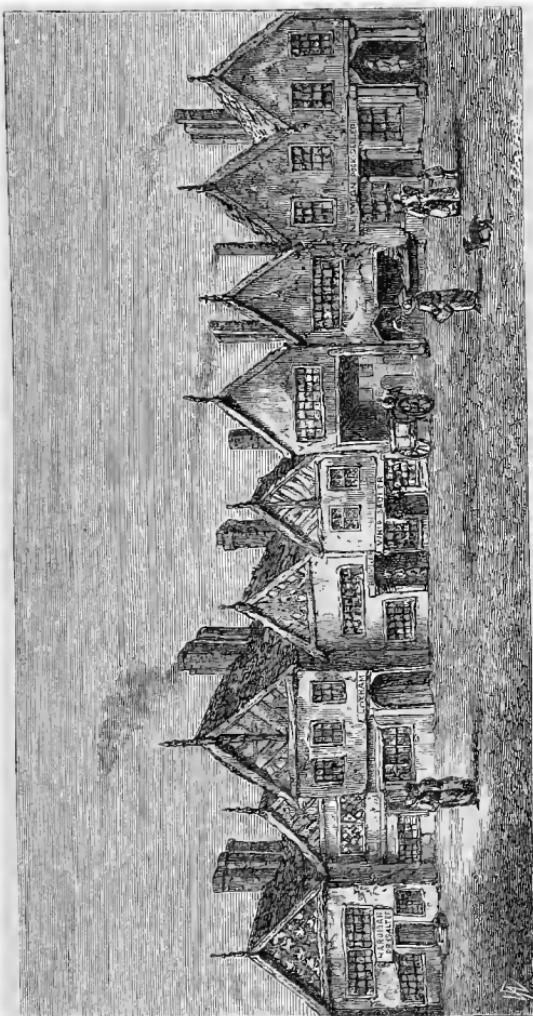
1717, December 17.—The assignees of John Chadwick announce a meeting “at the house of Mr Hawkeswell, being the Eagle and Child Coffee-house, in Manchester, in the said county of Lancaster.”

1725, December 4.—Joseph Barnes, woollen dyer, is required to surrender himself “at the house of Samuel Heathcott, innkeeper, being the Eagle and Child Coffee-house, in Manchester aforesaid.”

1734, November 12.—“Commissioners intend to meet at the Eagle and Child Coffee-house in Manchester, commonly called the Old Coffee-house.”

The earliest mention we can find is dated 23d August 1708, when the Commissioners in Bankruptcy announced their intention to meet “at the Eagle and Child Coffee-house in Manchester.” Afterward, as will be observed, the sign was frequently named in legal advertisements.

The range of buildings of which the Old Coffee-house formed a part was sketched by Thomas Barritt. Underneath the Coffee-house the amateur artist has pictured the shop of Mr Newton, bookseller. In 1756 Mr Newton held an auction of books in the public room above his place of business. The site is further demonstrated by an aged resident, whose reminiscences of the Market Place in 1772 are recorded in the second volume of “Collectanea;” he observes—“Where Exchange Street is now was Newton’s, the bookseller, where the gentlemen used to go to know what the bells were ringing for. Newton’s was under the Old Coffee-house.” Collectively, this evidence points with reasonable distinctness to the precise rood of ground on which John Taylor (a sturdy pilgrim, proud of his pedestrian achievements) lodged while sojourning here. That the house was located in a Manchester street, and not at the suburban Temple, will now remain undisputed—as may be assumed—until the lapse of another century or



OLD COFFEE-HOUSE AND SHOPS. ABOUT 1776.

two, when the fact may be again forgotten—to be once more retrieved.

The Water-Poet's description of his entertainment will be novel to the majority of our readers. We quote from the "Journal of Nicholas Assheton," edited by the Rev. Canon Raines :—

"I must tell
How men of Manchester did use me well ;
Their loves they on the tenterhooks did rack ;
Rost, boiled, baked too, too much, white, claret, sack ;
Nothing they thought too heavy or too hot,—
Canne followed canne, and pot succeeded pot ;
That what they could do, all they thought too little,
Striving in love the traveller to whittle.
We went into the house of one John Pinners
(A man that lives among a crew of sinners),
And there eight several sorts of ale we had,
All able to make one stark drunk or mad ;
But I with courage bravely flinched not,
And gave the town leave to discharge the shot.
We had at one time set upon the table
Good ale of hisope, 'twas no Æsop's fable ;
Then had we ale of sage, and ale of malt,
And ale of wormwood, that could make one halt ;
With ale of rosemary and betony,
And two ales more, or else I needs must lye.
But, to conclude this drinking aye tale,
We had a sort of ale called scurvy ale.
Thus all those men at their own charge and cost
Did strive whose love should be expressèd most ;
And, further, to declare their boundless loves,
They saw I wanted, and they gave me gloves.
In deed and very deed their loves were such,
That in their praise I cannot write too much ;
They merit more than I have here compiled.
I lodgèd at the Eagle and the Child,
Whereat my hostess (a good ancient woman)
Did entertain me with respect not common.

So Mistress Saracole, hostess kind,
And Manchester with thanks I left behind."

Here the Water-Poet and his "Pennyless Pilgrimage" may be securely left to the good care of their newest friend and literary entertainer, the Spenser Society of this city.

Whilst these chapters have been passing through the serial or chrysalis stage, much has been said and written, thoughtfully, banteringly, and otherwise, by sundry citizens concerning the name of Deansgate. If we venture to add a few remarks upon street nomenclature in general, perhaps from the crowd of suggestions some useful hint may be gleaned, as it is out of the abundance of chaff that the grain cometh. It is usually considered desirable that the history of a town should be indicated and preserved, so far as practicable, in the nomenclature of its streets, bridges, and other public erections. The thoroughfares or byways outlined upon our primitive maps or described in our earliest chronicles are landmarks to the historical student, and their names should descend as heirlooms through one generation of inhabitants to another. Their preservation may be advocated upon the same principle, or rather from the same feeling, that moved the American songster to protect his tree against the woodman's stroke, or that caused our own English Jack to defend his bean-stalk. From the highways to the notables who have paced them, leaving honourable footprints behind, is an easy, natural step; and it is pleasing to find how much has been effected in the direction of local history. The nobility whose seats encircle the city, the

landed gentry of its suburbs, the worthiest of its citizens, in whatsoever direction their worthiness may lie,—these have been largely recognised upon the public signboards and institutions, systematic extension being alone required. As we have John Dalton Street to represent its science, might not Henry Liverseege be allowed to typify its art? And as Byrom Street may be regarded as a memorial of its poetic literature, would De Quincey be an unsuitable reminder of its excellence in prose? When Shakespeare's Juliet plaintively inquired, "What's in a name?" she was thinking (apart from Romeo) of roses with universal perfume—not of provincial streets with local significations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SMITHY DOOR BANK.

"We have no sympathy with those torpid beings who can walk from Billingsgate to Carlingford, and cry 'All is barren.' Many are the associations which a dissertation suggests; but chiefly and briefly will we touch upon reminiscences historic, poetic, and domestic. Alas for the days that are no more!"

WILLIAM GASPEY.

ARRIVING at length at the bottom of Deansgate, we reach the birthplace of John Easby, or, more correctly writing, we reach the uncovered ground—Smithy Door Bank—where that picturesque (and often described) dwelling used to stand. John Easby's name is almost unknown to the present generation, though in his day familiar enough, especially to the sporting fraternity, or in theatrical circles, where he had many friends. A cheery, free-and-easy writer, he could tilt his pen in any direction he chose. A report for the *Era*, a squib for *Bob Logic's Budget*, a sketch of the political leaders of his day, or a description of the country towns he visited, with scenes by the wayside, flowed from his pen with equal freedom. When the bird happened to be in full feather, the grateful song was not lacking: the chaste article, the edifying lecture; even the lay sermon, was written or delivered. The exact date of Mr Easby's death is unknown to us.

He appears described as a reporter in the Directory for 1850, and in the succeeding issue as a tobacconist and beer retailer, carrying on business in Lower Mosley Street—a place of refreshment soon afterwards conducted by John Bolton Rogerson. As John Easby's name disappears from the Directories in 1855, it is probable he died prior to that period. For his epitaph we have made no inquiry, thinking the quest would prove as bootless as seeking some particular leaf that falls in the forest. An anonymous twopenny pamphlet, now seldom seen, will favourably represent its author:—"Random Scenes from the Life of a Manchester Green-Coated Schoolboy; his trials on the Stage, the Press, the Platform, and the Pulpit. Written from memory, by himself. Manchester, published by Abel Heywood, 58 Oldham Street, 1851." After quoting this lengthy title-page, we must give only a moiety of the dedication to his schoolfellows:—"In whatever station, under circumstances however painful, I fervently hope you have not dishonoured *our cloth*—the green coat, green vest, green stockings, leather breeches, and napless black hat. Bless you, young friends of my youth." John Easby's address at the date in question,—28 Church Street, Salford,—is appended. As the *brochure* before us (green-coated, like its writer) is all that we can find to represent his literary life, the only spar left floating when the vessel went down, we will give a liberal specimen,—as liberal as our present space and a due respect for the publisher's copyright will permit:—

"Many Manchester people will remember a huge ancient building at the bottom of old Smithy Door, which also overhung the end of Deansgate, as if the drooping pile was mourning over its fallen great-

ness, its rich feudal owner having long since passed away, and families of lowly lineage become the occupants of the architecture of olden times.* In that relic of antiquity I was cradled, to undergo the strange vicissitudes of the world, about the year 1811. When I neared the seventh year of existence, my affectionate mother became a widow. Without parish aid or eleemosynary assistance, she creditably brought up four children by the exercise of matchless industry and a rigid adherence to domestic economy. At eight years of age I became a green-coated schoolboy, and remained one during three years. The education proved scant indeed. Reading was the greatest extent taught free, writing being an extra, demanding pecuniary remuneration to assist the teacher in augmenting his slight income. No history, no arithmetic, no grammar ; and, from that day to this, no instructor has taught me the commonest rudiments of those powerful adjuncts to worldly advancement. I picked up as I wandered through life, gathered what came in my path, stored as prizes, stray bits which the scholar would pass unnoticed, as he required no such trifles. At the age of eleven I entered the employment of a paper dealer, in whose service I stayed six or seven years, and from whom, unfortunately, I imbibed a strong taste for the stage, to the total obliteration of trade ideas. From the date I left his honourable employ to the present period, commerce and I have not practically met. A trade, however, was suggested for me, and that of a printer selected as my future occupation. But a flame burned within me which had more powerful incentives than a trade. A stage infatuation consumed my every thought. Fond imagination already pictured me a theatrical star of considerable celebrity. Whilst under the influence of this delirium, ill-fated Edmund Kean visited Manchester : I saw him, and the die was

* A contributor to *The Phœnix*, a short-lived Manchester magazine, has referred to the said corner in a similar strain:—" Who has gazed on the old gloomy-looking building at the lower end of Deansgate, entering into Cateaton Street, without feelings of antiquarian awe? Three centuries have passed away, and left that structure still [1828] standing, as a mouldering memento of a bygone age. Since its erection it has frequently been repaired and clumsily patched; but still the present edifice in other respects is the same which, in the early part of the sixteenth century, was the dwelling of the renowned disciple of Esculapius, Dr Simeon Ford. That identical house also, when in its pristine grandeur, has often witnessed the jovialities of the redoubtable Sir George de Collyar, the [ninth] Warden of Manchester."

cast—the sock and buskin were my fevered aspirations ; I frequented a theatrical house, became a personal friend of stage-heroes, and revelled in imaginary greatness. Amongst others who paid court to the expounders of the dramatists were clerks, petty cash-keepers, and young warehousemen. Midnight orgies became numerous ; no ‘trump’ deserting ‘the feast of reason (?) and the flow of soul,’ until the shrill cock heralded in the morning. I was often puzzled to learn how young men—very young—could grace the counting-house without the traces of late hours leading to detection. At length an old stager proposed an amateur performance, and the announcement was received with fervid enthusiasm. A play was selected, parts cast, dresses bought, place engaged, night fixed, and dull Cocker abandoned for congenial Shakespeare. I did not form one of the embryo actors ; the part I soared to represent being given to, or rather paid for, by another, as each part, according to dramatic importance, had to pay tribute to the old stager for his professional superintendence. My ‘vaulting ambition’ could not descend to any other part, and I became one of the privileged to witness the representation behind the scenes. The long-wished-for night arrived, and the house was crowded with indulgent friends of each aspirant, so failure was out of the pale of possibility. The applause equalled that elicited by Edmund Kean on another stage. Bitter night that for the cheering, imprudent friends ; but bitterer, far bitterer, for the semi-actors. Business hours were afterwards intruded upon to have day drains with the actors. More amateur performances ensued ; expensive nightly revels were continued, and dozens of box-tickets taken from professionals to sustain ‘the cause.’ The riot of guilty indulgence soon had an end. Promising young men were discharged in disgrace from honourable situations of trust ; their employers forbearing to prosecute through a kindly feeling towards their relatives. Some fled the town in alarm, to join strolling companies of Thespians under an *alias*, to lead a weary life of vagabondising, in perpetual want or woe ; others were placed in the felon’s dock, to plead to indictments of embezzlement ; and many brought down blanched cheeks and hoary heads with sadness to the tomb. I stood amazed at the scene of reality passing painfully before me. Yet a hopeful spirit cheered me on ; but truth constrains me to confess that amateur theatrical representations are viciously bad in a mercantile community. They unsettle the mind from

legitimate pursuits, and distract it with golden visions. Still, unaccountable infatuation! I yearned to fret my hour as a professional, and yielded to my thirstful longings. I became a ‘regular,’ but whether the essay proved a hit or a miss I presume not to state. I ran the gauntlet in a country theatre, cheerfully enough on the stage, but with continued short commons off it; and hunger is a sharp thorn, keener than the sharpest practice of the veriest law-shark who ever sued poverty.”

A little further research, and some friendly correspondence, will now enable us to add a few particulars touching Mr John Easby. The grave of this once widely-known writer for the press is situated near the centre of Ardwick Green Cemetery, beneath the branches of an aged elm-tree. Upon a flat stone the ensuing inscription is engraven:—

“In memory of John Easby, of Manchester,
who died 18th November 1852, aged 40 years.
Charles Hindley, son of the above, who died
Sep^r 13th, 1865, aged 26 years.”

Then follows the record of an infant’s demise. Mr Easby’s son was apparently named after the first Member of Parliament for Ashton-under-Lyne. Another son, the only survivor of Mr Easby’s children, bears the name of Richard Cobden, and has spent some portion of his life in New Zealand, to which salubrious island he purposes one day to return. John Easby died, after a lingering illness, at his house in Lower Mosley Street, known as “Number Six.” At the time of his decease, and during many previous years, he was the Manchester Correspondent of the London *Era*. “An account of his funeral (states one who was present at the closing scene) will be found in the *Era* of the time, giving a list of the public

men who followed his remains to their last resting-place ; and however, in the 'sheer force of adverse circumstances, he tilted his pen,' his death brings to my mind's eye one of the most perfect and peaceful assurances of a Christian's hope of a heavenly home."

The half-forgotten Charity with which John Easby was associated is still known to a few citizens as Ann Hinde's. The livery worn by the scholars was, as we remember, of a yellowish green ; but the juvenile wearers gradually disappeared from our streets many years ago ; and as the verdant clothing passed quietly from sight, it seemed likewise to vanish from the public memory. The nature of Mrs Hinde's charitable bequest can be gathered from the inscription on her neat marble monument within the Cathedral :—

" Sacred to the memory of Mrs Ann Hinde, widow of the Rev. John Hinde, formerly Fellow of this Church. She lived a pattern of exemplary piety, and the present trustees have erected this monument as a grateful remembrance of her distinguished charity to the poor of Manchester and Stretford by the establishment of the Green Gown School, for the clothing and educating of 24 poor children, which, by good management and a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, are, in the year 1788, increased to the number of 50. She died in the year 1724, aged 70."

Notwithstanding this gratifying statement, which promised a long-lived friendly rival to good Humphrey's Foundation, the promise has not been realised to the full extent. The Manchester moiety of Mrs Hinde's scholars,

having no building of their own, were accommodated in the school belonging to St Mary's Church, Parsonage, where they prospered to the early years of the present century, and lingered to a much later period. One cause of their decadence in Manchester may be traced, we think, to the precarious tenure of the lodger franchise. Had the generous lady's gift been supplemented by a kindred bequest, and the scholars located in an historic hall of their own—say Hulme, or Ordsall, or Garratt—their Foundation might be flourishing to-day. The Green boy, in his interesting retreat, might be as tangible as the Blue boy. At Stretford, we believe, a vestige of the Charity is still remaining (by amalgamation with the National School), less livery being worn, and of a darker hue than formerly.

An inscription on the south side of St Mary's Church-yard, Parsonage, forms an interesting link in the history of the Green-Gowns :—

“ Martha, wife of Richard Hartley, died March the 3rd, 1781, aged 70 : first School-mistress of St Mary's Charity. Richard Hartley, died November 19, 1786, aged 81 years : first Schoolmaster of St Mary's Charity.”

This Charity, while gradually passing from public observation in Manchester, has been maintained with more vigour at Stretford, which place has become its stronghold. Its watchful guardian, or “village Hampden,” during many years, was the late Rev. Joseph Clarke, the curate in charge (and afterwards rector), who thus observes in his

diary :—“May 12, 1847.—Till this year the boys have always worn green swallow-tailed coats and leathern breeches. To say nothing of the absurdity of thus dressing boys of eight to twelve years of age, the inconvenience to the little fellows was great, especially in wet weather, inasmuch as they could not at times sit down or bend.”

In Mr Clarke’s “Sickbed Address to his Beloved Parishioners,” printed in October 1859, shortly before the pastor’s decease, he expressed an earnest desire that a memorial window should be placed in Stretford Church in grateful remembrance of Mrs Hinde; “to whom, during the last hundred years, most of the poor inhabitants [of the village] have been indebted for all the education they ever received.” This graceful tribute has not yet been paid; the debt of gratitude, so long overdue, is still owing by the public. Let us hope the worthy parishioners, or others, may yet see their way clear in this direction, if there be a window to spare suitable for the purpose. And if through such memorial window—

“The slanting rays of Sabbath light
Shine o’er the donors’ pews,”—

could the donors receive a sweeter return for their munificence? We glean from the Parliamentary report on charities that “on Wednesday preceding Ascension Day, a meeting of Mrs Hinde’s trustees is held at Stretford, the accounts audited, the children examined, and vacancies filled up. All the children attend [*i.e.*, the Manchester children are brought to Stretford], and are furnished with two meals. A sermon is preached in Stretford Church.”

In 1869 the value of the school property was officially stated to be:—

Consols,	£	2780	15	0
New do.,	:	:	:	:		1316	10	0
							<u>£</u>	<u>4097</u>
						5		5
Total dividends—								
Manchester,	£	61	9	1
Stretford,	:	:	:	:		61	9	2
							<u>£</u>	<u>122</u>
							18	3
Total former income,	£	199	18	4

This account of the Green-Coat School, or rather scholars, may be suitably concluded with a few observations by Mr David Kelly, late churchwarden of Stretford, who has taken an interest in the subject, and to whom we are indebted for some useful facts. “The boys wore the ordinary chimney-pot hat without nap. The hat worn by the girls was something like a cardinal’s hat, but not quite so broad in the brim. It was of hard felt, and light green in colour. The girls wore a large white tippet reaching to the waist. [The costume, it will be understood, has been materially modified since 1847.] At the present time there are thirty-five children educated in Manchester [at St John’s School, Gartside Street], twelve of whom—six boys and six girls—are clothed. In Stretford thirty-one are educated, of which number five boys and five girls are clothed.” At the coronation of George the Fourth, these children (headed by their master and mistress) were conspicuous in the great procession, the spectators being highly amused with their span-new verdure. The green bonnets of the girls were relieved for the occasion with mazarine blue ribbons.

In a marriage settlement, dated 1714, reference is made to "all that burgage or tenement being near a certain street called Smithy Door Bank, and all those two gardens lying on the back of the said messuage, leading down to the river Irwell." Afterwards the property in question passed to Mr Robert Thyer, librarian of Chetham's College, as the dower of Silence, his wife. This scholar is still favourably remembered. The *Mercury*, at the date of his demise, was highly eulogistic, proclaiming him an honour to this town, where he was born and educated. Further particulars respecting him may be read in the "Admission Register of the Manchester School," edited by the Rev. Jeremiah Finch Smith. A short enigmatical poem of Mr Thyer's might be here introduced as a sample of his rhyming quality, but we must forbear, lest the current chapter would be thought somewhat overburdened with extract matter. A flat stone within the Cathedral contains the last few words of his story:—

"Robert Thyer, died October 27, 1781,
aged 72. Silence, his wife, died May 4,
1753, aged 38."

The foot of Smithy Door Bank rested upon the Old Bridge, and so terminated the line of Manchester streets in this direction. Here also may terminate our dissertation; for the modern Victoria is no more a Bridge of Sighs whereon to ruminate, than are we a wayward Byron to conjure forth a long array of interesting shadows. Albeit a prison did once, sternly and truly, greet the passenger on the one hand, no palace ever charmed him on the other, as at Venice; nor do graceful gondolas glide on the Irwell beneath. The rowers hereabout are indeed songless;

listen as we may, our ears catch not the melody of troubadour, the nearest resemblance being the Cathedral chimes. Yet it must be conceded that, half a century ago, we narrowly escaped a succession of elegant vessels. A navigable ship canal from the Irish Sea direct to this town was projected, sundry witty squibs hailing the advent of the grand idea. The press of Liverpool and Manchester entered upon a harmless paper war, in which contest, if not overpowered, we certainly were outnumbered, by the Livers. In prose, they congratulated us on the quantity of vessels lying at anchor at Kersal Moor Dry Dock, in the port of Manchester, and bound for Utopia ; in verse, they hoped the lords of the loom, while enjoying their own champagne, would at least leave to Liverpool its port. But humour apart, and free-ranging fancy put aside, some considerable time must elapse, we opine, before our chief civic dignitary will sail in a gilded barge, and officially marry the sea at Bootle Landmarks.

The prison to which we have referred, so long situated upon and within Salford Bridge,* would have proved a puzzle to Jack Sheppard, the daring scapegrace who has left his name to other times, linked with one virtue—but we forget the virtue in the crimes. Had he here leaped through the wall, he would have alighted in the river, and possibly be found drowned by Jonathan Wild or some other tipstaff. To the inmates of that dungeon the water was a greater terror than the confinement, and with reason. A sudden rising of the Irwell during

* An interesting view of this bridge and prison is preserved in Buck's South-West Prospect, *ante*, page 207.

the unguarded night would immerse or overwhelm them. On one occasion at the least (see Aston's "Metrical Records"), when the keeper tardily unlocked the door, he discovered that the great Liberator had entered the dungeon before him, setting the captive free. Changing from prisoners to prayers,—from sinners to saints,—it was at this spot the Royalists opened their siege and the Puritans rushed from their pews to the conflict. Even in the church the worshippers forgot the Peacemaker's injunction—"If thine enemy smite thee on one cheek, turn the other,"—seizing, in preference, any weapon that came first to hand for the purpose of returning blow for blow. In this dereliction of religious duty perchance our combative forefathers may stand excused, so long as self-preservation remains the primal law of nature, and while numerals (ever commencing with number one) form the chief study of a mercantile community. In that *mèlée* an inquisitive boy was shot while sitting upon a stump close to our present standpoint. Much safer remaining here now. That fated boy on the fatal stump reminds us of other boys and other upright timbers. Our elders—but not our juveniles—will remember the time when Manchester was a town of stumps—one being affixed securely to each, or nearly each, street corner. Never could we divine the purpose of those wooden pillars, and ultimately assumed that they were connected in some mysterious way with the riddle of the Sphynx. But boys have a genius for materialising the visions of men, and we found permanent use and practical purpose for those perpendiculars. We rarely passed them, singly or in troops, without overleaping their highnesses, or attempting that gymnastic feat.

They constituted the best imaginable "Craddies." One morning we awoke (again in the domain of Byron) and missed the stumps. They had not decayed gradually, in the natural ordination of timber or of men. No fear of latent dry-rot in the wet town of Manchester. So why had they suddenly vanished, and where? Only one solution presented itself to our unformed mind. Being a compact body, doubtless they formed a union, and had struck to remedy some real or imaginary grievance,—probably for greater elevation and less leaping: just as the workers of our own era strike for more wages and fewer working hours. Nothing beats your two-edged sword when rushing headlong into battle, but it possesses the dangerous tendency of cutting both ways.

As the shadows of the olden time, accompanied by those of our own youth, disappear from the foot of Smithy Door Bank, a more recent scene arises.

Amongst the latest levellings for improvement purposes in this city was the popular tavern adjoining the Victoria Bridge, and built upon the rugged rock, slightly overhanging the Irwell. At once a vault, a refreshment-room, a boathouse, and a singing gallery, no wonder it attracted incessant crowds of the matter-of-fact sons and daughters of John Bull,—a family so famous for its love of eating and drinking and recreation. The usual visitors to the Trafford Arms were "positive" philosophers, though unconscious of the existence of Comte,—admirers of "muscular" Christianity, and daily practising its virtues, without the aid of the Rev. Charles Kingsley or Mr Thomas Hughes. Albeit they were, as Mr Charles Phillips wrote upon one of his title-pages,

"All Low People There," it is curious to note how much, in some important particulars, they resembled their betters. When wearied by labour or *ennui*—(how they would have laughed at that alien word and at the Frenchman pronouncing it!)—they invariably sought the amusement that most amused them; and when, as on one painful occasion, while eagerly pursuing their pleasures in this saloon, they were suddenly confronted by Death, and slain and piled by his mysterious hand, the mourning was as deep in the cottage homes as it could have been in the stateliest halls. The date of that disaster was Friday, July 31, 1868. At a benefit concert—"Don't forget this benefit!" was printed in the bills of the day)—a false alarm of fire was raised, and a panic ensued, in which twenty-three persons were fatally crushed in their frantic efforts to escape from the hall, eleven others being injured. The sufferers were chiefly boys and girls. The street ballad-singer,—the laureate of the million,—warbled his "Lamentation" in due course to crowds of sympathising listeners, until, at length, the interest faded, and they turned to mourn over the next great sorrow. This music-room was best known to the multitude by its *aliases*, all abbreviated in the true Lancashire fashion. Who has not heard of "Ben Lang's," or "Th' Trafford," or "Th' Vic?" even royalty being nowadays shorn of its fair dimensions. Within those walls appeared, during many years, a succession of surprises for the people. "Matchless singers!" "Inimitable dancers!" "Champion pedestrians!" "Belted bruisers!" and so forth, to the utter exclusion of the golden mean—the happy medium. Anciently, in the "dim morning twilight of time," the world was content

with seven or eight wonders, sparsely distributed over the globe; but the Trafford Arms could boast of a new wonder every week, announced in coloured programmes, which afforded a treat to the lovers of superlatives and notes of admiration.

CHAPTER XIX.

OVER SALFORD BRIDGE.

“ As in a mirror, vanished years
 This well-known view is raising ;
With lightning glow the past appears,
 As thoughtful I am gazing.
Be fresh each leaf, be strong each form,
 No biting winds impair them ;
And may the red wing of the storm
 Pass ever by and spare them.”

ANON.

CROSSING the Old Bridge, with the South-West Prospect expanded before us as a guide, we will now follow its direction along the verdant, tree-decked bank of the Irwell, upon the Salford side. Apart from the *sylva* of the scene, and exclusive of the unpolluted river, the most prominent object pictured in our pathway is the boathouse, “in w^{ch} is a curious Bath.” Of this curiosity we cannot trace the remote origin, but a few last-century notes, showing its peculiarities, may be thought worthy of revival. The earliest allusion, bearing date 1747-48, was printed in Whitworth’s *Manchester Magazine*, wherein are set forth for sale “Three houses opposite the Spaw Stile, or Bath Stile, in Salford.” After an interval of forty years, we meet with the following notice in Harrop :—“1793, March.—To be sold, the Bath Inn

in Salford, situate on the bank of the river Irwell, near the new stone bridge [New Bailey Bridge], and near the intended junction of the Bolton and Bury Canal with the said river. There is also a celebrated Cold Bath, well frequented, and supplied with spring-water, in a convenient part of the house." The next announcement appeared on the 5th of July 1796:—"Public Cold Bath, at the Lying-in Hospital, Stanley Street, New Bailey Street, Salford. The ancient cold bath called the Spaw, so well-known for its coldness, and the plentiful supply of spring-water which is constantly running through it, is now fitted up for the use of the public. Terms of bathing, sixpence per time, or ten shillings and sixpence per quarter; towels included." This advertisement was partly repeated in the *Mercury* three years later. At what date the antique boathouse disappeared, or whether the spring contained therein be yet flowing, deponent knoweth not. The bath, long ago fallen out of public use, is now but faintly remembered; yet Spaw Street retains the name, while marking the site where it flourished.

It appears by a copy of the Salford charter—translated by Mr Thomas Peet, and printed in 1824 for private circulation among the officials of the town—that the said charter was granted in 1231 by Ranulph, Earl of Chester and Lincoln. Therein all men present and to come are greeted, and told that every burgess shall have one acre for his burgage—which fact clearly points out the golden era described by the poet Goldsmith, though commonly supposed to be mythical—"when every rood of ground maintained its man." Other items of the charter decree all just debts to be paid, and forbid

any one to smite his neighbour in anger. Bread made to sell is to be baked in the Earl's oven by reasonable custom; "and if," writes Ranulph, in continuation, "I shall have a mill there, the burgesses shall grind at my mill to the twentieth vessel." Free pasture is given in the woods and plains situated within the borough, and acquittance of poundage, with permission to reasonably take within the said wood "all things necessary to build withal and to burn." Further, it is decreed that when a burgess "departeth this life, his wife shall abide in the house with the heir, and there have necessaries as long as she shall remain a widow; and when again married, she shall depart freely without dower, and the heir as lord shall remain in the house." From the said heir all the acknowledgment required by Earl Ranulph consisted of a sword, a bow, and a spear.

For the better observance of our individual reminiscences, it is now desirable to lay aside the public charter, and to bridge the gulf of six hundred vanished years, leaving the spears and good yew-bows of the Middle Ages, with the potent Ranulphs who guided them, to their dreamless rest and natural oblivion.

It may not be amiss to indulge for a brief space in a few early recollections of a familiar locality that has gradually become metamorphosed in its appearance and character; some of which metamorphoses, if not noted here, may soon pass from remembrance, and find no other chronicler.

Born in Paradise Vale, at the foot of Green Bank, near Broughton Bridge, and dating our existence from the close of the sixteenth year of the present century—the first

entire year of peace after an age of warfare—we have seen more than the usual amount of change come over our birthplace. In some situations Time seems to slumber with folded wings, while in others he works his marvels with amazing alacrity. The small town, with its twenty thousand inhabitants (in 1801 it possessed scarcely half of that number), has grown into a borough of importance, containing a population exceeding one hundred and twenty-four thousand souls, and is duly represented both in Council and in Parliament. Two newspapers have also been added to its modern blessings, each journal guarding its moiety of the inhabitants. Albeit strongly contrasted in partisan colours, they manage to run their weekly stages as neighbours, if not as friends. A little viciousness of temper when they chance to “foul” (as the rowers say), or restiveness in the political traces, may be expected and excused. Yet, withal, Salford refuses to support a theatre, a market, or good book-marts of its own, preferring to cross the numerous bridges into Manchester, there suiting its taste, and leaving its money with its overgrown neighbour. “Much shall have more,” saith the proverb; and ever therein lies some foundation of truth.

Our earliest impressions of Salford embrace a cluster of gardens adjacent to our home; beyond these appeared meadow land, which in turn was bounded by the river, as it flowed brightly through an abundance of marginal flowers. Passing to the opposite side of Broughton Road, we arrive at Shaw’s Brow (or Shay Brows, as the spot was popularly called). This was a spacious playground—a sort of unenclosed common—where the juvenile Waltons

and Cottons of the neighbourhood angled for jacksharps with thread and worm, indulged freely in the healthful recreation of chasing the “sylph of silver, sylph of gold,” or varied such sports with more boisterous amusement. The cluster of gardens met their fate soon after we had formed their acquaintance, for one night the storm-king, while in a convivial humour, played at nine-pins with the gates, and rails, and young trees. Daylight revealed a promiscuous heap of ruin, which no one cared to restore. To increase this disaster, the river had overflowed its banks, covering the meadows almost to our cottage door. This was an event of frequent occurrence, and, though reminding one of the overflowings of the Nile, the deposits of the Irwell were neither so rich nor so desirable as those of the Egyptian river. No such wild pranks are permitted to the Irwell now: its margins are higher and less easily surmounted; utilitarians have confined it with stones, and embanked it with earth; and henceforth, at that portion of its winding course, it is expected to flow as gently as Deva, and move as circumspectly as the up-grown child who once frolicked among its marginal flowers. But sometimes the river chafes under these restraints, fretting unsafely within its narrowed channel.

Of such overflowings extensive uninterrupted views were gained by ascending the long terrace of “Cambell’s Flags,” surmounting the well-known ropery. This ropery at Paradise Vale is still in existence—an evergreen divested of all its verdant surroundings.

Glancing at Springfield Lane, we may remark that on one side the hedgerows and meadows stretched from the

Irwell to the workhouse; on the other side, from the river to Sandy Wells. Nothing intervened save two or three isolated dwellings, and one or two wooden sheds standing quaintly by the wayside. How densely that neighbourhood has since become packed with dwellings and dwellers we need not stay to calculate: suffice it that the hungriest feaster upon bricks and mortar may there satiate his appetite.

With Springfield Lane Mr John Collier and his print-works are closely allied. He was in business at this spot, as dyer and printer, previous to 1794, and here remained during three decades and upwards. Probably he succeeded his father or grandfather, whose demise is thus worded in the Collegiate register:—"1775, Feb. 25.—Thomas Collier, of Salford, dyer." From Thomas's gravestone, in St Mary's Churchyard, Parsonage, we gather that he died at the age of fifty-eight, and that the material he coloured was linen. Evidently, in the art of dyeing, the Colliers were amongst the Salford pioneers, albeit an older notice is furnished by an inscription in the Manchester Cathedral Yard:—"Here resteth the bodie of Daniel Sutton, of Salford, linen dyer. Was buried the 10th day of April 1699."

Mr John Collier's private pond, occupying the space between his residence and the works, abounded with choice fish of many hues. They seemed to know they were holiday fish, often coming, leaping and sportive, above the surface. To watch their bright colours glisten in the sunbeams was a feast for our young eyes. Of course, as we gazed, our juvenility knew nothing of Venus rising from the sea, or floating in her fairy shell; but her

zephyrs were fanning us none the less, and the hours were scarcely more blissful at Cythera. Our memory next reverts to Mr Collier's imposing funeral procession, as it ranged from Spring Field to near the top of the lane, the occurrence dating about the year 1825. With this gentleman originated Collier Street, adjoining the first Salford Poorhouse. The printworks, with the addition of a warehouse in Manchester, were conducted by his family until 1840, or thereabouts, when they passed into other hands.

Broster Street, approaching Broughton Bridge, derived its name from Mr Charles Broster, a charitable individual, who bequeathed one hundred pounds, "one half thereof to be distributed in coals among poor widows and housekeepers of the township not receiving alms, and the other half to be applied in clothing poor children, and providing each with a Church of England Catechism." A glance at the registers shows that Charles Broster, "gentleman, of Salford," was married, by license, at the Manchester Cathedral in 1682, and was there interred in the year 1700. In the interim, two of his daughters were baptized and his wife buried. There is a tablet erected in Trinity Chapel, Salford, in remembrance of Mr Broster and other benefactors.

Brearcliffe's Buildings, Gravel Lane, long preserved the name, though scarcely the memory, of a benevolent lady, Sarah Brearcliffe. She left by her will, dated 1803, three thousand pounds for the maintenance or relief of fourteen decayed housekeepers of Manchester or Salford. This charity is, we believe, still in active operation.

A curious item appeared in the *Mercury* for 14th April

1789:—"To be let for a term of years, two meadows and one pasture field, situate near Old Grindrod, in Salford." John Grindred, as may be remembered, was gibbeted upon Pendleton Moor (now Cross Lane), in the year 1759; and his name, apparently, was given to some ground thereabouts.

As may be anticipated from the rapid increase of inhabitants, houses have displaced the verdure in all directions, and the pellucid character of the river has been destroyed by chemical refuse. Although the old localities still retain their favourite names—names suggestive of "Flora and the country green"—they form so odd an amalgamation with the new streets to which they are wedded, that the contrast raises our mirth along with our melancholy. Wheat Hill has not an ear of corn to bless itself withal; Spring Field has lost every trace of the vernal season; Garden Lane, Posy Street, Blossom Street, and the Old Orchard lead to anything rather than fruit and flowers. Even Paradise and Paradise Hill are shorn of their primeval attractions; and as to the Green Gate that once guarded the Salford pastures—where shall we look for that? Our taste in this matter is confessedly behind the age and fashion. We have no more sympathy with new factories than Wordsworth showed for new railways, and would at any time rather see flowery fields than the tallest chimneys that can be raised upon them.

Our home was situated in the vicinity of the old Cockpit, a noted rendezvous for the sporting characters of the time, where the game birds of the twelfth Earl of Derby and Mr Bold Hoghton, Whitsuntide after Whitsuntide, competed for the sanguinary honours of the pit, and where,

collectively, the gentlemen of Lancashire and the neighbouring counties came to settle their matches touching mains and bye-battles. Here was seen in all its glory the celebrated Derby main-bag, with its rich lace and its needle-embroidered coat of arms, a sight which was alone worth the five shillings admission fee—so, at least, writes “The Druid,” a trustworthy authority on sporting topics. Many a slain warrior, warm in his gory plumage, did our mother purchase at the Salford pit. Cock-fighting was discontinued here in March 1851, at which date the proprietor was fined five pounds, with the alternative of two months’ imprisonment, for allowing a main to be fought on his premises, contrary to the Act of Parliament passed in 1835. Shortly afterwards, the building, being rendered useless, was taken down. It was situated at the rear of the Bridge Inn, Paradise.

The slain warriors just referred to were bought by our mother in the vain hope of renewing our father’s declining strength. Clearly can we picture him leaning on his polished oaken staff, to watch some adventurous spirit ride a velocipede, or dandy-charger, at full force over the then new iron bridge into Strangeways ; or, if it chanced to be holiday time, he would rest on the steps of the Salford Cross and Court House, and amuse himself with a distant view of the flying-boats and merry-go-rounds, as they were exercised on the ancient fair ground at Stanyhurst. While thus gazing at surrounding objects, with the peculiar sensitiveness engendered by long sickness, his thoughts were little to be coveted. A working man, whose health is his sole estate, has need of all his philosophy when his mental view is bounded by an early grave

and a group of helpless children. The said Cross and Court House, which stood on the open space of ground at the top of Greengate, nearly opposite the end of Gravel Lane, were taken down in the summer of 1824. At Stanyhurst the land is no longer vacant, many years having elapsed since it was used for the purposes of a folly fair. The present generation of pleasure-seekers must look elsewhere for the player's half-brother—the showman.

Salford Cross was the scene of tumultuous rejoicing in July 1821, when the coronation of George the Fourth was celebrated with exceeding magnificence throughout Manchester and Salford. Being one of the appointed stations for the roasting and distribution of oxen and sheep, supplemented by loaves of bread and barrels of strong beer, a succession of lively incidents occurred during the day, culminating, at night, in the most boisterous merriment. About five o'clock in the evening, when the grand procession of trades, schools, and other associated bodies, numbering forty thousand persons, had terminated, the distribution of meat and drink to the populace commenced. The scenes that ensued, at Salford Cross and other stations, are described by the reporters of the period as rudely Hogarthian, the waste of food and liquor being much greater than the enjoyment thereof.

The earliest historical notice we meet touching Salford Cross takes date from the origin of Methodism in this town. John Wesley, preaching on the steps of the Cross, received no kindly welcome from the bystanders. In language quaintly descriptive we are informed that one of the "unbroken spirits" around him, more unruly

than the rest, threatened to bring out the engine and play it upon the zealous itinerant preacher. "I walked," observes Mr Wesley in his "Journal," dated May 1747, "straight to Salford Cross. A numberless crowd of people partly ran before, partly followed after me. I thought it best not to sing, but looking round, asked abruptly, 'Why do you look as if you had never seen me before? Many of you have seen me in the neighbouring church, both preaching and administering the sacrament.' I then began. . . . As I was drawing to a conclusion, a big man thrust in, with three or four more, and bade them bring out the engine. Our friends desired me to remove into a yard just by, which I did, and concluded in peace."

Being by birth a "bird of Paradise," we may venture to introduce two other birds of similar plumage. Mr Warwick Brookes, whose fame has latterly extended beyond the provinces, first saw the "light of the world" near to that favoured region styled Paradise, being born in Birtles' Square, Greengate, *anno domini* 1806. At an early age he entered the printworks of Mr John Barge, near Broughton Bridge. Few sounds were more familiar in our boyish ears than "Barge's Printworks,"—situated opposite to the ancient ford, on the Broughton bank of the Irwell. Fortunately for young Warwick, his precocious talent for drawing was observed by the original proprietor of that establishment, who at once caused him to be removed to the designers' department, thus placing him on the right path—a judicious act, that is still gratefully remembered.

One other local artist, Mr William Morton, painter and

engraver, was born in that celestial-terrestrial portion of Salford, in the year of grace 1825. Long ere the names and works of artists or of authors had become familiar things to us, we formed a friendly compact with this student of the fine arts. We use the word "student" advisedly, because it is a rule with Mr Morton that a painter must be ever a student—ever striving, though vainly, to attain the perfection of nature. The views and portraits interspersed through many published volumes, or displayed at sundry exhibitions, bear witness to the poetic feeling, the conscientious refinement, which have guided his pencil and graver.

These dates and points of biography are given with the more care and exactness in order that they may serve to show our natural claims to the said plots of Paradise, whenever the promised Republican time may arrive for partitioning the rich acres of England into equal shares! For such realisation of our birthrights, we fear we must wait until the Peris revisit the earth, or until we, in our silent turn, take wing to their far-away and mysterious realm.

Various derivations of the word Salford have been vaguely mooted in print; but we prefer giving a more romantic version, conveyed to us by tradition, which asserts that a notable matron resided on the spot while it was yet nameless and insignificant; that she continued to live here to a green old age, dispensing blessings to the best of her ability; and that, when she died, her neighbours testified their gratitude by endowing their cluster of homesteads with the name of their favourite gossip—SAL FORD.

In connection with Salford, and also with the blossoming season of childhood, a brief episode—a story of “Cherry ripe”—may be thought worthy of a passing record. One morning, shortly after the premature decease of our father, we were proceeding on an errand for our mother, with a half-crown wrapped for security in brown paper, and deposited in our pocket, when we encountered a man with a wheelbarrow, crying “Cherry ripe!” A group of children were, of course, congregated around the tempting ware, and we, without the least hesitation, added one to their number. Although this junction happened early in the day, we accompanied him, faithfully as his own shadow, until nightfall. Wherever he went we followed, and whenever he stopped to rest or to sell we stayed also. The itinerant fruiterer was a man of wonderful patience and forbearance—a genuine Job. “Do, children, go home; you’ll get lost,” or “Keep your hands off the barrow-sides,” were the only indications of complaint or remonstrance which he suffered to escape him, and even these were thrown away, for we stuck, like cobblers, to the last. Occasionally some one of the little wanderers would release his hold of the barrow, and stand (young philosopher as he was) meditating whether it were best to proceed or return. The doubtful question would eventually be set at rest by the barrow suddenly turning a corner and thereby vanishing from his sight. Then would he take a last lingering look—and it was truly a longing look—towards the departed cherries, and finally saunter, with sidelong gait, in search of his home and his mother. Let us now turn the corner of the street, take a few hasty steps, and here we are once more beside the

enchanted trundler. Happy fellow! thought we in our simplicity, to possess such a store of the luxuries of life—such a perfect Eldorado in a wheelbarrow! Had the wealth of Croesus been showered upon us, how gladly would we have exchanged our lot with the poor fruit-hawker. We had then but a faint idea of the value of gold; its glitter was pleasing for a moment to the eye, but we could receive from it no substantial enjoyment. Far different was our estimate of the pedlar's treasures; there was the intrinsic beauty that surpassed show—the charms not only to be seen, but felt. We knew they were sweet, rich, juicy; and we felt sure that one glorious feast of those luscious cherries must be the climax of human felicity. "It were no figure of speech to say," as the learned Serjeant Buzfuz expressed himself, that our mouths moistened on that trying occasion. Alas! the eye was our only feaster. Fancy and the thin air formed the extent of our regaling. Night came at length, and relieved us from further suspense; nevertheless, our features fell, like barometers in rainy weather, as the last pound of cherries disappeared from the barrow, and the price jingled in the pedlar's pocket. We were, indeed, knights of the rueful countenance. The charm being now broken, we awoke to a true sense of our situation. Hungry and tired, we had angry guardians to encounter at the close of our return journey. The direful rod rose vividly before us. To find this vision realised was the probable fate of each truant; and our own tribulation was much increased when we examined the tiny pocket wherein our mother's half-crown had been deposited, and missed the coin, paper and all! How or whither it had

vaniſhed we knew not, nor has the mystery been ſince revealed.

The opinions of writers respecting the opening ſtages of life's journey are various and conſlicting; the majority assert that childhood is all ſunshine and happiness, while the opposition contend that it is an era of helpless ſuffering. Such opinions are all warranted by contrast of fortune or by individual circumſtances. Those heirs to good luck who have found their playgrounds unlimited, and their butterflies without stint—their flowers ſpringing at the homestead, and their every want anticipated by affection—will naturally ſigh for a renewal of “the old time;” but the workhouse orphan and the drunkard's child, who have no one to bring them comfort, and who cannot aid themselves, will rejoice with equal reaſon when their helpless days have been long enough past.

These juvenile reminiſcences of Salford may be fittingly brought to a close by a poem which we penned many years ago, ſuggested by the common wilding flowers:—

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Bloom on, ye daystars of the plain,
While infant hearts beat high;
Bloom sweet through sultry summer's reign,
Bloom on, and never die!
Langſyne, amid your beauties wild,
My mother led me forth, a child,
When light curls waved above the brow
That care has lined and shadowed now.
How bright her eyes with bosom glee
While gazing in her pride on me,
When heaven bestowed its blissful hours
And Joy first found me culling flowers!

She watched me with a mother's care,
In scenes of earth almost divine,
And breathed a mute yet fervent prayer
The daisy's fate might aye be mine—
Beneath a stainless sky to live,
While earth her genial hours could give.
I culled the flower with thoughtless glee,
Her prayers would fain have linked with me,
And placed it near her, death-allied.
“Emblem of life,” she faintly sighed,
“How brief thy date, though bright thy bloom,
How soon the young may seek the tomb !”
And grief stole o'er her gentle breast
(As evening shadows gloam the west),
To think her son might leave her side,
And perish in his early pride.
'Twas thus my mother, sainted soul !
Erst mused o'er Fate's mysterious scroll,
And wondered what it stored for me ;
Whilst I, amid my daystars free,
As little recked of woe or weal,
As little as the flowers could feel.
Pride of my childhood, youth, and age,
In Nature's book the fairest page,
Bloom on, for ever gem the sod—
The child's inheritance from God !

Sweet flowers that crown my favourite lea,
Though aye from thought and care ye're free,
How much deep thought ye yield to me !
Once more I strayed, when years had flown,
To muse above your charms alone ;
Gay summer laughed o'er moor and glen,
And all seemed young and blythe as when
I frolicked 'neath my mother's ken :
No more I prized your bloom or breath,
Wee life-buds in the realms of death,
But blessed the pure, lone watch ye gave,
Mute guardians of my mother's grave !

When shall the tongue, great God, reveal
All that the soul is forced to feel—
The blighted joy, the hope o'erthrown,
That must be felt or ne'er be known ?
'Twere vain to say my heart was moved,
My words were hushed, my pride reproved ;
For who hath knelt at Death's cold shrine
Nor learned the grief that then was mine ?
I plucked one gem the green earth bore,
But gladness wooed not as of yore ;
For youth had crept o'er childhood's prime,
And doubts and fears are linked with time.
I marked yon heaven, o'erarching all,
Where angel feet so lightly fall,
And pondered o'er her destiny ;
While she, beneath my daystars free,
As little recked of woe or weal,
As little as the flowers could feel,
In Flora's train, when sunbeams fall,
What wealth of charms springs forth for all !
But none like thee entrance mine eye,
Or conjure back loved scenes gone by,
Or o'er my heart exert such power—
“ Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower.”
Pride of my childhood, youth, and age,
In Nature's book the fairest page,
Bloom on, for ever gem the sod—
The child's inheritance from God !

When the formal historian of Salford shall arise in the future, this retrospective chapter anent its vanished gardens and obliterated green fields may serve as a contrast and a relief to the heavier pages,—commercial, statistical, or otherwise.

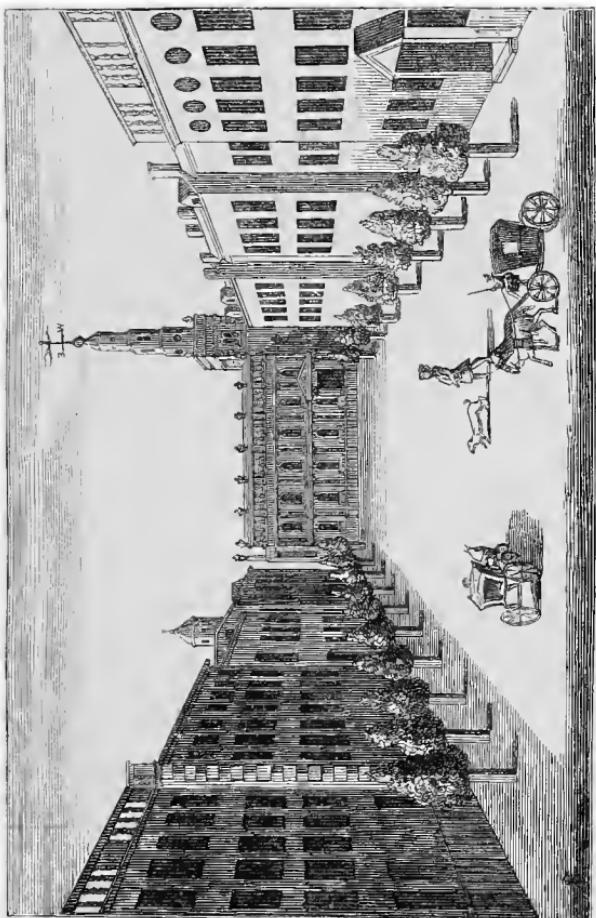
CHAPTER XX.

ST ANN'S SQUARE AND ITS SILENT INMATES.

“ Then shall the pilgrim feet find rest,
Peace softly soothe the careworn breast,
The dangerous race be safely run,
The fadeless crown securely won ;
No more by strong temptation tried,
I shall—I shall be satisfied.”

REV. WILLIAM GASKELL.

WE are not about to enter St Ann's Square by the broad, easy thoroughfare known as Exchange Street, where the new and noble Exchange elates the wayfarer on the one hand, while upon the other he is attracted by gold and silver ornaments, the illustrated windows of the repository of arts, and anon by chaste and costly articles of *vertu*. Any person is at liberty to enter the square by this route, gazing his fill at the rarities displayed. Our entrance shall be made by a narrower inlet, little known to the public of to-day. Lying before us are two primitive last-century views—Manchester versions of Sleepy Hollow,—and most impressive is the slow movement of Time, in all his affairs, as therein delineated. How we have quickened his paces in these railway days ! Were the venerable greybeard to linger upon the line now, or rest at *the fatal points*, the train would assuredly run



SAINT ANN'S SQUARE. 1746.



him down, and so prevent the celebration of his nineteenth-century birthday. Here he is, in fancy, with flowing fore-lock, dreaming (but not of railways) beside his hour-glass; and instead of rushing after the rushing newsboy for the latest telegram, he would wait a week for his tardy newspaper. If any important intelligence arrived in the meantime, he set the bells a-ringing, and the welcome or the warning pealed forth from the church tower, instead of quietly issuing, as now, from the telegraph office. Poor old Time! He must needs re-sharpen his scythe. Though a matchless worker in his prime, he is ageing now, and the glory of the brightest day departs when the sun goes down.

Looking somewhat more literally at our pictures of Manchester as it was, we perceive two covered inlets pre-occupying the site of the present Exchange Street. One, significantly termed the Dark Entry, otherwise Acre's Court, with a pump at the further end, served the unambitious pedestrians ; the other—Coffee-house Entry—much wider, and running underneath a portion of the Eagle and Child Coffee-house, accommodated, one at a time, the few vehicles then in use. This pile of buildings was taken down (according to Wheeler's History) about 1776, to make way for Exchange Street ; a few years later the Exchange itself was removed from the central position it had so long occupied. Thus the original form of the Market Place was obliterated, and its aspect became entirely changed. We owe something—gratitude at the least—to the useful hands, with timely pencils, who hastened to sketch our doomed antiquities when their knell had been officially sounded. Only in these pictured resemblances can we

now recognise our ancient historical town, or understand how widely it differed in every essential particular—in form, character, and manners—from the modern city engrossing its name and place. Engrossing may sound a harsh term, but it justly applies to all impatient heirs who, imitating Prince Henry, put on the kingly crown before the king resigns in a natural way. Leaving the Dark Entry upon our right hand, we will now pass under the wider archway, and so enter St Ann's Square. Amongst the traders in this gateway, the most prominent objects (as we glean from chronicles, not from drawings) were an industrious cobbler and his stall, ready to repair, with all the philosophy pertaining to the gentle craft, the fractured shoe of any “citizen of the world” who might chance to be passing. With this cobbler and his stall we need not dwell. Goldsmith has efficiently described a similar pair ; and Liverseege has painted them—industrious and homely, and with a partiality for the *Political Register*. On emerging into the square, we are confronted by two rows of trees, standing in Indian file, one row on each side. They profess to be young plane-trees, duly rooted in the earth, but to uncultured visions they resemble vegetable nine-pins as placed in a skittle-alley, and awaiting the bowlers to topple them over. We marvel how such trees withstood the wind-storm that swept the country in 1703, or braved the hurricane of 1802, when one of the dial-plates of St Ann's clock was forced from its position. This ground, a few years prior to the scene reviewed, was Acre's Field, with a turnstile used for regulating the ingress and egress of holiday visitors to the fair. An eye-witness of those curious festivals was James Ogden, still faintly remem-

bered as "Poet Ogden," who published anonymously in 1783 a useful description of Manchester, founded on personal observation. This *brochure* is still consulted, while the laboured epics of the writer are utterly neglected—a comparison that would apply to some authors of greater mark. If asked, for example, what Lady Morgan wrote, we should be apt to reply "Kate Kearney,"—forgetful of the numerous volumes on which she hoped to build her fame; yet "Kate Kearney" was flung off in a girlish impulse—the one Promethean spark vouchsafed to mortal. James Ogden's son—of blanketeering fame—was interred in St Ann's Churchyard, but his grave (as we learn from one of his descendants) is now outside the eastern railing, and within the narrow passage leading to the bank of Messrs Jones, Loyd, & Company.

Beyond the eccentric plane-trees, from which we have slightly wandered, and at the extremity of the modern houses, appear St Ann's Church and graveyard, then newly erected and formed. Here let us seriously contemplate a few epitaphs, marking the uncertainties of life. From such consecrated ground Humour must depart with her mimes, meek Reverence taking her stead.

The earliest notices of St Ann's Church are found in the homely diary of a Manchester wigmaker, which we had once the curiosity to read in the worn manuscript volume. It has since been included (barring a few items that must remain unprinted) in Mr Harland's "*Collectanea.*"

" 1712, July 17.—Remarkable for St Ann's Church consecration, and a great concourse of people. Good business, and I sober at eight o'clock at night, but was merry before I went to bed. Bishop Dawes performed the consecration, Mr Bagaly endowed it, the clergy responded at entrance, Mr Ainscough read prayers, Beatman 'sponsored,

the Bishop read the gift both in Latin and English, Mr Bond preached on ‘Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord.’ Then the Bishop and clergy, and who would, stayed sacrament. Thus they was about four hours in this great work.

“ 20th.—Great work at St Ann’s.

“ September 20.—This being market and Accar’s Fair and all, I wish good business.

“ 1713, May 13.—Yesterday was buried Dr Yarborough at New Church, Dr Banne preached his funeral sermon. He’s the first that ever was buried there. [This statement is verified by the register, the first entry therein being as follows:—“ 1713, May 12th.—Doctr Yarborough, buried at St Ann’s.”]

“ June 14.—Stayed at home forenoon ; heard Bishop of Man in St Ann’s afternoon on peace of conscience.

“ August 2.—I fled to St Ann’s ; in forenoon I heard Dr Leaster there.

“ 16th.—Heard Dr Banne at St Ann’s two sermons, one on the sacrament, the other on sincerity of intention.

“ 1714, August 3.—Heard this day of Queen Anne’s death ; there’s great sorrow for her.

“ 6th.—News of King George’s proclamation at London, 1st instant. Heard King George prayed for at St Ann’s Church this day. O God, send us peace !”

Quitting the quaint diary for the lettered gravestones, a lengthy Latin inscription informs the reader that the remains of Nathanael Banne, A.M. (apparently the first regular pastor of the church), were here deposited in September 1736, at the age of sixty-five. Another Latin inscription records that Josephus Hoole, A.M., rector, died on the 27th of November 1745, aged sixty-three. Various descriptive writers have paused at this grave, and, without quoting the epitaph, have told us with evident delight how sedately the Pretender’s officers surrounded the mourners during the burial of Mr Hoole, behaving as Christians and as gentlemen. Although, as soldiers, they had thrown

down the gauntlet in defiance of death, they stood, with bonnets and plumes reversed, on the neutral confines of the grave. Strange that all our local painters have overlooked this historic scene. One will migrate to Bettws, another to Conway, while a third rambles to Ambleside, in search of a fresh subject where little of freshness remains, to the utter neglect of an impressive picture lying at their own door. "Dearly bought and far-fetched," may be good for artists as well as for ladies.

A neighbouring inscription to that of Mr Hoole marks the family grave of the Quinceys :—

"—— lie the remains of Mrs Sarah Penson,
Relict of the late Samuel Penson, of London,
who died Jany. 16, 1790, aged 69 years.
Also of Thomas Quincey, Merchant, who died
July 18, 1793, aged 40 years."

Then follow the names of two daughters of Thomas and Elizabeth Quincey. In November 1780, the *Mercury* thus announced the wedding of these parents of the Opium-Eater :—"Wednesday last was married, at St George's, Queen Square, Mr Thomas Quincey, linen merchant in this town, to Miss Penson of North Street, London." Of the Opium-Eater himself an interesting reminiscence occurs in a thoughtful article, "The Visible and the Invisible in Libraries," contributed by Mrs R. C. Waterston to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and since published in pamphlet form by Mr Robert Holt of Manchester :—"Coming back from the Paduan hall, so weird and ghostly, we glance along the shelves at a long row of volumes which bear De Quincey's name, and we need not open a page to feel the mysterious spell of the Opium-Eater. Like one of those

strange dreams of his seems a remembrance which comes back to us with his name. A quaint, tall house in the old part of Edinburgh has admitted us into a quiet apartment, where, as the twilight is creeping in through the windows, a small grey man receives us, with graceful and tender courtesy. He converses with a felicity of language like that of his printed pages, but in a voice so sweet, so low, so exquisitely modulated, that the magical tone vibrates on the ear like music. It was De Quincey, who held us entranced until darkness gathered around us, then bade us farewell, his kind words lingering on the air, as, with a flickering candle in his hand, he flitted up the winding stair, and vanished away." It will be remembered that De Quincey, dying at Edinburgh towards the close of 1859, was interred at St Cuthbert's Church in that city. Some day, we may safely anticipate, one of the numerous summer tourists to the lochs and mountains, turning aside from the beaten track, will visit the grave of the profound thinker, and inform us of the nature of his epitaph, or the character of his monument. His eldest surviving son, Francis John de Quincey, M.D., died at Brazil on the 12th of April 1861.

The request herein contained has been promptly gratified. A gentleman of Crumpsall, drawn by business or pleasure to the Modern Athens, very considerately copied for us the inscription to the Opium-Eater's memory, accompanying it by a sketch of the tombstone, as it appears fixed against the wall of St Cuthbert's Church-yard, facing the Caledonian Railway Station. The sketch has since been carefully elaborated. Our obliging correspondent describes the tombstone as being about six



TOMBSTONE OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

feet high, two feet and a half wide, and made of plain polished freestone. The gentle controversy touching Thomas de Quincey's birthplace is perplexed rather than set at rest by this latest evidence, the monumental inscription. It states that he was born at Greenhay; whereas his father's will and other family documents (formerly in the possession of the late Mr John Sudlow) show that the house was not built until the close of 1790, five years subsequent to the birth of the future author. The documents are thus supported by De Quincey himself in a reminiscence of his sixth year:—"Greenhay, a country-house newly built by my father, at that time was a clear mile from the outskirts of Manchester; but in after years Manchester, throwing out the *tentacula* of its vast expansions, absolutely enveloped Greenhay. . . . After changes so great, it will be difficult for the *habitué* of that region to understand how my brother and myself could have a solitary road to traverse between Greenhay and Princess Street, then the termination, on that side, of Manchester. But so it was." Moreover, his baptism at St Ann's strengthens the conviction that he was born at his father's town-residence.

Returning to St Ann's Churchyard, we trace, on the south side, the lettered stone of a once "very considerable hatter":—

"Here lyeth the body of Miles Bower, who died March 22, 1780, aged 84. Elizabeth, his Wife, buried 22nd of October 1771, in the 75th year of her age."

Then follow, in peculiar arrangement, the names and dates of demise of seven of their sons and daughters.

The homes of Miles Bower & Son, standing backward from Aldport Lane, and with numerous posts in front, is pictured in Berry & Casson's plan of the town. At the north-east corner of the churchyard may be read the "short and simple annal" of a local public character—John Shaw—who won much notice during life, and whose Punch-House near the Old Shambles, in Smithy Door, has been frequently described since Dr Aikin first drew attention to its peculiarities. Apparently the veteran outlived his race, the dates on the stone proving that a numerous family preceded him to the grave. When John Shaw's Punch-House was converted to the King's Head Tavern, the "house-warming" was duly announced in the *Mercury* in January 1809.

The last inscription we shall extract from St Ann's bears reference to a post-office functionary who was eulogised in the newspaper obituary as "second to none in this part of the kingdom in the knowledge of his profession."

"Here was interred John Willatt, late Post-Master of this town, who departed this life July 24, 1772, aged 41 years. . . . Also Sarah Willatt, late Post-Mistress of this town, who departed this life 25 December 1801, aged 70 years."

Latterly the suggestion has been mooted that St Ann's Church, being considered no longer an ornament, should be removed, giving place to a wide entrance into King Street; merely sentiment and feeling, it is stated, standing in the way of the alteration. But do not these two elements furnish the poetry of life, which Hazlitt affirms

is the only part worth possessing? Ignore sentiment and feeling, and what will remain save the hard, unlovable selfishness which is the bane of society? Even self-interest may suggest forbearance, remembering that the living of to-day may become the dead of to-morrow. When the removal of a graveyard is a stern necessity, it may be decently covered, even lightly built over, but never exhumed. "Dust to dust," saith the Word.

The publication of this chapter has elicited two or three letters containing matter of peculiar interest, which may in part be made available here. "Mulberry Street, out of Ridge Field [writes a former student of our Grammar School] was named after a fine mulberry-tree that grew there. I have a dim recollection of St Ann's Churchyard before a part of the yard was added to the street. I also remember the church being draped in black during Lent; and old Miss Newberry, a resident in King Street (where Anderson's shop now stands), being conveyed in probably the last of the sedans to attend morning prayers at St Ann's." The memory of our informant is supported by a line, repeated through a series of years, in Pigot's Directories—"Newberry, Mrs Ann, 50 King Street." The final appearance of the name was in 1829.

Later still, we may take our farewell of the sedan-chair with Miss Eleanor Atherton, long a resident of "23 Quay Street, and of Kersall Cell," but now reposing in the moorland churchyard. Finding the sedan of her youth (apart from the nimble-footed linkboy) convenient for the infirmities of her age, she retained it in use almost to the close of her life. Thus the sedan-chair was rendered

familiar to Miss Atherton's neighbours, as likewise to her fellow-worshippers at St John's Church, under the ministry of its recently-deceased pastor, the Rev. William Huntington.

From another correspondent comes a curious revelation of the past—a recollection of a passage in Manchester history which may serve as a sequel to our notes upon St Ann's Churchyard :—

THE MANCHESTER JACOBITES.

"I was dining, some thirty years ago, with the late Dr S. L. Bardsley. When the cloth was removed, the conversation took a more narrative character than is usual. Many personal recollections were told, and at length one of the guests incidentally mentioned the traditions of Manchester at the time of the Jacobite disturbances. Upon this our host observed how singular it was that the authorities of that day had never discovered the persons who had removed from the Manchester Exchange the heads of Jemmy Dawson (the hero of Shenstone's ballad) and the two Deacons, which had been exposed there, after their execution, as participators in the Jacobite troubles. He added that he was the only person living who could then solve the mystery. He went on to say, that many years previously (I forget the exact date) he was in attendance upon one Miss Hale who lived in King Street, and who had been a great partisan of Charles Edward. The old lady, who was then about ninety years of age, and believed herself to be dying, as was in fact the case, dismissed all her attendants from the room except the doctor ; and having ascertained from him that she had not many hours to live, told him that her brother, who was then dead, was the person who had removed the heads in question, and that they were then buried in the garden at the back of the house in which she was living. She concluded by making him promise that, when she was gone, he would have them taken up and placed in consecrated ground.

"I need hardly add that Dr Bardsley strictly fulfilled her wishes. Three skulls were found in the garden, as she had stated, and they

were placed, as I understood, in St Ann's Churchyard. This is the more probable as there are now tombs of the Deacons to be found there.

Y."

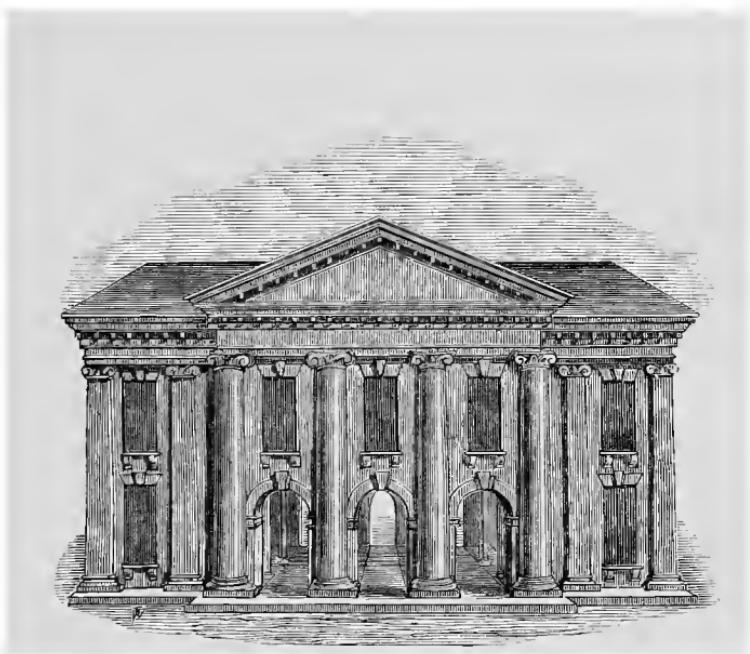
A few words of explanation seem necessary. The head of James Dawson was never exhibited upon our Exchange, nor more than one of the Deacons. The general belief is, that only two heads (those of Thomas Theodorus Deacon and Thomas Syddall) were there displayed; but in some accounts the cranium of Thomas Chadwick is added. The early executions connected with this district form the unsatisfactory part of our history, some of the printed statements concerning them being vague or traditional, while in other instances the authorities are so contradictory that we are perforce reminded of the opening lines of Macheath's ballad—"How happy could I be with either, were 't other dear charmer away." Now that the Palatine records are removed from Lancaster to London to facilitate reference, the perplexing doubts, the bootless surmises, hitherto prevailing, may shortly be dispersed by the more certain information embodied in those long-hidden documents.

When our first Exchange was taken down, the building materials were bought by a Mr Upton of Church Street: so states an aged resident, whose useful remembrances are embodied in "Collectanea." The same resident further sayeth, that he saw a portion of those materials lying in Mr Upton's yard, near Shepley Street, Bank Top, and noticed that the two spikes whereon the heads of Deacon and Syddall had been placed still remained fastened in one of the stones.

The first Exchange deserves more than a mere cursory glance or passing remark, as we have elsewhere shown. It is worth the modern citizen's while—if the organ of comparison be marked “Full” upon the flattering phrenological character kept at home for private consolation—to take a peep at the vast, elaborate Town Hall,—at the noble, newly-erected Exchange,—at the theatres (the Royal, the Prince's, the Queen's),—and then rest his eyes upon this portraiture of the neat edifice which did duty for them all little more than a century ago! Could silent contrast be more eloquent or impressive? Here is the rise and progress of mercantile Manchester vividly conveyed in a glance. Alas for the blind!—sad must be their deprivation, when striking comparisons such as these are lost to their sightless orbs. It was long accredited, upon the averment of the “oldest inhabitant,” that our first theatre was formed of wood and canvas, but thorough research proved that the early players exercised their vocation in the more substantial building here represented. Doubtless, the town was formerly surrounded by growing timber, but a stone quarry also existed in the neighbourhood, at Collyhurst, and our ancestors were wise enough to utilise both materials—in their theatre, as likewise in their church.

Public interest in the subject of the Jacobite rising has been newly awakened by Mr William Harrison Ainsworth in his latest novel, entitled “The Manchester Rebels of the Fatal '45.”

“When I was a boy,” writes Mr Ainsworth in his preface, “some elderly personages with whom I was acquainted were kind enough to describe to me events connected with Prince Charles's visit to Man-



THE FIRST EXCHANGE. BUILT 1729. TAKEN DOWN 1792.

chester, and the stories I then heard made a lasting impression upon me.

"All my early life being spent in Manchester, where I was born [on the 4th of February 1805, in King Street], bred, and schooled, I am naturally familiar with the scenes I have attempted to depict.

"Little of the old town, however, is now left. The lover of antiquity—if any such should visit Manchester—will search in vain for those picturesque black-and-white timber habitations, with pointed gables and latticed windows, that were common enough sixty years ago. Entire streets, embellished by such houses, have been swept away in the course of modern improvement. But I recollect them well. No great effort of imagination was therefore needed to reconstruct the old town as it existed in the middle of the last century; but I was saved from the possibility of error by an excellent plan, almost of the precise date, by John A. Berry, to which I made constant reference during my task. Views are given in this plan of the principal houses then recently erected, and as these houses were occupied by Prince Charles and the Highland chiefs during their stay in Manchester, I could conduct the rebel leaders to their quarters without difficulty. One of the houses, situate in Deansgate, belonged to my mother's uncle, Mr Touchet. This is gone, as is Mr Dickenson's fine house in Market Street Lane, where the Prince was lodged. Indeed, there is scarcely a house left in the town that has the slightest historical association belonging to it."

With this congenial extract we may fittingly take leave of the Manchester rebels, whose adventures are so closely allied to our first Exchange and to St Ann's Square.

CHAPTER XXI.

BITS OF OUR BOROUGH TOWN.

"One passion I had, and that was to hunt up every relic of antiquity I could possibly manage to travel to ; and there was not an old hall nor an old church within a circuit of twelve or fourteen miles that I did not make a pilgrimage to. The vestiges of old Manchester claimed particular attention, and I haunted the neighbourhood of the College and the Church, looking at the outsides of the houses (I was too shy to think of asking permission to enter any of them), until I knew every chink in their weather-beaten faces, and came to look upon them as my intimate friends."

"GREEN MANTLE," BY JOSEPH PERRIN.

AS our chapters draw towards a close, we find upon our hands a few interesting facts which concern the town in general rather than apply to particular localities. Being centenarians, these facts are clothed with certain simplicities of expression and of nature, long ago obliterated by modern refinement. As they present a rather curious picture of Manchester life during the last century, their revival here seems legitimate. The whole are included—auctioneer-fashion—in one lot, for the purpose of effecting a clearance.

1746, April.—"To be sold at John Berry's shop in Manchester, a curious plan and prospect of Manchester and Salford, price eighteen-pence. Ditto, price sixpence, small. Prospects of churches, St Ann's Square, and the Long Room, at threepence each."

This advertisement, appearing in Whitworth's *Manchester Magazine*, seems to bear reference to a reprint (with some alterations) of the plan and prospect issued in 1741 by

John Berry and Russel Casson. In 1751 was published a third edition, with further variations.

1755.—“Whereas, in the night time, between the 30th and 31st of December, one of the gates belonging to the Collegiate Church was thrown into the river : Part of four gate pillars belonging to St Ann’s Church were thrown down : And one end of the Stocks, in the Market Place, pulled up and carried away :”

A reward of twenty guineas was offered for information that would lead to the apprehension of the offenders. The spirit of mischief was evidently abroad. Those midnight larkers were the precursors of the modern roysterers who glory in wrenching off knockers and hurling them through bedroom windows with a noise that might startle the Seven Sleepers.

1763, Sept.—“To be sold, all that messuage and tenement, with the outhousing, orchard, and garden, called Withingreave [Withy Grove] Hall. Also, one dwelling-house, divided into three cottages. And also four closes of land and meadow ground, containing eight acres and a half, lying very conveniently at the higher end of Shude Hill.”

1765, July 30.—“Whereas, the Reservoir at the top of Shude Hill was by some malicious person cut down, and the water let off, on the 13th of this month : This is therefore to give notice, that if any person will inform who did the same, they shall upon conviction of the offender receive Five Guineas reward. And whereas some persons have made a practice of drowning Cats and Dogs, washing dirty Linnen [which, proverbially, should be washed at home], and carrying away water from Shude Hill pitts, and the pit at the top of Market Street Lane, without consent : This is therefore to give notice, that if any person or persons do the same for the future, they shall be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law.”

1767.—“Notice is hereby given, that on Saturday the 28th day of November, the following regulations will take place within the Manor of Manchester :—The Exchange [then standing in the Market Place, where the large lamp is now seen] and the south and east avenues to it, to be cleared from butchers’ standings and all

other standings. The butchers' standings to be placed against the other parts of the Exchange, and in two lines on the sides of the Market Place, to near the end of Old Millgate. The bread bakers' stands to be in the place near the Cross where the Wheat Market was held. Potatoes, turnips, carrots, and other roots sold wholesale, to be exposed for sale in the New Potato Market, and no other place. Fruit, and roots of all kinds, sold by hucksters, in the Apple Market, and no other place. Shoes and stockings and hardware, in the lower part of the Withingtonreave, where the potato market has heretofore been held. The gardeners' stands to be placed in the upper end of Smithy Door; and fish in the Market Place, near the Cross."

The hay and straw market was removed, in 1804, from Market Stead Lane to Bridgewater Street, Deansgate.

1768.—“To the inhabitants of the town of Manchester. This is to give notice: That if the liberty or privilege of passing and re-passing through a certain building called the Exchange, near King Street, in the said town of Manchester, which the owners thereof have for several years permitted the said inhabitants to enjoy, be of any convenience or utility to the said inhabitants in general, or to any of them in particular, they may purchase such liberty or privilege upon reasonable terms.”

1769, January 10.—“It is reported that there will soon be opened a new spacious road from the top of the hill beyond the Infirmary to Ardwick Green Bridge, but whether it is to be done by a voluntary contribution of particular gentlemen who desire it, or at the expense of the inhabitants of the town of Manchester, who will not be in the least benefited by it, is not yet determined, though it is a matter of some consequence, as it will cost several hundred pounds.”

“Manchester, October 9, 1770.—The inhabitants of this town are desired to take notice, that the old engines for extinguishing fires are at the Lodge in the Old Churchyard, and in the Engine House, Tib Lane, as heretofore; that one new small engine is at St John's Church; a second at St Mary's; a third in the Angel Yard, Market Place; a fourth at Mr Josiah Birch's, High-street; and a fifth at Deputy Kay's, Milngate, where they are kept in constant readiness; and the constables beg this opportunity of requesting all manner of persons to be most careful in preventing the necessity of using them.”

1771.—“To be Let, all that ancient mansion, house, and premises, known by the name of Lever’s Hall, situate at the upper end of Market Street Lane ; either altogether, or divided into two parts ; with or without the addition of such other buildings as shall be required for the carrying on the business of the tenant or tenants ; the whole or either part is, or may be made, convenient for an Inn, Boarding School, or other public purpose.”

In 1788 this hall had become the White Bear, in Lever’s Row.

The next curious item may be added to the forthcoming edition of the “History of Signboards.” It points to the period when shops as well as taverns were commonly indicated and adorned by projecting emblems :—

“Manchester, Dec. 24, 1771.—With the approbation and concurrence of the Magistrates, we, the Boroughreeve and Constables, request the shopkeepers and Inn-holders of this town, who have not already taken down their signs, to do the same as soon as possible, and place them against the walls of their houses, as they have been long, and justly, complained of as nuisances. They obstruct the free passage of the air, annoy the passengers in wet weather, darken the streets, &c., all which inconvenience will be prevented by a compliance with our request, and be manifestly productive both of elegance and utility.—Thomas Scott, Benjamin Bower, John Bell.”

1772, Nov. 26.—“At a town’s meeting, held at Fletcher’s Tavern, a proposal was made to give up to the use of the public a new road called Oldham Street, leading betwixt the top of Market Street Lane and the Ancoats Lane, in the way to the towns of Oldham and Ashton-under-Lyne ; that this township will take upon itself the repair thereof. Adjourned to the 3rd of December next to consider.”

1789, Feb. 13.—“The Boroughreeve and Constables hereby give notice, that proper officers will be stationed in different parts of the town, to prevent the unlawful practices of cockfighting and throwing at cocks during the week of Shrove-Tide. The Special Constables are desired to assist, and to patrol the streets, agreeable to notices they will receive.”

In the first volume of Hone’s “Every-Day Book,” pub-
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lished in 1826, appears a rude comical woodcut, illustrative of the custom of throwing or shying at cocks and hens on Shrove-Tuesday. It represents the scene of a miracle occurring in Staffordshire, prior to the year 1749, when the feelings of a hen were so much hurt by the ungrateful shying of her owner, that she upbraided him in round set terms, as she lay bleeding upon the ground. "What have I done," inquired her henship, "to deserve such cruel treatment at thy hands? Did not my new-laid eggs enrich thy pancakes?" and much more to the same laudable purport. The astonishment of the rustics on hearing this novel oration is fairly portrayed in the aforesaid woodcut. Although no similar miracle hastened the decline and fall of the custom of throwing at cocks in Manchester, it sank into disuse shortly after the date of the foregoing official announcement.

With the closing year of the last century appeared a couple of brief notifications, which contrast strongly with present usage:—

1800, June.—"On Saturday a man was convicted before the magistrates at the New Bailey for selling bread before it had been baked twenty-four hours, and paid the penalty of five pounds, besides costs."

1800, June.—"On Friday last were seized in this town, by the market-lookers, seven hundred lumps of butter, which were short of the weight denominated, and which were distributed the next day amongst the poor inhabitants."

This practice is carried back to 1712 by a note in Harrold's Diary:—"June 28th.—I being sent for to look at butter weight, J. Low, Tho. Bent, and me took ten prints. I gave three to Crossley, Halliwell, and Symister, and Holden's wife gave Mr Samuell one print." On another

occasion the diarist was sent for "to look the milk measures." So it would appear that shopkeepers were then called to act as triers in the market, in much the same manner as they are now called to act as jury-men.

Such seizures were formerly of frequent occurrence. One market-day in particular—so the story goes—a dealer, happening to see the ominous shadow of the market-looker, made preparations for the coming event by pushing an old penny into each light lump of butter. Being a copper coin short of the required number, and pressed for time, he slipped in a crown-piece as a substitute. The butter, when officially tested, was still found wanting, and ruthlessly carried away, Britannia and St George and the Dragon notwithstanding.

In the event of any reader wishing to test the genuineness of these unpolished nuggets—the yield of divers diggings in one mine—a general reference may be given to *Mercury*, the universal messenger of strange tidings, whose chief terrestrial office is now at Chetham's Library, with a branch at Campfield.

Mr John Stanley Gregson, in his book on Manchester men and manners, states that a little place called Clock Alley, near Withy Grove, received its name in a singular manner. We are enabled to verify his statement, having ever since our boyhood dwelt in that neighbourhood, and many books have passed from our store to its older residents. Though now wearing a neglected appearance, this alley was remarkable, towards the close of the last century, and later, for a tenantry of a superior yet working-class character. Chiefly fustian cutters and weavers,

they managed, by prudent attention, to furnish their homes with comfort and taste. Although their wages were not high, rent and taxes were low, while their little gardens added pleasanterly to their store. Further, they were reasonably content with their true position, never sacrificing the substance for the shadow in vain efforts to keep pace with fashion. Nearly every house possessed as its most useful, prizable ornament, an eight-day clock, and hence the name of CLOCK ALLEY.

Another of the peculiar features of the borough town, unseen at the present day, was the "Hot Chelsea Bun;" but of that popular compound little must be here written. The first crier sold his dainty bits before the date of our remembrance, and the last vanished so recently, that he may be safely left to the recollection of his many friends. James Robinson, the first to retail this description of pastry in Manchester, having departed from the scene of his peregrinations, a second trader of interest appeared in our midst, who announced in soft, musical tones, the addition of Bath buns to his usual Chelsea supply. With the third local crier the race appears to have died out; our streets no longer echo the once familiar sounds; and to us the bun itself is consequently as much extinct as the vendors, for it could only be a tasteless counterfeit if purchased in a shop. Regretfully, therefore, we consign the "Hot Chelsea Bun" to premature oblivion,—to slumber (geology willing) with the lost arts and forgotten mysteries of the pre-Adamite world.

CHAPTER XXII.

EARLIEST AND LATEST EPITAPHS.

“There children on the tombstones play ;
Here little sweepy wends his way,
And curs profanely tread :
There wedding folk, with cheerful looks,
Trip lightly ;—there good Master Brookes
Inters the peaceful dead.” *

HOLLINGWORTH, referring to the most ancient mementoes existing at his era within the Collegiate Church, mentions certain alabaster statues formerly placed on the north side of the choir; but nothing of the kind has been there seen within the range of living memories—nothing more antique than the familiar brasses of John Huntington the first warden, and of Bishop Stanley. Touching the memorials in the yard, Mr Palmer, writing in 1829, thus observes :—“ Adjoining the boundary railing, immediately south from Brown’s Chapel, is a mutilated stone, bearing an inscription, and containing the oldest date (1632) we could find in the churchyard, except one that a few years ago was lying under the window of the Strangeways Chapel, which had only two initials and the date 1545 upon it, but is now removed, and probably destroyed.” The first-mentioned of these stones, to the

* “A View in Manchester in the Year 1818,” by Charles Kenworthy.

memory of Joane Heighfield, is not at present observable, being covered with soil; but as it still occupies the same site, and is merely hidden and turned, let us hope it will one day, imitating Whittington, "turn again." Another slab, one year older, filled with a lengthy and interesting epitaph, disappeared many years ago, but a facsimile copy, taken by Thomas Barritt, is preserved in the Greaves Collection. A second copy has been secured, from a private source, by Mr Councillor Baker. This being the oldest available inscription belonging to the yard, it has received unusual attention. The worn letters and mutilated figures having in some parts been erroneously deciphered by Mr Barritt, Mr Baker has corrected them from family papers. Here is the reliable version:—

"Here resteth the body of Old William Tailor of Marslech, Bur: 4 of June 1632, of his ag: 80; and of Elizabeth his wife, Bu: Nov. 11, 1631, ag: 70, famous in their tyme; and of their sons Abraham Tailor, Nathaniel Tailor, Isaac Tailor, Bur: at Boulton. Jacob Tailor of Offerton in Cheshire, Bur: Aug. 22, 1662, the non-such of his time in the place where he lived. Samuel Taylor of Moston Bu: August 30, 1664, ag: 71, of whom the world was not worthy. Sing on faire souls your sweet anthems to our great King above, Whilst I with weeping eyes awhile do wander here below, hoping ere while to sing with you above. Alsoe Zacharie Tailor of Marshleach, Chapman, was buried Jany. 23, 1670."

"Joshua Tailor } burd { Jany ye 29, 1700.
Marget his wife } Nov. ye 10, 1700."

"Nathaniel Tailor of Moston, burd the 27
of Jany. 1709. L. T. Jan. 1702."

The Marsleach here mentioned is a portion of the township of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, and lying on the north side thereof.

Another interesting slab contains a record which, in its biographical fulness, is very satisfying to the reader. It is one of those original memorials, reverent and unassuming, which the Society of Antiquaries has recently expressed an earnest desire to preserve. Apparently this stone was removed from the interior about the year 1690, a new one of larger dimensions and with fresh inscriptions being substituted. Fortunately the discarded treasure is not lost, only turned, and the primitive lettering can at any time be easily restored to the light of day. The position is indicated by the Hope and Anchor Tavern. For the genuine epitaph, rendered *verbatim*, we are indebted to Mr Owen :—

“Here . lyeth . the . Bodye . of Hvmfrey .
Booth . whose Piety . lives . in . Trinity
Chappell . at . Salford . hee being . the
cheife . foynder and . sole . liberal . endower
of . his . Charity . in . a . perpetual annval
large alowance to . the . poore . of . Salford
These . hee . committed . not to . the . fayth .
of . his . execvtors bvt . finished . and . per-
fected them . in . his . life Hee . dyed . the
23 day . of . Ivly Anno . Dom 1635.

Love his Memory
Imitate his Devotion.”

As a contrast to the ancient emblems, the most recent interments may now be cited. The latest before the closing of the ground was William Jackson, of Fairy Hill, Cheetham, who died on the 5th of August 1853. The last burial of all—for which a faculty was granted—is denoted

by a low tomb, surrounded by dwarf iron railings, on the south side of the yard, raised in remembrance of—

“Cecil Daniel Wray, M.A., successively Chaplain, Fellow, and Canon of this Cathedral. Entered into his rest April 27, A.D. 1866, aged 88 years. ‘Lord I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.’”

Yet more recently,—at Christmas 1869,—another dignitary of the Cathedral (Bishop Lee) passed to his rest. His remains were not entombed here, but as his labours for the welfare of Manchester were continued almost to his latest hour, a notice of his grave and monument will not seem inappropriate in these Memorials. For this purpose a brief chapter,—the next ensuing,—may suffice.

Amongst the curiosities of the intermediate epitaphs there are at the least two centenarians,—two facts for Mr Thoms, late editor of *Notes and Queries*, wherewith to illustrate his forthcoming volume anent human evergreens. Jonas Mann died November the 28th, 1780, aged one hundred and one; and Ann Barton, of Salford, was buried on the 2d of April 1816, at the age of one hundred and two, as certified in her rhyming epitaph. Another verse, near the south porch, long celebrated the prowess and forbearance of a gentle Amazon of fewer summers:—

“Ann, daughter to Danl. Bell and wife to
John Gallant, buried February y^e 2, 1691.
Vnder this stone
Here lies the Woman
Who Gallant was,
Did harm to no man.”

A rarity in the musical line deserves a passing notice—

"George Williamson, died August 26,
1773, aged eighty-three. He was near seventy
years chorister and singing man to this
Church."

Entering the vault beneath the choir, the first compartment on the right contains one coffin with the subjoined inscription :—

"The Very Revd. Thomas Calvert, D.D.,
Warden of Christ College, Manchester, died
4th June 1840, aged 65 years."

Quitting during a brief space the monumental inscriptions, a little variety may be gained by culling some peculiar entries from the early registers. The rarest samples must perforce be omitted; only a Smollett, a Fielding, or a Sterne could fittingly convey them, and the direct writer would require his own appreciative readers for such reperusal. Clearly, we cannot represent, in these nineteenth century columns, the "spade's a spade" phraseology of our "rude forefathers." Where would be the utility of Harrow infusing the rudiments of composition, or of Cambridge adding the finishing graces, unless we utilise the scholarly advantages in refining the natural utterances of the uneducated? More meet for modern glances are the specimens annexed, some of which will be found sufficiently curious to suggest a note or raise a query at another time or place. A few running commentaries are interwoven :—

- "1605, June 3.—A poor wench in Salford."
- "1605, Nov. 14.—Rodger of y^e Peele."
- "1613, Dec. 26.—Margerie, widowe to Rodger of the Peele."
- "1619, Dec. 27.—Frances, daugh. to Robert Ffletchson, one of
y^e Waits."

" 1621, Feb. 4.—A poore woman, cripole, died in y^e streeete, whose name is not known."

" 1621, July 10.—Marye y^e wyffe of Robarte Rodley, of y^e Peele in Chetham." [Hence Peel Lane, near the Mile House.]

In the *Mercury*, January 1766, a lease is thus advertised :—

" Nine acres of land, with a stable, carthouse, and barn, being part of the estate called Peel, situate at the top of Red Bank."

" 1623, Nov. 28.—A poore lad that dyed in the Colledge."

" 1628, Nov. 30.—An infant of the Raggman's of Manchester."

" 1683, Aug. 5.—Thomas, a stranger found in the Fields."

" 1688, April 5.—Ezra Taylor, being killed by a dragoone."

" 1688, May 27.—John, son of James Kay, of Manchester, king's cobler."

" 1693, July 3.—Mariah, daugh. to a Dutchman, a soldier."

" 1693, July 9.—Peter, son to John Privoe, a Dutch trumpeter."

" 1695, Aug. 13.—Eleanor Maddock, of Manch. buried in a field in Salford."

" 1713, Dec. 15.—John Barnes, who was bellman of Manchester 23 years." [Our last official crier was the late Elijah Ridings, at once bellman and bard. We well remember his picturesque livery and stentorian orations. Since his bell was silenced, many years have passed, but only a few months have elapsed since his own voice was hushed.]

" 1728, Feb. 3.—A strange man found dead in John Oldham barne in Cheetham."

" 1743, April 29.—Mercey Defoe, widow, buried."

As this name is almost unique in England, Mercy is supposed to have been a relative of the famous author, but the connecting links are wanting. Such relationship is probable enough, as only twelve years intervened between the decease of Mercy and that of Daniel. The probability is strengthened by the fact (as recorded in Watson's "History of Halifax") that Defoe, retreating from persecution in London, resided some time at Halifax,

in Yorkshire, his place of abode being the Rose and Crown.

“ 1763, Sep. 4.—John, son of William Jordan, calligue printer, of Little Green.”

So far as the registers are concerned, this is the earliest mention of calico-printing in the neighbourhood of Manchester.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BISHOP'S GRAVE.

"Death stood in the path of Time,
And slew them as they came;
And not a soul escaped his hand,
So certain was his aim :
The beggar fell across his staff,
The soldier on his sword,
The king sank down beneath his crown,
The priest beside the Word."

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

WHEN will a country churchyard cease to allure a thoughtful mind? The scenery need not be so rural as Stoke Pogeis, nor the gazer so sensitive as the poet Gray; neither is the sound of the curfew nor the sombreness of evening requisite to induce a pensive feeling. When we chance to be under a passing cloud (and the brightest sky is liable to be obscured), we are apt to turn from the disappointing transactions of life, and seek—with no unwilling feet—the promised recompense of the tomb. As we have never paced the aisles of Westminster Abbey, and ruminated, like Washington Irving, in Poet's Corner, we know not the emotions engendered by a contemplation of noble names when most nobly enshrined. But this we know—that when we encounter a national name or monument within the ivied walls of a remote village church, or

meet with a mitred dignitary “taking his rest” simply, and apparently forgotten, in some sequestered hamlet, the contrast gives a double interest, if not always a double charm.

On the south side of the churchyard at Heaton Mersey, a village of comparatively modern growth overlooking the principal Cheshire stream, there is a blue granite monument, about thirty inches high, bearing the subjoined inscription :—

“James Prince Lee, D.D., First Bishop of Manchester. Born 28 July 1804. Died 24 December 1869.”

At the head of the grave is the Greek word *ΣΑΛΠΙΣΕΙ*, signifying, “The trumpet shall sound.” At the foot are two shields, containing the arms of the diocese and those of the Bishop. Upon the upper surface of the tomb appears the resemblance of a mitre.

As Bishop Lee died at his residence, Mauldeth Hall, Heaton Mersey, his interment at that churchyard was in strict accordance with the scriptural injunction, “In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be;” yet we naturally associate a bishop’s tomb with his cathedral, and miss from its “long-drawn aisles” the appropriate and customary memento.

In the terse biographical pages of “Men of the Time” (edition 1865), it is briefly stated that “the first Lord Bishop of Manchester was son of the late Mr Stephen Lee, secretary and librarian to the Royal Society. He was educated at St Paul’s School, and proceeded thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained a Craven

scholarship, and graduated B.A. in high honours in 1828. He subsequently became Fellow of Trinity College, assistant-master of Rugby School under Dr Arnold, and head-master of King Edward's Grammar School at Birmingham, which post he held from 1838 to 1848. In the latter year he was consecrated to the See of Manchester, then recently erected by Act of Parliament. His income, as bishop, is four thousand two hundred pounds a year."

In glancing over the memorial sermon preached by Dr Benson in the church at Heaton Mersey, shortly after the death of the Bishop, we find the grateful pupil thus characterising his former head-master:—"There was not one part of his mind or life of which this was not the ruling principle—'Give me now the truth.' This was the man who came to you; a simple member often of your congregation—often your minister. How much on which your eyes rest was his gift to you ; and his last gift was to your city. Besides and above other gifts [including one of four thousand pounds towards building and endowing a church], the noble library of learning, of literature, of art, which was the home of his brief leisure and his constant joy, which he turned to such noble ends, is devoted to the help and the culture of your sons for ever. May you use it worthily, and with tender thoughts of him who gave it to those he loved. Though he had a spirit which rejoiced to look back and count the treasures of old influence and intercourse which he had enjoyed,— though the ancient halls and chapel and grounds of Trinity were dearer to him than he knew how to express,—though the elms of Rugby, with their memories of Arnold, and of Whately, and of Bunsen, were so dear,—though the ceaseless influx and reflux of

the vast youth of Birmingham, within the ample high-roofed schools of Edward the Sixth, and the thought of the Christian seed they bore out with them, was to him a higher pride than any post could have been in the prime of his manhood,—yet you ought to know that his heart of hearts was here. ‘I can trust God,’ he said, when the sudden change made it necessary to tell him that but a few hours of life in all probability remained to him; ‘He has been with me at Rugby, at Birmingham, and in the grand work here.’ This was the voice that seemed to linger in the sunshine and soft air—the sweet warmth, the strange brightness of the last day of the year, in which we laid him to rest in the open churchyard among his own poor; it was like an early summer day in mid-winter;—and to one it was so indeed, an early day of a summer that will not end.”

The library alluded to by Dr Benson now reposes in meet security at Owen’s College, and contains about seven thousand volumes, chiefly substantial folios and quartos, many of the books being annotated in Bishop Lee’s hand-writing.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WAY HOME.

“I do remember passing through
A graveyard long ago ;
I do remember loving too
The form laid down below :
And often times the tear will start,
When silent memory brings
Those parting sobs, writ on my heart
As unforgotten things.”

RICHARD SHELDON CHADWICK.

IN some manuscript leaves, written by the late Mr John Higson, the chronicler of Gorton and of Droylsden, occurs a remark with which we coincide:—“Much that is fallacious has been both written and handed down by tradition, as well as fabricated within a century past, relative to the early history of Manchester, and of its church before the period of collegiation.” Mr Higson further considered, as the result of his investigations, that our early history ought to be briefly re-stated in a fresh light, for the purpose of correcting the unfounded surmises and of removing the wrong impressions now current in consequence thereof. Unfortunately, Mr Higson’s useful life was suddenly cut short, a few opening pages being all that remain of his projected book. He had previously, as he states, completed an elaborate

essay, showing that Manchester possessed one church only—that one being St Mary's—at the time of the Conquest. This essay, entitled "Rough Notes on Old Manchester," he sent as a contribution to the editor of a local newspaper, who lent it to a friend for the purpose of being read at a meeting of the Rosicrucian Society. The said friend placed it, along with a sketch of his own, in the pocket of a coat which was hung in the lobby of his house, whence the coat was purloined by a stray thief with (as may be assumed) literary proclivities. Mr Higson tried to replace his loss, but ineffectually, as some of his informants were dead, and some of the books of reference beyond his reach.

A fatality seems to hang over our local historians or their subject-matter. Mr Harland once enumerated the luckless writers who, whilst elucidating the history of Lancashire (wholly or in part), "came to grief" during the process. To that list Mr Higson's name may now be added; and perhaps the most striking illustration of all was presented in Mr Harland's own demise. The whole is suggestive of a warning, which will be little heeded. So long as there is fascination in a flame, moths will hover around, and anon rush through the blaze of glory, even though it scorch them.

Mr Higson's lamented death, the result of a cold not expected to prove fatal, occurred at his residence, Birch Cottage, Lees, near Oldham. He "rests from his labours, literary and otherwise," on the south side of St Mary's Churchyard, Droylsden,—in which village his prime of manhood was passed. Here he published, in 1852, the "Gorton Historical Recorder," and, seven years later,

the "History of Droylsden." Several articles from his pen, illustrative of the locality or its notable residents, appeared in the earlier numbers of the *Manchester Guardian*. He was also a frequent contributor to the Ashton and Oldham newspapers, in addition to *Notes and Queries*. Mr Higson's industrious habits will be revealed by an extract from one of his letters to us, written in the year preceding his sudden decease. He was ever an excellent and voluminous correspondent :—

"I am afraid that there are few local authors who have realised much by their works. My Chancellor of the Exchequer tells me very plainly, that my printing whims in one shape or another have, at times, given her very considerable difficulty.

"I am obliged for the reference to the old newspaper relative to James Butterworth [author of "Rocher Vale, and other Poems"], and have asked my worthy friend, the indefatigable John Owen, to extract the letter for me.

"I will some of these days give a sketch of Edwin Butterworth's history, but at present I am able to add little new. I am always scribbling something when not engaged as Hon. Sec. to the Lees and Hey Church Institute; superintending a hillside (Cottage) Sunday-school; or other gratuitous labour.

"I suppose you see the *Reporter* regularly, and if so, will have read the two articles on Clayton Hall. I am busy with a Glossary of the dialect of south-east Lancashire; and a Chronology of the Chapelry of Oldham; to say nothing about a new love, *N. and Q.*, and my old sweetheart, the *Reporter*.

"Reciprocating your good wishes, I am, dear sir, ever yours faithfully,

JOHN HIGSON."

In a previous letter Mr Higson thus makes interesting allusion to his youthful days, when he roamed, like Bloomfield, as a farmer's boy, and herded kye, like Robert Nicoll, upon the healthful moorlands :—"I am also occasionally adding to my Lancashire Glossary,

which has poached upon my leisure, ever since I tended my father's cows, thirty years ago."

From yet older epistles, we are glad of the opportunity of culling a few more of Mr Higson's characteristic passages:—"You will find me living underneath the shade of Droylsden Church. . . . If you are fond at all of country rambles and traditions, I should feel pleased with a Saturday afternoon's ramble in this neighbourhood and Gorton." "My acquaintance with the past events of this neighbourhood, without any boasting, is very considerable, and nothing gives me greater pleasure than in any way assisting a brother chip." "In the spring and summer I throw the steel (not quill) on one side, and take walks with our parson and 'cotter' in my garden."

Mr Higson's memory has been honoured by a stained-glass window—subject, "The Faithful Servant"—placed on the north side of the chancel of Lees Field Church. A similar tribute has been paid to him at Droylsden Church; the subject, "St John," being observable nearly opposite to Mr Higson's pew, on the north side. His headstone, in the graveyard, bears these words:—"Awaiting in hope the last great day, John Higson. Died December 13, 1871, aged forty-six years."

Another searcher into our early Church history (Mr Owen) has had favourable opportunities for arriving at correct data. A few notes from his diary will throw additional light where a clearer view is most desirable:—

"1859, September.—During all the excavations, both in the yard and within the church, I looked very minutely for any evidence of Roman occupation (either in a summer camp or otherwise), but

nothing could be found—not the smallest fragment of pottery or tile, nor any Roman coins. Several other coins were discovered; the most ancient, on being shown to Mr Harland, was conjectured to be an abbey piece.

“ 1861, June 6.—The sundial was lowered two feet.

“ 1862, February 11.—Commenced taking down the large north-east buttress. Found some old work, the most curious being part of a mullion of which there is no other example about the church.

“ 1863, March 23.—Commenced boarding the west end of the yard, preparatory to taking down the tower.

“ 1863, October 14.—The first stone of the new tower was laid to-day by Mr Holden, the architect. The stone is six feet by five, and about thirteen inches thick; it was laid at the north-east angle. The other stones forming the bed are of similar size, being a great contrast to the rubble-and-clay foundation of the old tower. It seems to me that when the ancient foundation was dug, the four sides of a trench were excavated; into this was laid the clay, apparently tempered; rubble and boulder stones of all sizes and shapes were embedded in the clay up to the level of the ground surface, no mortar being used. In this mass of clay and rubble I found what I considered to be the base of a gable cross. In the lower part of the tower many fragments of old work turned up—jambs of doorways and a portion of a window-sill without any moulding but a plain chamfer; also a portion of window-arch, cusped and plain chamfered; several fragments of round mouldings, probably belonging to a string-course, one specimen chamfered on the underside; another, with roll or round moulding on two of its sides, had most likely been fixed in an angular position. The mouldings of the doorway belong to the Perpendicular period, while the lower part of the tower has more of a Decorated character about it. When the British Archaeological Association was in Manchester, Mr Ashpitel, in his address on the architecture of the Cathedral, mentioned a doorway under the tower, which he said must be one hundred years older than the time of the first warden. Mr Ashpitel made a section of the moulding of this doorway, and compared it with another which Mr Paley gave as positively of the date of 1330. Mr Ashpitel then ‘passed to the extreme east end of the church, and there, at the Lady Chapel, he found the piers of the arch also of a positive Decorated character. From the peculiar form of the shafts of the piers and their fillets,

they decidedly belonged to the period from 1330 to 1350, sixty or seventy years before Huntingdon was elected, or the church was made a collegiate church. It would be important for them to consider what stood upon the site before Huntingdon's church.' When the tower was pulled down, a great portion of the materials was piled in the yard and re-used as rubble for the new tower. One of the workmen, on breaking up a mass of old mortar, found it unusually hard, and perceiving something peculiar in its composition, several of the men took portions as curiosities ; the remainder, I believe, went into the tower and was built up : there it perchance may, after another rest of many centuries' duration, again see the light of day. On paying my daily visit to the works, I saw one of these pieces of mortar, and being told where it had come from, said, 'This is neither more nor less than Roman mortar.' The occurrence brought to my mind what Leland, the topographer, says of Manchester in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Of the fort in Castle Field he thus writes : 'The stones of the ruin of this castle were translated towards making of bridges for the town.' It seems quite clear by the above discovery of mortar that the builders of the old tower resorted for material to the older castle of the Romans, as well as to the quarry at Collyhurst.

" 1867, September 30.—Put up the new tablet for Eleanor Byrom. During several days past the workmen have been engaged making an excavation under the east side of the Chapter-house. An old rubble wall is laid partially bare ; it goes down to the gravel, whereas the foundations of the Chapter-house and the adjoining wall of the church do not go down so low by about four feet ; it extends under the Chapter-house from east to west, and projects about four feet southward beyond the line of the church foundation ; it is formed of large rubble stones, and is filled in with sand and small stones.

" 1871, February.—On removing the outer casing of the west wall of the porch several old mouldings were found, including about half-a-dozen portions of a lozenge mullion. These were ranged horizontally just under the upper window. We also found on the face of the wall four putlog-holes, which had been formed by the old masons for scaffolding. Below the base moulding a portion of a clustered column was turned out ; but the best discovery was a piece of sculpture representing an angel, with wings partly expanded, and holding in both hands a scroll inscribed ; there is also an inscription to the left, but scarcely decipherable. The date of this relic—evidently repre-

senting the Annunciation—would be about the beginning of the thirteenth century. There has been a good bit of old work discovered lately, especially in the foundation of the west end of the south aisle; indeed, the foundation, which was rubble, seemed to be composed almost entirely of old work, amongst which were jambs of windows and arch-mouldings in the Early English style, fully developed, as well as the plainer lancet window. A mutilated capital of the Early English period, and a couple of bases to match of the same style, were turned up; within the wall of the present porch I found a portion of the shaft of a newell staircase. The present porch is built upon a more ancient basement, which formed the foundation of the entire south wall of the nave. When it was built there is no evidence to show, but from the fact that St Nicholas's or Trafford Chapel was in existence in 1349 (see 'History of the Chantries,' by Canon Raines), and that a portion of the south wall was pulled down to the basement to admit of the erection of that chapel, it must have been built some time before. We found some portions of Decorated tracery. As yet we have not discovered any Norman mouldings or carvings, but I think there can be no doubt the parts of round columns found here and there within the compass of the church walls belong to that period. The architect is of opinion that a church existed here in the Saxon times, and with that opinion I quite agree. The ancient south wall receded about four feet within the present chapels of St Nicholas and St George. The base line is not a concave moulding like what is seen around those chapels, but a simple splay exactly similar to the base line of the tower.

" 1872, February.—In excavating under the choir for the erection of the new organ, a portion of the basement of the north side of the ancient chancel, which existed before the church was collegiate, was laid bare, exposing three courses of good ashlar masonry, resting on a rubble foundation, the uppermost course being splayed, and constituting the plinth of the ancient chancel; above this were courses of more modern masonry. On the excavation reaching the south side of the choir we found the basement of the south wall of the chancel; the masonry appeared to have more of an Early English character about it. The excavation here showed that when the old chancel was taken down, a portion of the foundation was taken out, sunk deeper, and a broader basement laid, on which rest the present columns and arches of the choir. Whether the ancient chancel was

of two bays, or of three bays, the excavation was not carried sufficiently far to show. The old chancel was the breadth of the present choir, and without aisles. During the excavation on the south side, some very elaborate arch-mouldings were found amongst the rubble—portions, no doubt, of the old chancel. If ever there was a wooden church at Manchester, it existed prior to the Norman Conquest ; for the numerous remains discovered, wherever the walls and foundation have been pierced, entirely negative the idea of a wooden structure at a more recent date, and show the existence at this spot of a handsome stone building—the St Mary's of Doomsday Book—long anterior to the present Cathedral church.

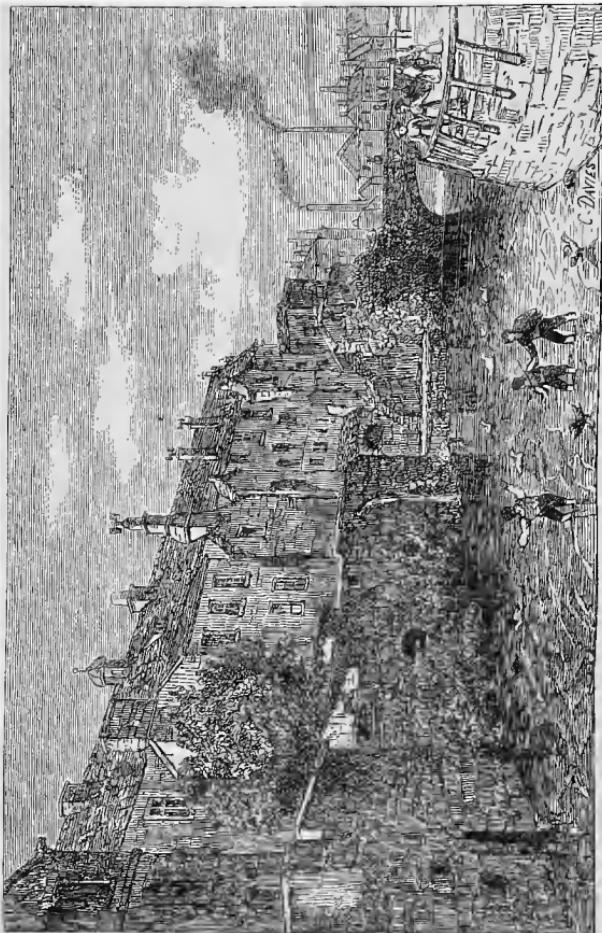
" 1874, January 12.—I have seen and minutely examined the great barn at Ordsal, and I have no hesitation in saying that it never formed a part of Manchester or any other church, but was built as a barn, and for no other purpose. The great barns in connection with the ancient halls were generally constructed of a size necessitating the erection of rows of pillars to support the great breadth of roof, thus creating, so to speak, a sort of nave and side aisles, and resembling in some measure the plan of a church. This may account, to a certain extent, for the traditions connecting several of the old barns round Manchester with the ancient parish church. Some persons who have seen the moulded pillars and roof timbers in the hall at Ordsal imagine that they must have come from the old church at Manchester, but they are Late Perpendicular in style, and are allowed by competent judges not to be earlier than the commencement of the sixteenth century, and of course could not have been doing duty a century or so earlier in the old Church of St Mary's. Any one who has made the old halls of Lancashire and Cheshire his study will see at once that the ornamental and moulded timbers at Ordsal formed what was called the great hall, and being open to the rafters, made what is called an open timber roof. The principals are connected by other timbers, forming arches with the tie-beams crenelated, so that there is little difference between the roof at Ordsal and that of an old church. The timbers of the great hall are now in a great measure concealed by the floors which have been inserted, and by a number of bedrooms which have been formed by the introduction of party-walls. These timbers, which are mostly concealed in the cocklofts, on being closely examined, bear evidence of being encased in hardened soot, showing that at an early period the hall was warmed by a fire

placed probably in the centre of the floor. The smoke would be allowed to struggle upwards through the roof timbers and escape by means of a louvre."

Here endeth our survey of Manchester's premier place of worship, together with its graveyard and its manifold memorials.

If, as recent movements would indicate, the venerable pile will one day fall a sacrifice to the modern spirit of innovation, we may be allowed to hope that the day is far distant. Many residents of Manchester, and "forty miles round" (borrowing a phrase from Dr Aikin), can trace the origin of their family ties to "The Old Church," and consequently revere its font, its altar, its graves. Such residents will naturally regret the severance of life-long associations when the ancient temple of worship shall be razed, and when, in the words of the Psalmist, "the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

A P P E N D I X.



THE CHEETHAM LIBRARY. 1797.

A P P E N D I X.

I.

ON THE CHETHAM LIBRARY.

BY JAMES CROSSLEY, F.S.A.

THE causes which give us pleasure in visiting any particular place are various, and sometimes very opposite. We do not exactly mean that pleasure produced by association of ideas, by the connection or relationship of the scenes we are entering upon to former times, persons, or events, but that satisfaction which arises from other trains of thought, more immediate and less abstracted in their deduction. Is there not, for instance, in the first sight of St Peter's at Rome, apart from the effect produced by its striking magnificence, a delightful thrill of pleasure to meet with such an edifice in such a situation ? Yet what affinity has St Peter's to the temples or the Coliseum, or what has the dome of a Christian church to do near the Columna Trajana, or the Arch of Constantine ? It is manifestly out of place ; it awakes no ideas assimilating to those connected with the absorbing interest of

its city ; yet still its effect is undiminished in communicating to the mind of the beholder a throbbing sensation of delight. There is something, in fact, of surprise and unexpectedness in the sudden change of objects, a surprise gradually converted into pleasure as we trace more intimately the relation between them, which rouses, quickens, and cheers us. A new vein of thought unexpectedly crosses and intermingles with the old one, and introduces with it fresh subjects for contemplation, and new sources of entertainment. The mind cannot dwell long on any particular train of thought without experiencing somewhat of jaded satiety, and therefore it is refreshed and invigorated by approaching some sparkling and un hoped-for fountain of joy. Who is not delighted to meet in a place utterly barren and unpromising with something akin to his habits, and congenial to his pursuits ? We well remember one of the most pleasurable moments of our life was in a sudden rencontre we once met with in London—the remains of King Richard's Chapel, in Crosby Court. Surrounded by warehouses and counting-houses, itself now converted into a packing-room, this venerable relic of antiquity, with its stone stairs and Gothic window, struck us with a force we shall never forget. We seemed in a second to have slipped from modern times to the days of him at whose birth “the owl shrieked, the night-crow cried, a boding luckless time.” And the satisfaction we felt was raised in proportion to our surprise. Such a revulsion in the current of our ideas always carries with it poignancy and relish. We lose the pleasure of expectation in instantaneous enjoyment, which that very loss makes more keen. In short,

to know what pleasure is, we ought to meet with the thing which of all others we most want, in the place where of all others we least expect to find it. The man who, after journeying over the desert, finds at last, in its most arid track, a spring of fresh water, and our great Moralist, after meeting in a Highland cottage with Gataker's "Treatise on Lots," would both concur in assuring us that life has few greater sweeteners than the sudden and unannounced possession of that which is least expected, though most desired.

We were led into these speculations by a late visit to the library founded by Humphrey Chetham, in Manchester; a venerable and praiseworthy institution, which is rendered more striking by its presenting somewhat of the appearance of a college amidst the hurry and business which are always visible in a large manufacturing town. It is pleasing to pass from the noise and dissonance of a crowded street into the comparatively still and silent court of a spacious antique mansion, with low-browed roofs and narrow windows, apparently of the architecture of the sixteenth century, where the only habitants seem to be a little population of boys, in their grotesque liveries, according well with their ancient domicile. To feel that there is such a place amidst warehouses, factories, and shops, is some satisfaction, as it shows you are not completely immersed in trade and calculation, but that there is still amidst wool-shops and cotton-rooms a little Zoar set apart for better things. As you enter the door leading towards the library, from the court on the left, you are struck with a spacious and lofty hall—whose appearance reminds you of ancient feasts and old English

hospitality—which is now appropriated as the dining-room of the children who are educated by the bounty of the founder. You proceed up a flight of stone stairs to the library, where the books are disposed in compartments, secured by wires from the encroachments of the profane; above and around which grin crocodiles, “harpies, and chimeras dire,” assimilating wonderfully with the other furniture of the place. If you be anxious to learn what these portentous things are, and to be made acquainted with the various curiosities of the place, you must be content to listen *auribus patulis*, to the dulcet modulation of one of the children aforesaid; though we should ourselves advise other visitants, so far from employing these juvenile nomenclators, to make use of the precautions of Ulysses on entering the place, but not exactly for the same reason. Dr Ferrier, however, used, we believe, to recommend the song of these young sirens in certain disorders of the tympanum. As you pass along the two galleries, plentifully stored with the physic of the soul, to the reading-room, you cannot but perceive that their contents are not much similar to those of a modern circulating library. Dapper duodecimos give place to the venerable majesty of the folio. If you look among the shelves, you will find, instead of the Scotch novels or Anastasius, Wagensal’s “*Tela Ignea*” or the works of Erasmus. It is not the library of a modern dilettante, but of an English scholar of the old school, in which Aquinas and Duns Scotus may yet be seen, and by them their worthy brothers Durandus, Bradwardine, and Bonaventura.

“ De Lyra here a dreadful front extends,
And there the groaning shelves Philemon bends.”

Mr Urban, the venerable father of Magazines, here still retains his place from prescription as alone worthy amongst periodicals to enter into such society. We do not wish to dispossess him, but we really think that *Blackwood* should take his station by the Fathers. We admit he is but a Neotoric, and totally unworthy of such worshipful neighbours; yet surely the perspicacious visage of George Buchanan should of itself secure him admittance amongst his compeers. It constitutes a talisman to which, we are sure, a scholar like Mr Allen will have respect.

There is something very substantial in the appearance of a library of this description. Everything evidently shows that its contents are more for use than show. No flaunting and gaudy-coloured bindings appear among the plain, brown, and Quaker-like contents of its shelves. The Platonic lover of books, the admirer of exteriors, must go elsewhere for his gratification. There is, too, a pleasing consonancy between the place and its furniture. The oaken panels and plain woodwork would ill assort with morocco backs and gilt edges, and all those outward vanities which make the books of the present time appear like painted sepulchres, from the glitter without and the emptiness within. Equality reigns amongst the folios and duodecimos, and has clad the books with the same impartiality that death has levelled the authors. Nothing interposes to weaken or destroy the general effect of the place. All within it contributes to withdraw us to the past. The mind is left here to resign itself to its own fancies, without being recalled by some startling incongruity to the recollections of the present;

and for aught which strikes us in the rapidity of a first impression, we might imagine it the spot where Bacon was accustomed to study, and where Raleigh delighted to muse.

It is impossible to enter a large library, especially when in appearance so antique as the one of which we are now writing, without feeling an inward sensation of reverence, and without catching some sparks of noble emulation from the mass of mind which is scattered around you. The very dullest and least intellectual of the sons of earth must be conscious of the high and lofty society into which he is intruding—a society which no combination of living talent can ever hope to parallel. Before such a tribunal, before such a galaxy of intellect and learning, the haughty Aristarch himself might have doffed, without degradation, “the hat which never vailed to human pride.” We feel, as we reverence the mighty spirits around us, that we are in some sort their brothers ; and the very homage which we pay to their majesty is itself the bond of our alliance. What spectacle besides can be more wonderful ? We are then where the human mind is displayed in its highest flights, and in its weakest inanity ; in all its shades and variations of feeling or of subtlety ; in all its walks through science, and the cycle of its thousand intelligences ; and in all its wide diffusion over the provinces and principalities of its empire, calling into action, and bringing forth its powers, like the unsheathing of weapons from their scabbards ; in its acuteness, subtilising to infinity ; in its solidity, laying foundations of enduring and immovable strength ; in its apprehension, receiving all the stores of learning and knowledge ; in

its penetration, pervading with a glance the worlds of thought and science ; in its profundity, diving into depths forbidden, and denied to its nature ; and in its imagination creating, inventing, and producing in measure, inexhaustible and unspent ; now marching onward with proud and triumphant steps, now halting in its course with feeble tardiness—now deviating into byroads struck out by its own admirable ingenuity, yet still ever great in its extravagances, dignified in its perversions, memorable in its debasement.

Others may delightedly visit in veneration the tombs of authors, but to us their noblest mausoleum appears to be in a library where they are enshrined amongst a company of kindred and congenial souls. The one can but testify their mortality, but he who meets them in the other will know they are immortal. Westminster Abbey can present nothing so touching, yet so elevating, so inspiring, yet so sad, as the Bodleian. There we see works which have outlived monuments and pyramids, still surviving to the glory of their authors in unspent and undiminished youth. Others we see, for which their writers, the martyrs of fame, have suffered mental torment and bodily maceration, and all to subsist “like Hippocrates’s patients, and Achilles’s horses in Homer, under naked nominations,” and occupy, untouched and unregarded, a corner in a library. Others which, after experiencing in their time a meed of rigid indifference and neglect, have now obtained *κτημα ες αει* in the rolls of Fame ; and others the delight and admiration of their contemporaries, which now remain but to teach us the instructive lesson, that—

"When Fame's loud trump hath blown her deepest blast,
Though loud the sound, the echo dies at last ;
And Glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires."

Many are the lofty and gratifying thoughts and contemplations which a visit to a library will give rise to. It is there where the mind wakes into a consciousness of its own powers and capabilities, and burns to measure its strength with the heroes of literature, the mighty masters of science. It is there that the appetite for knowledge, which, however it may lie dormant awhile, can never be entirely extinguished, sharpens and increases in beholding the food for which it longs, and prepares for a full and plenary enjoyment of the exhaustless banquet before it. It is there that the soul expands with a consciousness of the task it has to overcome, and the matter it has to grapple with; and rises with proud and confident superiority to the mastery of knowledge in all her cells. It is there that one feels a desire to shut out the world and its concerns, and live like Magliabecchi in the Vatican, buried in books, to contract an intimacy with every one of the thousands of writers deposited in its shelves—poets, orators, historians, philosophers, and divines, and receive all their stores of thought and science, though but as the water which passes through the urns of the Danaides. It is there that the painful feeling of the impossibility of satisfying the wishes of the soul is lately and reluctantly acknowledged; and it is there we should be almost led, were it not for the hope of the fruition of our desires in a future state, to deem that inexplicable and unassuageable craving after knowledge, which is implanted in our natures,

to be given us but as a cruel mockery and tantalising delusion.

But to return to our subject-matter. From the library you pass into the reading-room, not, however, without having to encounter a formidable array of sights and monsters, more grotesque even than those which appalled the stout heart of the Trojan prince in his descent to hell. There are seals and hairy men, speaking-trumpets and snakes, and fishes and alligators, and "such small deer," not forgetting skeletons preserved in bottles, and Oliver Cromwell's sword. This last great acquisition, now laid up in peace, may, indeed, exclaim that Time has made it acquainted with strange bedfellows. Yet it is considered a trophy of no small consequence in the place. Many a stare of vacant wonderment has been directed to it by the rustics, in their holiday visitations; and even the juvenile stentors before alluded to, in doling out the bead-roll of their chantings, attest its high importance by a proportionate exaltation of voice. Through a door studded with nails in the ancient fashion, you pass into the reading-room, an antique apartment, with oaken casements, massive chairs of such heaviness and contexture as utterly to defy all muscular power, and tables of make and workmanship truly patriarchal, one of which, you are informed by your guide, is composed of as many pieces as there are days in a year—three hundred and sixty-five. Around are disposed dusky-looking portraits of eminent divines who have been born in or near Manchester—Whitaker, Nowell,*

* It is not, perhaps, generally known that we owe the original of bottled ale to the person who compiled the famous catechism. Thus, however, relateth one of his biographers: "Without offence, it may be remembered,

Bolton, and Bradford, of the latter of whom the facetious Fuller saith, "He was a most holy and mortified man, who secretly in his closet would so weep for his sins, one would have thought he would never have smiled again, and then appearing in public, he would be so harmlessly pleasant, one would think he had never wept before." No such marks of celestial benignity are here visible in his countenance ; he looks truly as grim-visaged as Herod himself in the "Massacre of the Innocents." Over the fireplace, surmounted by his coat-of-arms, is the portrait of Humphrey Chetham himself, the charitable "dealer in Manchester commodities," as he has been called, to whose beneficence this excellent institution is owing. Fashions and manners have wonderfully changed. What would the spruce and dapper warehousemen of the present day think of such an apparition, were they to see him passing down Cannon Street ; or what would their masters, to hear of a Manchester merchant who exercised himself in the reading of godly divines ? He appears, indeed, a marvellous staid personage, somewhat like the old man in Terence—

"Confidens catus—
Tristis severitas inest in vultu."

The windows in this room are in unison with the rest of its structure, and though they do not absolutely "exclude the light," yet there is a certain degree of dimness in it, which does not ill-agree with the dark panels and beams by which it is encased and overhung. At the further end

that leaving a bottle of ale, when fishing, in the grass, he found it some days afterwards no bottle but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof." And this is believed (Casualty is mother of more invention than Industry) the origin of bottled ale in England.

is a recess, which being almost windowed round, is rendered a little lightsomer than the other parts of the room. It is pleasant to sit in this sequestered nook, the *locus benedictus* of this ancient place, and view from thence the gallery with its shelves of books, sinking by degrees into duskiness, or to watch from the window the little crowd below, performing their evolutions in no very silent key, and to listen, while the sun strikes on the oaken table before you, to the chimes of the Collegiate Church, falling full and audible on the ear. Still pleasanter is it to resign the mind to those fantasies which, in a place like this, are wont to rise and steal upon it with a soft but potent fascination, and to suffer the imagination to raise up its visions of the worthies of the olden time. To embody and impersonate our forefathers, while we are tarrying in their edifice ; and while we are drinking “at the pure wells of English undefiled,” to picture to ourselves the worthies who stood and guarded at its fountain. To create and call forth figures for our sport, like those in the “Tempest,” airy and unsubstantial, clad in ruffs and doublets, and passing by us with stiff mien and haughty stateliness ; introducing to our eyes a succession of “maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, tilts and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, and plays,” till we can see the whole court of Elizabeth,—the graceful Sir Christopher Hatton

“ Lead the brawls,
While seals and maces dance before him.”

We are transported visibly to the times when the “Euphues” and the “Arcadia” were the light reading of maids of honour, when queens harangued universities in

Latin, and kings amused themselves by writing of demonology and tobacco. The theological tomes around us seem to communicate something of their influence to us, and to dip us "five fathom deep" in the controversies of the times. We can almost join with alacrity in the crusade against the Beast, "who had filled the world with her abominations," and sally out with bishops for our leaders, and a ponderous folio for our armour of proof.

The works around us naturally bring their authors before our eyes. We can see Hooker in his quiet country parsonage, beholding "God's blessings spring out of his mother earth, and eating his own bread in peace and privacy." We can see Sidney amongst the shades of Penshurst writing on poetry, with all the enthusiasm of a poet, and proving that "poesie is full of virtue, breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning." We can see Bacon in his closet, conceiving in his mighty mind the greatest birth of time, and, unbent by misfortune, and undejected by disgrace, illuminating philosophy "with all the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, and depth of judgment." We can see Selden amidst bulls, breviats, antiphoners, and monkish manuscripts, laying up the stores of his vast learning, and awaiting from posterity the rewards which were denied him by a prejudiced clergy. We can be present with Burton, whilst enjoying the delights of voluntary solitariness, and walking alone in some grove, between wood and water, by a brook-side, to meditate upon some delightsome subject, and hear him declaring in ecstasy, "What an incomparable delight it is

so to melancholise and build castles in the air!" And last, though second to none of his contemporaries, we can be witness to the lonely musings of him "who, untamed in war, and indefatigable in literature, as inexhaustible in ideas as exploits, after having brought a new world to light, wrote the history of the old in a prison."

Of all human enjoyments, the pleasure of intercourse with antiquity is the most complete. The past is in itself a treasure. The same feeling which leads us back to the pleasing recollections of infancy, carries us still further along the mighty waste of time. The intension of personal acquaintance can hardly exceed that vivid reality which is produced by the combination of history and fancy. Like young Harry Bertram breathing the air of Ellangowan, we seem in our intercourse with ancient times and personages to be entering upon a theatre known to us in some former stage of existence, and it dawns upon us with the dim but delightful shadowiness of a long-interposed acquaintance. The readiness with which we array and furnish, with the incidents of living beings, the inhabitants of the silent grave, and the scarcely questionable air of life and existence which we can throw around their appearance, would almost induce us to believe that our imaginations can hardly be baseless and empty, and that the forms which are suggested by our fancy must have been cast originally in the moulds of memory. Our knowledge, in truth, seems, according to the Platonic doctrine, but remembrance, and our new impressions but "the colouring of old stamps, which stood pale in the soul before." There is something in "hoar antiquity" itself wonderfully striking. Much it has of mild interest, but more of awe

and sublimity. The alternation of light and shade by which it is chequered, like a plain, which in one part glows with the beams of the sun, and in another is darkened by an interposed cloud ; the rolling of the mighty current of years, mouldering and destroying empires and citadels ; “the dim indistinction with which all things are lapt in the bundle of time ;” the vast distance which the eye aches to measure ; the memorable actions, achievements, persons, and places, which it has covered as if with a shroud ; the wonderful intermixture it presents of savageness and refinement, of brutality and wisdom, of atrocity and magnanimity, of poverty and splendour, of high aspiration and grovelling debasement, must contribute to make it a pageant varied, magnificent, and imposing.* Is there not

* The following curious recapitulation of the events of ancient history is taken from Richard Carpenter’s “*Experience, History, and Divinitie.*” It is very striking, and not, perhaps, generally known. The author was twice a Protestant, and twice a Papist, and ended, we believe, like Gibbon, with being nothing at all : “This world hath bin alwayes a passenger ; for, it hath passed from age to age, through so many hundred generations, by them, and from them to us. Adam lived awhile, to eat an apple and to teach his posterity to sinne and to dye ; and the world passed by him. Caine lived awhile, to kill his honest brother Abel, and to bury him in the sands, as if God could not have found him, or the winde have discovered what was done, and afterwards to be haunted with frightful apparitions, and to be the first vagabond ; and the world passed by him. Noah lived awhile, to see a great flood, and the whole world sinke under water ; to see the weary birds drop amongst the waves, and men stifled on the tops of trees and mountaines ; and the world passed by him. David lived awhile, to be caught with a vaine representation, and to commit adultery ; to command murther, and afterwards to lament, and call himselfe sinner ; and when he had done so, the world shuffled

something in the very names of Nimrod and Cambyses, of Babylon, Tyre, and Carthage, of Sidon and Thebes, of Assaracus, Herostratus, and Achilles, which strikes the mind with a sensation which no words can explain? Do we not feel, on seeing the pyramids, arches, obelisks, and monuments of other times, a something which is inexplicable and incomunicable, but composed, nevertheless, of all the noblest elements of the soul, of what in admiration is most fervent, in pity most deep, in imagination most intense, in contemplation most sublime? There is a pleasure, an intellectual zest, a high and genial delight

him off, and passed by him. Solomon lived awhile, to sit like a man upon his royall throne, as it were guarded with lyons ; and to love counterfeit pictures in the faces of strange women ; and while he was looking babies in their eyes, the world stole away and passed by King Solomon, and all his glory. Judas lived awhile, to handle a purse ; and, as an old author writes, to kill his father, to marry his mother, to betray his master, and to hang himself ; and the world turned round as well as he, and passed by the traytor. The Jews lived awhile, to crucify him who had chosen them for his onely people out of all the world, and quickly after the world, weary of them, passed by them, and their commonwealth. The old Romanes lived awhile, to worship wood and stones, to talk a little of Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and to gaze upon a great statue of Hercules, and cry, hee was a mighty man ; and while they stood gazing and looking another way, the world passed by them and their great empire. The Papists lived awhile, to keepe time with dropping beads, or rather to lose it ; to tell most wonderfull stories of miracles, and in the midst of a story, the world passes by them, and turnes them into a story. The Jesuits live awhile, to be called religious men and holy fathers ; to frame a face, to be very good and godly in the outside ; to vex and disquiet princes ; and the world at length finding them to be dissemlers, dissemlies with them also, and looking friendly upon them, passes by them."

and enjoyment in such a scene, which once conceived, we cannot ever permit to be forgotten. What are the visions of the future to meditations so produced ? They may interest our human feelings more, but can they fill, occupy, and expand the mind like those of the past ? The prospective creatures of fancy may for awhile float before our eyes, and dazzle us with their glittering hues and glowing brilliancy ; but they all die away, decay and vanish before that deeper, grander, most potent and efficacious spirit of imagination, which broods over the magnificence of the past, which resides amidst the marble wastes of Tadmor and the "mighty nations of the dead," which gives even to the future a more vivid lustre from its reflection, and which is, in fine, that eternal and inexhaustible fountain from which History catches her colouring and Poetry lights her flame.

But we have involuntarily strayed from our subject, and it is now time for us to conclude. If thy footsteps lead thee, good reader, to the venerable place which has suggested these speculations, let us advise thee to amuse thyself with something suitable, and not incongruous with its character. There is a fitness in all things. There are other places for perusing the ephemeral productions of the day—circulating libraries for novels, and commercial rooms for newspapers. If these be the food for which thy mind is most disposed, to such places be thy walks confined. But go not to the library of Humphrey Chetham without opening one of the "time-honoured guests." If classical learning be the study most gratifying to thy palate, take down the Basil edition of Horace, with the notes of eighty commentators, and read through the commentaries on the

first ode, thou wilt find it no very easy or despatchable matter. If divinity be thy pursuit, let one of the compendious folios of Caryl on Job minister to thy amusement, and thus conduce to thy attainment of that virtue of which Job was so eminently the possessor. If natural history present more attractions to thee than classical learning or divinity, Ulysses Aldrovandus will find thee employment enough, without resorting to the later publications of Pennant or Buffon. But should thy thoughts, good reader, have a different direction, and all these studies be less agreeable to thee than the study of light reading, take with thee Pharamond to thy corner, or that edifying and moral work Mat. Ingelo's "Bentivoglio and Urania;" and so needest thou have no fear of being too violently interested in thy subject to leave off with pleasure. What is that deep and forcible interest which chains you to a book, to the delightful equability to be enjoyed in the perusal of works like these? There is, too, another advantage. You cannot get through them too soon. How often do we feel, in perusing the Scotch novels, the unpleasant reflection that we are getting nearer the end—the end of our book and the end of our pleasure. Here, however, the reader may range secure, undisturbed by any such unpleasant anticipations. But if, on the contrary, thou visitest the Chetham Library as a menagerie, spectacle, and show, as a collection of snakes, skeletons, porpoises, and crocodiles; or if thou enterest it in the same manner, and for the same purposes, as thou wouldest enter a lounging-room or a fashionable bookseller's shop, then, though we will not wish unto thee the ass's ears of Midas, or those other calamities which are mentioned by

the eloquent defender of poetry, yet “thus much curse” must we send thee on behalf of the founder, that thou mayest be confined amongst the productions of the Minerva press, and be kept on prison allowance till thou hast read them through.

II.

OLD MANCHESTER AND ITS WORTHIES.

BY JAMES CROSTON, F.S.A.

IT has been said that the history of a nation is but a record of the actions of its people—unfortunately, but too often a record of “the pride and pomp and circumstance of war,” describing with graphic detail wars that have desolated the earth, and crimes that have disgraced humanity; and exalting, at the expense of public virtue, the actions of ambitious warriors and intriguing statesmen, until, with a preposterous joy and guilty admiration, we are led to exult in the successes of the one, and revere the memory of the other. But we should ever remember that

“ Peace hath her victories,
Not less renowned than war,”

and much as we may delight to dwell on the memories of those who have exhibited wisdom or capacity in the senate, or courage and decision in the field, we regard with feelings of equal if not greater veneration those illustrious worthies who, if they have played a less prominent part, have occupied a not less useful position in the drama of life, and who still live among us in the record of their lives, bequeathing to posterity an enduring source of good

in the bright examples they afford of all that is true and honourable and manly in character, and of those moral and social virtues which alike adorn and ennable our common nature—examples that beam with a celestial splendour, comforting, cheering, and encouraging the labourer in the cause of humanity and civil progress. The history of our country is studded over as “with patines of bright gold” with such illustrious examples, and we are not sure whether it is not more in the lives of England’s Worthies than in the lives of England’s Warriors that we may discover the true secret of England’s greatness ; in them we see, as vital realities, the principles by which society is moved and the energies it wields gathered together and in active operation.

Though our good old town may not be able to count among her sons many who have achieved historic greatness, yet if we look back along the dim vista of antiquity, we shall find a long line of illustrious worthies, of whom we may be justly proud—men who have been eminent for their wisdom and courage and benevolence—who have acquired undying fame by their learning and scientific attainments, and who, under God’s providence, have not only been instrumental in raising to a proud pre-eminence the place in which they dwelt, but have been in a great degree the architects of their country’s greatness. It is sometimes worth while to “remember the days of old,” and to cast our thoughts back to the times of the generations that are past ; and although in the retrospect there may be much that we must deprecate and condemn, we shall find much also that is morally good and dear and honoured to our every feeling of existence. In the contemplation of

those flashes of glorious heroism and those ennobling virtues which will ever and anon present themselves to our gaze, we may be led not only to cherish more and more the memory of our ancestors, and to love the habitations where they dwelt, but an increased desire may be awakened in us to emulate whatever is good and noble and praiseworthy in their character, and to imitate that earnestness of spirit which is ever seeking for new fields of moral victory, so that we may continue to the youth of succeeding ages that bright example of good works and faith in humanity's moral and physical progress which they have bequeathed to us.

We shall endeavour to incorporate with our little gossipping biographies a few verbal delineations of ancient Manchester, so that while we make acquaintance with some of these old local celebrities, we may realise in some degree the scenes in which they lived and moved and had their being, and so trace the gradual progress and improvement of our good old town from the few rude wattled huts of the aboriginal Britons, to the vast aggregation of mills and workshops and palatial buildings that the world calls Manchester. And here we must ask the reader to forget the present, and go back with us in imagination for a period of wellnigh two thousand years. The vision, it is true, is only shadowy and indistinct, seen through the long distance that intervenes; but carrying the mind back to those remote regions of antiquity, let us contemplate the scene that meets our fancied view. It is Manchester—Manchester in the darkest period of its history. The Medlock, now an unpolluted stream, glides pleasantly along, and near to its confluence with the Irwell there rises a steep

rocky bank, on the summit of which is a space of some twelve or thirteen acres that has been cleared from the surrounding forest; a rampart bounds the north side, and on the west it is protected by a deep ditch, while the river forms a natural barrier on the south. The thick forest of Ardven or Arden affords an ample shelter from the inclement winds of the north, and in the opposite direction it is open to the genial influences of the southern sun,—local advantages that appear to have been generally recognised by the ancient Britons in the construction of their camps.

Within the area a few huts, rudely constructed of mud and wattles, and covered with the skins of beasts, bear evidence of man's existence, and in these we recognise the old British town of *Mancenion*, the *place of tents* or *place of encampment*, the precursor of a city destined in after-ages to become the metropolis of industry, the workshop of the world. As we look more closely into the picture, we discern the naked woad-stained forms of the early settlers—men tall in stature and savage in mien, with rough skins thrown across their shoulders, and their long yellow hair streaming loosely down their backs; ardent, imaginative, brave; armed with javelin and spear, spurning all control, and despising every exercise save that of the chase or the battle-field. Dense forests of oak—primeval monarchs that have budded and flourished and shed their leaves through centuries of silent solitude—stretch away on every hand, the haunt of the wolf and the wild boar; and instead of the cheerful hum of industry, and the din of machinery, a death-like silence prevails, broken only at intervals by the sound of the huntsman tracking his prey through the thick undergrowth, or pursuing the

chase along the echoing banks of the Irk, the Irwell, or the Medlock.

“ Hunter and warrior, here he comes ! a form
Browned by the sun, and battered by the storm ;
A spear his weapon, and a skin his vest ;
His home a cave hewn in the mountain’s breast.
His mate, more melancholy, if less wild,
Bearing upon her back their unclad child.
Through the woods gliding, cautiously and slow,
They pick the scanty fruitage as they go.
At length upon the river’s brink they part,
For, lo ! his eye tracks far the startled hart ;
And with a shout, a bound, its mazy flight
He follows fast, and keeps it still in sight.
At first the dale they scour, then climb the hill,
'Neath the bright burning noonday panting still ;
And on the morrow he returns to tell
How twilight and his spear together fell
Upon his prey remote, by some lone forest well.”

But a change comes over the spirit of the dream. Gradually the view dissolves and slowly fades away. Another dawns upon the scene. A sound of distant strife breaks faintly upon the ear, there is a rumbling of war-chariots and the hollow tramp of legionaries; in a moment the scene is alive with the forms of men hurrying to and fro, brandishing their javelins in impatient haste to meet the coming foe. Meanwhile the conquering eagles of imperial Rome are seen advancing, cohort follows cohort, and legion succeeds to legion; with steady pace and measured tread they come. There is a shock of mortal combat, the echoing clang of arms and the fell shout of war. Briton and Roman are struggling together for conquest and for life. It is over—undisciplined valour yields to superior military skill, and the brave and heroic Britons,

defeated but not subdued, are compelled to retire within the fastnesses of their native woods, leaving the rocky slopes of the Medlock crimsoned with the life-blood of a people who, if they knew not how to fight, knew at least how valiant men should die.

The earlier invasions of the Cæsars scarcely affected the northern tribes, and it was not until about the year 78 that Agricola succeeded in carrying the Roman arms to those parts of Britain which had not as yet been brought in subjection to the imperial rule. With the summer of that year terminated the British period of *Mancenion's* history.

The Romans, after an obstinate struggle, possessed themselves of the town, and placed in it a garrison of foreign auxiliaries—a cohort raised in Friesland—with a *vexillatio* or cavalry troop of Rhætian and Norician auxiliaries. The newcomers, casting aside the sword and buckler, at once set about erecting from the old materials a fortress on the Roman plan, some fragmentary remains of which may still be seen on what is known as Castlefield. Military ways were formed, and several subordinate forts were erected for the protection of cattle in the outlying districts, and the better security of convoys upon the roads. Traces of these forts may still be discerned at Hyle Wood, near Castle Irwell, in Lower Broughton; at Castle Hill, on the left-hand side of the road, near Singleton Brook; at a place called Raineshow, on Kersal Moor; and at a spot a little above the Grove Inn, on the Bury New Road, the site of which is still recalled by the names of Camp Street and Roman Road Terrace. Other stations or *castra* were established on the banks of the Mersey at Stockport and Stretford.

Agricola, having subjugated the half-savage dwellers of the ancient *Mancenion*, became a pacifier and lawgiver, and taught them arts and civilisation. Roman manners and customs were more or less adopted, and with them, it is to be feared, vices of which before our Celtic forefathers knew not of. To check the spirit of independence kept alive in the uncivilised abodes of deserted forests, the conquered were invited to leave their retreats in the woods and swamps, and to form themselves into little communities around the Roman station; and in this way a colony sprang up on the north side of the old settlement, which received the name of Aldport, or the Old Town, the site of which is still recalled by the name of Alport-town, in Deansgate.

Mancenion now received the Latinised appellation of *Mancunium* or *Mamucium*. All the trades necessary for supplying the wants of the new occupiers were carried on in the vicinity of the station. A water-mill was erected on the rocky channel of the Medlock at Knot Mill; that requisite, a *commune furnum*, or common bakehouse, was established; and it is supposed that a pottery was also in existence, many sepulchral vessels and other remains, apparently of local manufacture, having been discovered in the locality. Many relics of the period of Roman occupation have been dug up within the present century; and amongst them the exceedingly beautiful bronze statuette of Jupiter Stator, an engraving of which is given on another page.

For wellnigh four hundred years the Roman wrought and ruled in Britain, leaving the distinctive peculiarities of his way of living and governing stamped upon the country.

But destiny had other things in store, and the proud and unwieldy Empire of Rome, having performed its part in the world's history, is now hastening to decay. With difficulty the vaunted mistress of the world now grasps her own. Pierced by barbarian hordes, torn by intestine wars, weakened at heart and tottering to her ruin, her last legions have been recalled for her own defence, and Roman *Mancunium* is abandoned, a prey to the northern savages—the Picts and Scots—who come, as Gildas relates, “like hungry and ravening wolves rushing with greedy jaws upon the fold.”

“ Yet, once again, a change—and lo !
The Roman even himself must go ;
While Dane and Saxon scatter wide
Each remnant of his power and pride.”

Enervated by long submission to the Roman yoke, deprived of the protection of the forces of the Empire, the flower of her youth drafted away to swell the armies of the Emperors, *Mancunium* was left in a state of utter defencelessness, and speedily became a prey to the warlike hordes that came pouring in from the north. A period of anarchy and confusion followed, and the town again became the scene of fierce war and angry passion, of conquest and oppression, of barbaric rudeness and pagan splendour. For the protection of the town the Roman fortification at Castlefield was strengthened ; but as the Roman model of a fortress did not suit the military taste of the Britons, a large building of stone was reared as a more formidable barrier against assault, and it is at this period that Manchester is supposed to have first boasted the possession of a rude castle. Unable, however, to cope with their foes,

and deprived of all help from their former protectors, the unhappy Britons imprudently invited the aid of the Saxons to deliver them from the ravages and depredations of their oppressors. The succour asked for was promptly given ; but the tenacious Saxon, having once obtained a footing, was unwilling to loose his hold, and no sooner had he subdued the Caledonians than he set up a claim to, and forcibly established himself in possession of, the country of the Britons. A desperate resistance was offered, and the newcomers had to win their way inch by inch ; but win they did, nor ceased they until the whole country lying between the Mersey and the Humber, and stretching away as far north as the Firth of Forth, had owned their supremacy.

The Saxons became masters of Lancashire about the year 488, when they seized the British fortress in Castle-field, and gave the command of it to one Tarquin. The perfidious cruelty of the foreign usurpers excited the resentment of the Britons, and the renowned King Arthur, in his resistance to the Saxon yoke, was distinguished by the most heroic devotion to the cause of his country.

It is to this period that the mythic story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, related in “*La Morte d’Arthur*,” belongs. The Torquin, or Tarquin, as he is therein named, is said by tradition to have been a monster of gigantic stature and prodigious strength, who disgraced his courage by his brutality. He had by treachery gained possession of the fortified Castle of Manchester, where he fixed his abode, and where it is related he kept no less than sixty-four brave knights in ignominious bondage until he was eventually vanquished by Sir Lancelot du Lake.

King of Cheshire, and one of the knights of Arthur's Round Table, who retook the Castle of Manchester and slew its tyrannous commander.

We are not going to claim for the giant Tarquin a position among the "worthies" of Manchester, but as he happens to be the earliest notability of whom we have any record, he is on that ground, at least, entitled to some attention. In the old Chronicle of Manchester, written by Hollingworth some two centuries ago, we have the following quaint account of this doughty Saxon :—"It is said that Sir Tarquine, a stout enemie of King Arthur, kept the castle, and neere to the ford in Medlock, about Mabhouse, hung a basin, on which basin whosoever did strike, Sir Tarquine or some of his company would come forth and fight with him, and that Sir Launcelot du Lake, a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, did beate upon the basin, fought with Tarquine, killed him, and possessed himself of the castle, and loosed the prisoners."

The colony of Saxons that settled with their chief in Manchester possessed themselves of the houses already erected and the lands already cultivated, and the vanquished Britons were left to construct habitations for themselves. In this way the surrounding country began to be reclaimed and brought under cultivation ; the immediately adjacent districts were cleared of their primeval oaks, and the wild beasts that inhabited them were dislodged to a greater distance. Salford, Cheetham, Newton, Ardwick, and Chorlton-on-Medlock were the districts first formed, and gradually the more remote townships of Rusholme, Withington, Stretford, Gorton, and Droylsden arose. As the Romans had converted the British name of the place,

Mancenion, into *Mancunium*, so now the Saxons changed it into *Manige-ceaster* or Manchester, an old name with a new signification—the city of men—by which it has ever since been known.

Of the condition of Manchester for a century or more after the departure of the Romans little is known, though it would seem to have increased considerably in importance. We learn from the Saxon Chronicle that about the year 617 Edwin King of Northumbria “subdued all Britain,” from which it may be inferred that *Manige-ceaster* was included in her possessions ; and some sixty years later it was for a time a royal residence, Queen Ethelburga, the consort of Ina King of Wessex, having in 689 selected it as her abode whilst her husband was upon an expedition against the princes of North Wales ; and here Ina himself, with Adelard his cousin, continued for about three months after his successful campaign in Wales.

Manchester continued under the Saxon rule for a period of two hundred years or more, when it was doomed to pass through the fiery ordeal of a foreign invasion more dreadful than any it had previously encountered. Under the banner of the Black Raven the sea-kings and jarls of the North, with their piratical multitudes, overran the country, and for more than a century our good old town was made the constant scene of their devastation and slaughter.

“ What time the Raven flapped his gory wing,
And scoured the White Horse o'er this harried realm ;
His crowded galley brought the dread Viking,
Lust at his prow, and rapine at the helm.

“A conquering rabble ravaged o'er these lands,
Urged by Valhalla's maidens to the strife,
With joyous hearts they left their yellow strands,
That in the battle they might yield up life.”

During these unwelcome intrusions the town suffered severely, and is said to have been wellnigh depopulated. Tradition says that the Nicker Ditch, a trench which flows between Reddish and Gorton, on the southerly side of the town, was constructed at this time as a defence against the assaults of the Northmen; and it is affirmed, though with small probability of truth, that Reddish or Red-ditch, Gorton or Gore-town, and Denton or Dane-town, as also Dane-shut, Dane-heys, Dane-head, and Dane-wood, in the same locality, commemorate a sanguinary encounter between the Anglo-Saxons and the Danish invaders.

About the year 920, Edward the Elder, King, first, of the West Saxons, and then of the Mercians, repaired the town, which had remained in a ruinous condition from its destruction by the Danes, and at the same time, it is said, rebuilt the castle. Nearly a century later, Canute as we call him, or Knut, as his name was anciently pronounced, marched a powerful army against the Prince of Cumberland and the King of Scotland, and in the course of his march through the north-western counties he passed through Manchester. There is a popularly-received tradition, that on his journey he gave his name to the mill upon the Medlock to which we have already referred. That the soil of our town has been actually trodden by the mightiest and most renowned of those “old sea-kings”—a monarch before whom the Saxon dynasty

quailed, and whose courtiers believed that his word was powerful enough to stay the surges of the ocean—there can scarcely be a doubt, but that he actually gave name to the mill, as the popular tale affirms, may well be questioned.

After the expulsion of the Danes, the Saxon lord, or thegn, as he was called, selected for himself a stronger position on the high ground near the confluence of the Irk with the Irwell, about a mile to the north of the old settlement, and built himself a fortified residence on the site of the present Chetham Hospital and Library. The position was further strengthened by a deep ditch or moat, that ran transversely from the Irk to the Irwell, following the course of the present Todd Street, Hanging Ditch, and Cateaton Street. A population gathered round the new centre, and by degrees the town extended from the Aldport, or Old Town, which had become much dilapidated by incessant warfare and the lapse of time, along Deansgate towards Aca's Field, now St Ann's Square, and the Market Place.

For the convenience of his retainers and the burghers generally, the lord erected a mill on the fosse or ditch surrounding the manorial residence, at a point midway down Cateaton Street ; the road to it was called the Millgate—now the Old Millgate ; and when in later times another mill was erected on the banks of the Irk, the approach, to distinguish it, was designated the Long Millgate. A drawbridge was thrown over the fosse, called the Hanging Bridge, which in later times was succeeded by one of stone, the arches of which remain at the present day. That important functionary in every Saxon colony, the armourer or

smith, had a forge erected on the banks of the Irwell, near the end of Deansgate; the place was called the Smithy Bank, and it is still recalled by the name of Smithy Door.

It is not known with certainty at what time the dwellers in Saxon Manchester were induced to discard their idols and embrace the doctrine of the Cross, but in all probability it would be between the years 625 and 631, when Paulinus, the great apostle of the North, under the auspices of Edwin King of Northumbria and his wife Ethelburga, preached throughout the provinces of *Deira* and *Bernicia*; certain it is that, at the time the Doomsday Book was compiled, Manchester could boast the possession of two churches, one dedicated to St Michael and the other to St Mary, the only churches of which any mention is made as then existing in the Salford hundred—a tract of country at that time consisting for the most part of moss, moorland, and forest.

Antiquaries are a good deal divided in opinion as to the position these two churches occupied. Whittaker affirms that St Michael's was erected at Aldport, and that when the Saxon chief removed his abode to a more northerly site at the confluence of the Irk and the Irwell, the town followed in the same direction, and a new church, dedicated to St Mary, was then erected in Aca's Field, and near the top of the present St Mary's Gate. All this, however, is mere surmise, without any evidence of a reliable nature to support it. When we remember the large area the parish of Manchester then embraced, it seems hardly likely that a second church should have been erected in such close proximity to the old one, except upon the supposition that it had fallen into decay during those fierce contests of

which Manchester was so often the scene. Ashton-under-Lyne was at this time within the limits of the parish, and it has been suggested that one of the churches named on the survey may have been located there; whilst other antiquaries incline to the opinion that the religious establishment at Eccles was referred to.

The rectorial residence stood upon the west side of the deep ravine or dene, called the Denegate or Deansgate, on a portion of the land which to this day bears the name of the Parsonage. The site is now occupied by a building of considerable antiquity, belonging to the Dean and Chapter, and which is believed to have continued the parsonage or rectorial residence until the early part of the fifteenth century, when the rector of Manchester was exalted to the dignity of a warden, and the present building of the college was founded as a more fitting residence. The old parsonage has in the course of ages undergone great alterations, but sufficient remains to enable us to form some idea of its external form and internal disposition: it is now in the occupation of Mr Wallis, draper. The walls of one of the upper rooms is still covered with oaken panelling, and in one of the apartments is an elaborately carved oak chimney-piece of undoubted antiquity.

We pass by the periods of Danish spoliation and Norman conquest. From these times down to the beginning of the fifteenth century the history of Manchester is little more than a blank; but though presenting few incidents worthy of commemoration, the town itself had become much more populous, and the prosperity of the people had greatly increased. Here, as in other places, the husbandman was becoming an artisan, the artisan a

yeoman, and the yeoman a wealthy trader. The Flemish manufactures and woollen trade, too, had taken deep root in the town ; indeed, so early as the reign of Edward the Second, we find that a mill for dyeing goods existed on the banks of the Irk, and a few years later one for fulling was erected ; and so by degrees the British settlement of former times became a military station of the Roman era ; the Roman station became a Saxon village, which grew and increased in importance until it became a large and thriving mercantile town, and the centre of an extensive parish.

Fuller relates in his quaint way the manner in which the woollen manufacture first took root in this country. Edward the Third, he tells us, sent emissaries over, who ingratiated themselves with such Flemings as were masters of their trade but not of themselves. They were told how greatly they would benefit themselves if only they would come over to England, bringing with them their craft and mystery, which would secure a welcome in all places. The assurance was given that "they would feed on fat beef and mutton, till nothing but their fulness should stint their stomachs ; their beds should be good, and their bedfellows better, seeing the richest yeomen in England would not disdain to marry their daughters to them, and such was the beauty of the English maidens that the most envious foreigners could not but commend them." Allured by these temptations, and especially, as it would seem, by the hope of mating with the "Lancashire witches," who were then famed for their beauty, a colony of Flemish emigrants settled on the banks of the Irwell, and spread themselves along the Lancashire valleys, laying the foundation for that industry which has raised Manchester to

such a pre-eminence, and made it the commercial capital of the Empire. We are apt to boast of the position our country holds among the nations of the world: we owe that in a great degree to our commercial supremacy; and if we trace that back to its origin, we shall find it in the settlement in Manchester of a few Flemish artisans, lured by the charms of the “Lancashire witches.”

Up to this time the only means of communication with Salford, which had then obtained the charter of a free borough, was by the ford across the Irwell near the foot of the Smithy Bank. In 1368 Thomas del Booth, a rich yeoman, left the sum of thirty pounds for the erection of a stone bridge—the first probably in the country—to connect the two boroughs. On this bridge a chapel or oratory was built, which continued to be used for religious purposes until the time of the Reformation, after which it served the purpose of a prison for criminals. The oratory was taken down in 1776, but the bridge itself remained until 1838, when it gave place to the present Victoria Bridge.

Thomas del Booth, it will be seen, was one of the earliest benefactors to the town; he was the representative of an old family settled at Barton, in the parish of Eccles, but little is known respecting him.

Now, however, there comes upon the scene the first of the worthies of Manchester of whom we have reliable account—Thomas Lord de la Warr, the last male representative of an ancient and honourable house. In the period of commercial progress to which we have just alluded, the endowments of the Church of Manchester had increased in proportion to the increased wealth of the

town, and much of them had been absorbed by non-resident rectors, who were engaged in secular avocations. The parsonage-house, too, had become inadequate to the requirements of the more luxurious priests of later times, and so a ready pretext was afforded for their frequent absence, and the consequent neglect of the pastoral duties they owed to a large and populous parish.

At this time a very lax discipline would appear to have crept into the Church ; instead of its ministers being the living embodiments of the moral virtues, checking by the sanctity of spiritual influences the savage fierceness of the times, they had become altogether indifferent to the interests of religion, and abandoning the outward forms of mortification and humility, assumed an air of ease and sensuality to which even the feudatory lords were almost, if not altogether, strangers. As was said in the famous “Apology for the Lollards,” attributed to Wycliff, “Now almost is there no worldly business that ministers of the altar are not employed in, . . . whereof it followeth that they live contrary to Holy Writ and to the decrees of old fathers.”

This spirit would appear to have been strongly characteristic of the clergy under the immediate cognisance of the rector of Manchester. Many and reiterated were the complaints, and long and enduring the delays interposed in the way of redress; but the time had now arrived when these abuses were to be remedied, and the ecclesiastical revenues of the parish appropriated to their legitimate purposes. A younger son of the feudal baron of Manchester, Thomas de la Warr, was brought up to the Church, and about the year 1380 was presented

to the rectory of Manchester, then in his father's patronage. License of non-residence was granted to him, but, unlike his predecessors, he declined to avail himself of it, preferring to take up his abode at the parsonage, and to continue in residence there, in order that he might the more assiduously discharge the rectorial and diaconal duties devolving upon him ; and these were by no means of a mere nominal character, that might be fulfilled or left unperformed at pleasure. He had a settled jurisdiction over the clergy of the deanery (which at this time was united with the rectory), and was invested with a coercive authority over the goods and persons of offenders among them ; he was also common confessor to the clergy within his jurisdiction, and was further required to visit them at stated periods, and to examine into their demeanour and conduct—oftentimes an obnoxious office by reason of the increasing arrogance displayed by the rising members of that body.

On the death of his elder brother in 1399, the good rector succeeded by inheritance to the barony of Manchester ; his increased worldly greatness and honour, however, did not in the least abate, but rather increased, his sacerdotal zeal. Additional opportunities were now afforded him of correcting the evils that prevailed ; and not content with mere complaint or protestation, he set about vigorously to provide for the more adequate celebration of the services of the Church, and the better administration of its revenues. After he had held the lordship of Manchester for about twenty years, he determined to attempt the foundation of a college commensurate with the increased extent of the town, and to

withdraw the parish church of Manchester from the charge of a rector, and place it under the government of a capitular body, piously considering, as the charter of foundation expresses it, "that the church of Manchester having a large and ample parish, and very populous, had been accustomed to be ruled and governed in bygone times by rectors, some of whom never, and some very seldom, cared to personally reside in the same;" and that from their long absence followed a diminution of divine worship and a great danger of souls.

After advising with his diocesan, the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and others, he petitioned the king, and on the 22d May 1421 obtained a royal license authorising the collegiation of the old church of Manchester. On the 14th of the following month he summoned a meeting of his parishioners; and, as we learn from the petition to the Bishop of Coventry then agreed upon, it was proposed that the parish church should be collegiate, and a building erected capable of accommodating the additional number of clergy who would be required for the administration of its sacred rights, the benevolent priest undertaking to surrender the advowson, and to complete, at his own charge, the college or collegiate residence, and further endow it with certain of his own lands, in addition to the existing endowment of the rectory, which it was proposed to transfer to the new foundation.

What a glorious "parish vestry" must this have been! Here, unanimously congregated at the sound of the bell, were the great magnates of the district—Lawrence Hulme and Henry Bulkely, the churchwardens at that time; Sir John le Byron of Clayton, and Sir John de Radcliffe of

Ordsal, two worthy knights of the neighbourhood, with a profusion of esquires and gentlemen of rank, including Edmund de Trafford, John de Booths, Ralph Longford, Thurstan de Holland, James de Strangeways, and Ralph de Prestwich, with stout yeomen, whose veneration for the Church was only equalled by their determined zeal in giving it their defence. It requires but little stretch of the imagination to realise the gathering within the walls of the old church, to note the look of approval as the pious De la Warr, in the benevolence of his own good heart, unfolds his plans for the collegiation of their parish church, offering to give up his ancestral home, and at his own expense erect a suitable residence for the clergy on its site, and endow it with a portion of his lands, if the parish will but assent to the assignment of the rectorial estates to the new foundation; and we may almost fancy we hear the clank of sword and spur upon the pavement as the knightly throng retires from the scene, talking over the disinterested zeal and Christian benevolence of the worthy old priest-lord.

The consent of the parishioners having been given, a charter of incorporation was granted by the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, which was confirmed by the Prior and Convent of Coventry, the Archdeacon of Chester, and the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield. It is the popular belief that Lord de la Warr built the present fabric of the Collegiate Church, but this was not the case. Though there is no positive evidence of the fact, there is reason to believe that a church had been erected by the lords of Manchester for the convenience of their retainers within the fortified precincts of the

baronial residence, and that this preceded the existence, and gave place to the present edifice, which was built upon its site. Neither the charter of incorporation nor the petition of the parishioners in any way bear out the idea that it was intended to supersede the existing church by a new erection, but, on the contrary, the fact that the whole of the funds bequeathed by the benevolent founder were employed in building the collegiate residence, and the endowing of it, leads to the supposition that the design he had in view was not so much the raising of an ecclesiastical structure as the placing of the hitherto neglected parish under the spiritual guidance of a warden and a large staff of subordinate clergy, that so the services of the Church might be celebrated in as complete a manner as possible, and be accessible to the people at all canonical hours. Lord de la Warr lived to see his plans only partially completed ; within a few years of the foundation he was seized with an illness, and on the fifth Henry the Sixth (1426-27), he passed away from the worldly scenes of munificence like a shock of corn fully ripe, and was interred in the Abbey Church, at Swineshead in Lincolnshire, to which in his life he had been a liberal benefactor. Though no storied urn or pillared bust may perpetuate the name of the ancient worthy, we have an enduring monument of his pious zeal—a Christian church in which for ages past our forefathers have been privileged to offer up the sacrifice of praise and prayer—a temple which for ages yet to come shall to our successors be indeed the house of God, and may become the gate of heaven. Though but few incidents of his life may have been preserved to us, the

memory of the good old priest-lord will be revered so long as one single stone of that venerable pile shall remain standing upon another.

By the founding of the Collegiate Church, Manchester became ecclesiastically, what it had previously been in an industrial point of view, the most important town in the county,—after the warden of Manchester, the rector of Winwick and the parson of Wigan being next in importance ; but the remainder of the secular clergy were, for the most part, poor, rude, and ignorant, and, it is to be feared, of questionable morality. Besides christening, shriving, marrying, and burying, many of them eked out their existence by keeping traders' accounts, making wills, and by a variety of other occupations of a non-ecclesiastical character.

Harrison, describing the clergy at this time, says, "Many of them went either in divers colours like players, or in garments of like hue, as yellow, red, green, with their shoes piked, their hair crisped, their girdles armed with silver, their apparel for the most part of silk, their caps laced and buttoned with gold ; so that to meet a priest in those days was to behold a peacock that spreadeth his tail when he danceth before his hens." Dr Halley, in his "Puritanism and Nonconformity of Lancashire," facetiously remarks, that "very few of these clerical peacocks spread their tails to dance before the beautiful hens of Lancashire, as many of their benefices were not worth more than four or five pounds a year."

John Huntington, the first warden of the church collegiate under Lord de la Warr's influence, is fairly entitled to rank among the worthies of Manchester. Like

his patron, he made himself an example of the truth of that precept which says it is good to be zealously affected in a good cause. Huntington, at the time he entered upon his sacred functions as warden of Manchester, was rector of the neighbouring parish of Ashton-under-Lyne. During his lifetime the structure in which our forefathers had been wont to worship gave place to a more imposing building. Finding the old church inadequate to the extended duties of the capitular body, and being, as he is described, a man of spirit, attentive to the duties of his church, and anxious to complete and adorn it, he commenced the building of a choir eastward of the then existing edifice, portions of which still remain; and, as a record of his works, he left his name, in accordance with the fashion of the times, in a rebus or device, which may be seen on two shields that still adorn the archway separating the choir from the lady chapel of the Cathedral: one represents a huntsman with dogs, and the other a vessel or tun, which joined together represent the name Huntington.

Huntington's example had great weight with his parishioners, who liberally contributed towards the work of completing that honoured temple which for generations past has been the pride of Manchester, and the history of which is so closely interwoven with its local annals. Of the incidents connected with his wardenship, history has left no record; the choir which he commenced he lived to see completed, and after filling the sacred office for thirty-six years, he quitted the scene of his worldly labours on the 11th November 1458, and was buried in the vault beneath the high altar of the church, to which in his lifetime he had been such a liberal benefactor.



COTTAGE AT CRUMPSALL, THE SUPPOSED BIRTH-PLACE OF HUGH OLDHAM.

At the time that Huntington was completing the work which his predecessor had begun, there was living in the neighbouring hamlet of Crumpsall a family of small estate. The house in which they dwelt stood very nearly upon the site of the present workhouse, and was in existence until about twenty years ago, when it was taken down—a little, low, thatched building of very unpretending appearance, and such as in these times might serve as the home of an agricultural labourer of the humblest class. It might originally have presented a more picturesque exterior, having been built in the black-and-white half-timbered style; but constant patching and repairs, and successive coats of whitewash, had most effectually destroyed any attraction in this respect that it might formerly have possessed. The interior had been sadly altered and defaced, but in one of the rooms to the east remained a curious fresco painting, that appeared to have been executed about the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the occupants had risen to some eminence in Manchester. In this humble abode it is believed was born that worthy prelate to whose large-hearted benevolence Manchester is indebted for one of its most valued foundations—Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, and founder of the Free Grammar School.

Of the early life of the good Bishop comparatively little is known, and the date of his birth even has never yet been satisfactorily determined. He appears to have early attracted the attention of the Countess of Richmond, the mother of King Henry VII., and to her influence he was no doubt largely indebted for much of his future preferment. He was brought up in the household of the

first Earl of Derby, and placed under the tuition of one Maurice Westbury, an Oxford man, retained for the purpose of instructing young gentlemen, a practice common in those days in the residences of the chief nobility—his fellow-students being James Stanley, afterwards Bishop of Ely, and William Smyth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, the founder of Brazenose College, Oxford.

Oldham commenced his academical career at Christ Church, Oxford, and completed it at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree. In 1485 he was appointed rector of St Mildred's Church in London. In 1493 he became rector of Swineshead in Lincolnshire, and canon of St Stephen's, Westminster, and the following year vicar of Cheshunt in Hertfordshire. In 1495 he was elected to the mastership of St John's Hospital, Lichfield, and in the same year he was collated to a prebendal stall in Salisbury Cathedral, receiving also within a few months the appointment of chaplain to the Countess of Richmond. In 1496 he was appointed prebendary of St Paul's, and in the following year he obtained a stall in Lincoln Cathedral. In 1499 he was elected master of St Leonard's Hospital in Bedford; three months afterwards he was appointed to the living of Wareboys in Lincolnshire, and before the close of the same year he was advanced to a stall in the Cathedral Church of York. In 1500 he became rector of Shitlington in Lincolnshire, and the following year he was presented to the rectory of Overton in Worcestershire. In 1503 he was created Archdeacon of Exeter, and in the following year he was, through the influence of his patroness the Countess of Richmond, appointed bishop of that diocese.

Oldham was a great patron of learning ; and it would seem that the state of ignorance of his native county had deeply impressed his mind, for during the latter part of his life he had erected and maintained a free school in Manchester, near to the College. At this time the only education to be obtained by the poor was in the seminaries attached to the religious houses, and the boys were usually trained for the priesthood. Grammar-schools were unknown in Lancashire at least, and Jack Cade, had he visited these parts, would have had no occasion to complain that “the youth of the realm” were “most traitorously corrupted” by their influence.

The good Bishop was blessed with a sister, who, not satisfied with merely helping him in well-doing, induced her husband also to aid him in his good work ; so that Joan Bexwicke, with her husband, Hugh Bexwicke, a member of an old Blackley family, may be looked upon more in the light of co-founders with the Bishop than as mere trustees under his will. The foundation charter of the Grammar School, which is dated the 1st of April 1425, recites that the Bishop had built a school and endowed it, “for the good mynde which he hadd and bare to the countrey of Lancashire, consydering the brynging upp in lernyng, vertue, and good maners childeryn in the same countrey should be the key and grounde to have good people ther, whiche both lacked and wanted in the same, as well for grete povertie of the comn. people ther, as allsoe by cause of long tyme passyd the teyching and brynging upp of yonge childrene to scole to the lernyng of gramyer hath not been taught ther, for lack of sufficient schole-master, so that the childeryn in the same countrey,

having pregnant wytte, have ben most parte brought upp rudely and idilly, and not in vertue, cunnyng, litterature, and good maners."

In addition to the splendid provision he made for the Manchester School, Oldham was also a liberal benefactor to Brazenose College, and assisted Fox, the Bishop of Lincoln, with a contribution of four hundred pounds—a large sum in those days—towards the building of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, to which he also bequeathed considerable grants of land; and it is recorded that it was by his counsel and advice that Fox was induced to found the college in preference to a monastery, as he had originally intended—Oldham suggesting to him that, instead of "building houses and providing livelihoods for a company of monks, whose end and fall we may ourselves live to see, it were more meet a great deal that we should have care to provide for the increase of learning, and for such as by their learning shall do good to Church and Commonwealth."

The worthy Bishop is described as a man of exalted wisdom and resplendent piety, of gentle manners, and much inclined to peace and quietness, but, nevertheless, possessed of sufficient courage to assert and defend his rights, as he showed in a dispute he had with the Abbot of Tavistock, and his joining the Bishop of Winchester in opposing the prerogative of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The dispute with the Abbot of Tavistock was the old one between bishop and prior—the right to episcopal supervision. The monasteries repudiated all episcopal control, and owned allegiance only to the Pope of Rome, with "self-government." Their discipline had become more and more lax, and hence the desire of a conscientious bishop like

Oldham to bring them under subjection. He early manifested a desire to correct the gross abuses of the monastic system, and had he lived a few years later, there can be little doubt that he would have taken a foremost place among the leaders of that great national religious movement—the English Reformation.

Bishop Oldham died on the 25th June 1519, under sentence of excommunication, on account of the action at law at the time pending with the Abbot of Tavistock ; but the Pope's sanction being obtained, he was buried in a chapel built by himself expressly for the purpose, at the upper end of the south aisle of his own cathedral, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory—with the exception of the noble institution that owes its existence to his munificence, the only monument that perpetuates his name ; for among the thousands who in successive generations have benefited by Oldham's liberality, there has not yet been evoked the spirit of gratitude that would rear even the smallest memorial to keep alive the remembrance of one to whom Manchester owes so much. We raise costly trophies to the memory of kings and conquerors ; but how much more deserving of our homage is the memory of one who, in those dark feudal times, was one of the earliest pioneers in the work of breaking through the barriers of ignorance, and driving it from its strongholds into the outer darkness ?

In 1540 Manchester had conferred on it a privilege which the inhabitants do not appear to have very highly appreciated. In that year an Act of Parliament was passed constituting the town a place of asylum or sanctuary—"a place," as the Act designates it, "of privilege and tuicion

for terme of life of all and singuler offenders and malefactours, of whatsoeuer qualitie, kynde, or nature all and every theire offences be, for the whiche said offences and crymes the paynes and punysshement of death shulde ensue by the statutes, laws, and customes of this realme," other than murder, rape, burglary, robbery in the highway, or in any house, or in any church or chapel, or wilfully burning any house or barn with corn. The immunity, as we have said, could not have been greatly esteemed, for in the following year a representation was made to Parliament that the privilege was very prejudicial to the prosperity of the town, and another Act was passed transferring the sanctuary to Chester.

The statute throws some light upon the condition of Manchester at this time, which, it says, "hath of long tyme been a towne well inhabited, and the king's subjects, inhabitants of the same towne, well sett a worke in making of clothes as well of lynnен as of wollen, whereby the inhabitants of the said towne have obteyned, gotten, and come unto ryches and welthy lyvings, and have kept and sett many artificers and pore folks to work within the said towne, and by reason of the great occupying, good order, strayte and true dealing of the inhabitants of the said towne, many straungers, as well of Irlond as of other places within this realme, have resorted to the said towne with lynnен yarne, wooles, and other necessary wares for making of clothes, to be sold there." The Act then sets forth that "dyverse light and evil-disposed persons syns the passing of the sanctuary statute, for certen offences by them comytted and done, have nowe of late resorted and made their abode within the said towne of Manchestr, and

lived in ydleness not allone by geving evil occasion to honest and true labourers and servauntes within the said towne to live in such sort of idleness, but also have allured and enticed diverse servaunts and labourers within the said towne to practise and use unlawfull games, whereby they have consumed and mysspent their masters' goodes being in their handes, and ever that syns this resorte of the said persons to the said town there hath been comytted and done divers thefts and felonyes, as in felonious breaking of walk-mylls and staylyng clothes thyder brought to be fulled, and also in staylyng of yarne layde out to be whyted, and in staylyng and cutting down great peaces of clothes from the teyntors by night as by day, to the great empoverysshment of the owners thereof, so that they be not able to kepe theire credite with theire creditors."

Several "sanctuary houses" were erected in Manchester for the accommodation of these offenders against the civil law, each having a chapel and altar attached to it, to which the inmate could fly in case of necessity. The remains of one of these were discovered several years ago on widening Smithy Door; another was situated in the Old Millgate; and a third, according to tradition, occupied the site of the Old Boar's Head Tavern at Hyde's Cross.

Whilst these complaints were being made against the abuse of the privilege of sanctuary, a great revolution was taking place in religious thought and action, which led to those changes in the teaching and ritual of the National Church, the meaning of which is conveyed in the single word which marks that memorable epoch—the Reformation. Manchester had its full share of disquietude during the progress of that memorable struggle, some of its

inhabitants displaying unusual zeal in promulgating the doctrines of the Reformed Church, whilst others were equally earnest in their defence of the "ancient faith." Amongst the former was one who endured a martyr's death at Smithfield, and earned for himself a well-deserved niche in English history.

One of the earliest names in the grand muster-roll of eminent scholars which Hugh Oldham's Grammar School displays is that of John Bradford, one of the most eminent divines of the Protestant faith, who suffered at the stake for his religion in the persecuting reign of Queen Mary. Bradford is believed to have been born in the year 1510, so that he would be about five years of age when Oldham's school was founded. According to some authorities, Blackley, a chapelry on the outskirts of Manchester, has the honour of giving him birth, an opinion that is based upon the fact that his mother resided there at the time he was a prisoner, and that his earliest associations were with that village, where many of his kindred, including the Bexwickes, who, as we have seen, were also connected with the Oldhams, resided. Others incline to the opinion that Bradford was born in a house in the Old Millgate. Certain it is that in 1489 a deed was executed conveying a house in the Millgate, which is described as between the tenement of John Bradford and Richard Platt; and this John Bradford may not improbably have been the father of the martyr.

Having received his education at the Grammar School, his "activity in writings," and "expertness in the art of audition," secured for him the appointment of secretary to Sir John Harrington, treasurer of the English forces in France. His plans, however, were shortly afterwards

changed, and in 1547 he entered himself at the Inner Temple as a student of the Common Law. Here, influenced by his friend and fellow-student, Thomas Sampson, afterwards Dean of Chichester, he embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, when he abandoned the study of the law for that of divinity, in which latter purpose he was patronised by good old Bishop Ridley. In 1548 he entered at Cambridge, where he took his degree, and was chosen a Fellow. Subsequently he was appointed a Prebendary of St Paul's; and so great was his popularity, that he was appointed one of the chaplains to King Edward the Sixth. About the middle of that king's reign he came down to his native county, and preached at Manchester, Eccles, Prestwich, Middleton, Ashton-under-Lyne, Stockport, and other places, and with such success that the conformity of the population of Lancashire to the Reformed faith was chiefly owing to his extraordinary exertions, there being in the county at the beginning of the reign of Edward the Sixth a greater proportion of the people who were hostile to the Protestant tenets than were to be found in any other part of the kingdom. After the accession of Queen Mary, Bradford continued his public preaching, and used every means in his power to keep alive the Protestant religion, which appeared to be fast sinking beneath the more gorgeous ordinances of the Church of Rome. As might be expected, his ardent zeal against Popery soon rendered his situation a dangerous one, and he was early marked out for destruction. He was publicly accused of sedition and teaching heresy, for which he was committed to the Tower. On the 22d January 1554, he was brought to trial before Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Bonner, Bishop of London, from which

time he underwent a long series of perplexing examinations. The terrors of excommunication were hurled against him, but in vain ; the alternative of death or recantation was presented, and faith gained the victory. He was eventually sent to Newgate, from whence he was removed to Smithfield, where, on the 30th June 1555, at the stake he fearlessly met the torturous death by which Mary and her cruel abettors sought to exterminate the Protestant faith.

Bradford, as we have said, was closely connected with the Bexwickes, a family who did good in their day and generation. To Richard Bexwicke we are indebted for the richly-carved stalls and the elaborate tabernacle-work on the north side of the choir of the Cathedral. Another of the family, Hugh Bexwicke, married Joan, the sister of Hugh Oldham. At his martyrdom, Bradford was attended by his brother-in-law, Roger Bexwicke; and a few years later, Isabel, widow of Roger Beck, and a granddaughter of the Roger Bexwicke just named, was a benefactor to the town, she having, at her own expense, caused pipes to be laid for the conveyance of water from the fountain near the top of Market Sted or Market Street as it was afterwards called—and which gave name to the present Fountain Street and Spring Gardens—to the conduit near the Market Sted or Market Place, and for its future maintenance bequeathed the rental of certain houses in St Mary's Gate.

On the accession of Elizabeth, the public profession of Protestantism was restored, and every means taken to effect the overthrow of the Romish system. Lancashire at this time was said to be "mightily infected with Popery," and severe measures were resorted to against those who professed the ancient creed. Dr Chadderton, who was

at the time Bishop of Chester, also held the wardenship of Manchester; and to him Elizabeth addressed a letter, couched in her usual tone of decision, requiring him to visit the most remote parts of his diocese. The Queen's admonition produced the desired effect, the visitation being entered upon with all convenient dispatch, when a kind of religious warfare was carried on with much bitterness on both sides. The chapel on the Old Bridge, and the New Fleet prison, which occupied a site near the present Palatine Hotel, were crowded with recusant prisoners, who had been hunted out with keen rapacity by a swarm of informers, who earned a base living by augmenting the miseries of their unfortunate fellow-creatures. The Bishop appears to have had recourse to a somewhat novel mode of effecting the conversion of these religious prisoners. Dodd affirms that he gave instructions to the clergy of Manchester to read prayers in the apartments where the recusants were confined at meal-times, so that they had the pleasant alternative of taking theological nourishment with their food, or going without victuals altogether.

Dr John Dee, Chadderton's successor in the wardenship of Manchester, was a man who took little interest in Papist or Protestant theology, being more devoted to the study of alchemy and astrology than to political or religious controversies. Dee's connection with the occult sciences brought down upon him the anger of the Fellows of his College, who accounted the casting of horoscopes and the transmuting of baser metals to gold as something akin to, if not even worse than witchcraft. He was not, it would seem, very successful in his efforts to produce gold, for he became involved in debt, and had to leave the town ; his

revenues were sequestered, and he died at Mortlake in a state of abject poverty.

Of all the Manchester worthies, there is none perhaps whose name is more frequently mentioned with affection than he to whom quaint old Fuller in his "Worthies of England" has accorded a well-deserved niche—Humphrey Chetham, the founder of the noble hospital and library that bear his name. Crumpsall claims the honour of having given birth to Hugh Oldham, and there also, in 1580, Humphrey Chetham was born.

The Chethams were an ancient and honourable family, who derived their patronymic from the village of Cheetham in the parish of Manchester, and their descent from one Galfridus or Geoffrey Chetham, who several times filled the office of Sheriff of Lancashire during the long reign of Henry the Third, the Crumpsall line being an offshoot from the branch settled at Nuthurst in Moston. Crumpsall Hall, the birthplace of Humphrey, of which we give an illustration, was a picturesque half-timbered structure, with quaintly-gabled roof and projecting bay-windows. It occupied a site about a quarter of a mile from the new hall, and was pulled down about half a century ago.

Like Bradford, Chetham received his education at the old Grammar School. In due time he was apprenticed to a linen-draper or clothier, and afterwards, associated with his brothers George and Ralph Chetham, he embarked in trade as a dealer in fustians, which he bought at Bolton and sold in London. He had also considerable transactions with Ireland in yarn and linen, and with his other branches of business he combined that of a money-lender,



CRUMPSALL HALL, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF HUMPHREY CHEETHAM.

A. S. CROSTON.

having, if we may judge from letters that have been preserved, been somewhat exacting in the matter of usury. His trading career was eminently and uninterruptedly prosperous, so much so, that he was enabled to acquire considerable landed property in his native county. In 1620 he purchased the park and manor of Clayton, near Manchester, and with them the old moated hall, which for generations had been the residence of the knightly family of the Byrons, ancestors of the late Lord Byron. Here he took up his abode, and subsequently, in 1628, he became the owner of Turton Tower, near Bolton. His increasing wealth soon attracted the attention of the money-seeking functionaries of Charles the First, who, for the purpose of replenishing an empty exchequer, served him with a summons to pay a fine for not having attended at the King's coronation in order that he might receive the honour of knighthood.

It would seem that throughout his life the greatest troubles Chetham had were in avoiding the greatness which it was attempted to thrust upon him. His reluctance, however, was of no avail. In November 1634 he was nominated Sheriff of the county; immediately after he received from his predecessor the first writ for that obnoxious impost which eventually led to the overthrow of Charles—ship-money. In collecting the tax, he found himself considerably out of pocket; and when, in August of the succeeding year, a second levy was made, he took the precaution of recouping himself the sums he had expended, a procedure that brought him into trouble with the Chancellor of the Duchy, who threatened to make it “a Star Chamber business.” A lengthy correspondence ensued,

but, in the long run, Chetham was compelled to make restitution.

Whilst this was going on, he became involved in a controversy with the Heralds' College, for having, as was alleged, appropriated the armorial bearings of a family to which he had no title. It would seem that he had not borne arms before his shrievalty, and, anxious to do honour to that office, he had inadvertently adopted the coat of Chadderton, and used it as his own insignia at the Assizes. For this offence he was again threatened with a prosecution, but eventually the Earl Marshall was induced to condone the offence, and grant the confirmation of a pedigree and arms, in consideration of the payment of ten pounds. Humphrey begrudged the payment of this sum, and, alluding to the gold bezants which appeared in the arms, he sarcastically wrote to his attorney that "they (the arms) were not depicted in soe good mettall as those armes wee gave for them." Possibly the worthy Sheriff appreciated the motto *Quod tuum tene* more highly than the arms he was required to pay for. In 1648 the shrievalty was again conferred on him, although he strove to be excused "on account of his many infirmities." Five years afterwards, on the 12th October 1653, he died unmarried, at Clayton Hall, in the seventy-third year of his age, and was interred in a small chapel at the east end of the old church, to which, during his lifetime, he had rendered good service in reforming abuses and obtaining a new charter for the better administration of its affairs.

During his lifetime, he had at his own expense maintained and clothed a number of poor boys, and by his will he bequeathed the sum of seven thousand five hundred

pounds, to be expended in the foundation and endowment of a hospital for the maintenance, education, and apprenticing of forty poor boys for ever. He further bequeathed a sum of one thousand pounds to be expended in books for or towards a library—the first free public library established in the kingdom. In his lifetime he had expressed a desire to obtain possession of the College for his benevolent purposes, and, in accordance with the tenor of his will, his executors effected the purchase of the buildings in 1654. Within the last twenty years new beauty has been added to the “old church” by the insertion of a memorial window and the erection of a marble statue to the memory of Humphrey Chetham, at the cost of a former participator in his bounty; and it is well that the virtue of so charitable a mind should thus be held forward for future example.

In Chetham’s time Manchester was the chief centre of the manufacturing industry of the country, and the most important town in the county, though it was only a village in comparison with the Manchester of to-day. The old town of Aldport had entirely disappeared. The Lodge at Aldport served as a town residence for the Earls of Derby; and here, a century previous to the time of which we speak, James Stanley, who with his son Sir John founded the “Derby Chapel” in the “old church,” was a frequent visitor after he had resigned the wardenship of Manchester, and become Bishop of Ely, his name being still commemorated in Bishop’s Gate, a narrow street leading from Great Bridgewater Street to Aldport. The Market Place, or Market Sted as it was then called, with the parish church, formed the centre round which the town gathered. In the centre of the space now covered by the Cotton-waste

Dealers' Exchange stood the Market Cross, and in the area in front was placed the "Booths," originally formed of wood, in which the town's Portmotes or Boroughreeve's Court, and the Courts Leet and Baron of the feudal lords, were held, as were also subsequently the Petty and Quarter Sessions. Hard by was the pillory or neck-stocks, a mode of punishment claimed as a manorial right in feudal times, and used chiefly against dishonest traders,—offending women being subjected to another kind of punishment, equally disagreeable, and certainly not less degrading—the tumbrel or cuck-stool. In mediæval times, the female portion of the population of the lower classes were, it is to be feared, not very amiable; in the turbulent independence that then reigned, a too free use of the tongue was not greatly conducive to the peace and good order of the community, and to remedy the evil the cucking-stool was had recourse to. This consisted of a rude kind of chair placed upon the end of a long pole, balanced in the centre upon a pivot, and suspended over a pool of water. In this chair the culprit was placed, and then lowered into the water. Originally the punishment was inflicted in the pool surrounding the fortified residence of the Radcliffes, a mansion occupying the site of the present Half-Moon Tavern in Chapel Walks, and, from its situation, called the Pool House or Pool Fold. The Radcliffes do not appear to have greatly appreciated these exhibitions, for in the Court Leet records there are numerous complaints recorded of their having cast earth into and otherwise encroached upon the "Cucking-stool Pool." In 1590 and 1591, the "Pool" having been left dry, the cucking-stool was transferred to the marl-pits, or Daub Holes as they

were called, near the top of Market Sted Lane, and in front of the present Infirmary ; and there it remained until the eighteenth century, the chair itself, we believe, being still preserved as a relic in the Infirmary. Another mode of punishment to which the weaker sex were occasionally subjected, and which has now also fallen into disuse, was the brank or scold's bridle, consisting of an iron collar, with a band of the same material fitting closely over the head, secured by a padlock at the back, and opened by hinges. From within the hoop a spiked iron plate projected into the mouth, and pressing upon the tongue, formed an effectual gag. This instrument, which had a leading chain three feet long attached to it, was used to control the energetic tongues of the female stall-keepers in the market, and is still in the possession of the Corporation, though it is long since it was called into requisition.

The lane leading from the Market Sted to the mill was lined with houses on both sides. Withy Grove, leading up from the junction of Toad Lane with Hanging Ditch, was indeed a grove of withies, the old "Seven Stars" and a few other dwellings being all that existed to give the character of street. Market Street Lane was a narrow and tortuous thoroughfare, hemmed in on each side by quaint old timber houses, with high-peaked gables and overhanging roofs, standing in an in-and-out sort of fashion, as if with studied disregard of method or order. Deansgate led off in another direction, the buildings extending about as far as the present Bridge Street. Another street, Long Millgate, ran parallel with the Irk, an irregular line of houses with little plots of garden in their rear forming the boundary on either side. Near to the present Ducie Bridge, and not far distant from

the fulling-mill, a rural lane shaded with hedgerows branched off on the right, that in after years received the name of Miller's Lane. The only communication with Salford was by the Old Bridge, a structure of three arches, built, as we have seen, by Thomas del Booth in the reign of Edward the Third, and so narrow that passengers had occasionally to take refuge in little recesses whilst vehicles passed along. The royal borough could only boast of two streets, all else being green fields and pasture lands, with here and there a solitary homestead. Chapel Street, or Sargeant Street as it was then called, extended from the foot of the bridge to a point opposite the present Trinity Church ; and in another direction a thoroughfare led up from the bridge, to which in after years the name of Green-gate was given.

Such was the appearance of Manchester at the time of the breaking out of those unhappy struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, during which this country was torn by intestine commotions and drenched with civil slaughter. The place became the great stronghold and rallying-point of the Puritan party ; and it is worthy of note that it was here the first blood was shed, and resistance to the demands of the crown first offered, in that great conflict. In June 1642 the King issued his commission of array, when Ralph Assheton of Middleton, acting in the interests of the Parliament, seized the powder and match lying in the College buildings, then belonging to Lord Strange, the heir to the Earldom of Derby, whereupon his Lordship marched upon the town with a force, and demanded the surrender of the magazine. Some of the inhabitants who were favourable to the Royalist cause,

being anxious to appease Lord Strange, invited him to a banquet in the town, in the hope that an amicable arrangement might be come to. While he was being peaceably entertained, some of the more zealous on the other side called out the trained bands; a skirmish ensued, shots were fired, and a linen-weaver named Percival, who was watching the proceedings from a stile near the old church, was killed, being the first person who fell in the great civil war.

War was now inevitable, and the Mancestrians set about putting the town in a state of defence. Heyrick, the Puritan warden, took an active interest in the work, and engaged the services of Colonel Rosworm, a German engineer, who had been trained in the wars of the Low Countries. Rosworm agreed to superintend the defences of the town for six months for the modest sum of thirty pounds, and repented his bargain almost as soon as he had made it, for on the following morning he was offered five times that sum by the Royalist commander. To his honour be it said, he was faithful to his engagement, though he bewailed the beggarly remuneration he had accepted, and never ceased to rail at the "despicable earthworms," as he termed his employers, for the niggardly and reluctant manner in which they performed their part of the contract. Rosworm set about his work in good earnest, and he did it well. Barricades and earthworks were constructed at the ends of the principal streets, and posts and chains were placed across Salford Bridge, Deansgate, and other approaches to the town, to impede the progress of any invading force. In the meantime Lord Strange had prepared his plans, and in September it was known that he

contemplated an assault upon the town. On the morning of Sunday the 25th September, his forces, which consisted of four thousand foot and two hundred horse, with seven guns, were seen defiling along both banks of the Irwell, one division, under the command of Sir Thomas Tyldesley, taking up its position in the grounds at Aldport, the other keeping the western side of the river, and occupying Salford. Rosworm was ready for the foe, and undertook the defence of Salford Bridge ; Bradshaw was posted at the Deansgate entrance to the town ; and Captain Radcliffe of the Pool guarded the approach by Market Street Lane ; whilst Captain Booth with the Dunham tenantry kept himself in reserve in the Millgate, ready to give assistance wherever it might be required. In the evening the Royalists tried to force the bridge, but were repulsed by Rosworm and the "muskettiers" whom he had stationed in the churchyard. On the following day Colonel Tyldesley made an assault on Bradshaw's force at the Deansgate, and driving them forward, set fire to two barns and eight or ten thatched houses ; but the Royalists were in turn compelled to retire. In the meanwhile Lord Strange, or Lord Derby as he had now become—his father having died the previous day—opened fire with his artillery, but without doing any great damage. On Tuesday the fight was continued, but with no greater success. Wednesday was devoted to negotiation for a surrender, but the towns-men refused to yield. On Thursday hostilities were renewed, in the midst of which Captain Standish, whilst urging the Royalists to force their way over the bridge, was shot down by one of Rosworm's men placed on the church tower. During Friday the cannonade was con-

tinued with more or less vigour, but with very little result. In the course of the day Lord Derby received a summons requiring him to raise the siege and join the King with his forces at Shrewsbury. On the following day prisoners were exchanged, the besieging forces were withdrawn, and so ended the siege of Manchester. To prevent a surprise, the fortifications were immediately strengthened, a renewal of Rosworm's services was secured, and the town continued in the possession of the Parliamentarians to the close of the war, without any further attempt being made to gain possession of it.

Among the officers who most distinguished themselves in the service of the Parliamentarian party was Charles Worsley, the eldest son of Ralph Worsley, a wealthy trader of Manchester, who resided at Platt, an estate within the township of Rusholme, on the outskirts of Manchester, and who claimed descent from Elias de Workesley, Lord of Worsley, a famous crusader, who attended Robert Duke of Normandy in the expedition to the Holy Land. Charles Worsley was born at Platt in 1622, and preferring the more exciting profession of arms to the peaceful pursuits of commerce, he entered the service of the Parliamentarians, and became a captain in their forces in 1644. No soldier rose more rapidly. In 1650 he had reached the position of lieutenant-colonel; and so much did he gain the confidence of Cromwell, that before he was thirty years of age he was entrusted with the command of the Protector's own regiment of foot. In August 1650, Worsley marched from Manchester with his regiment to join Cromwell in Scotland, but arrived too late to share in the victory at Dunbar, though he served

with the Lord-General during the remainder of the campaign.

On an occasion memorable in the annals of England—the dissolution of the Long Parliament, April 20, 1653—Colonel Worsley, in obedience to the orders of Cromwell, repaired with a force of three hundred men to Westminster, and stationed himself outside the Houses of Parliament, there to await the signal requiring his presence within. On receiving this, he and his men rushed forward and surrounded Cromwell, who immediately conveyed to them his wishes. Cromwell having expelled the members who were present, advanced to the table, and pointing to the mace which lay upon it, commanded them to “take away that bauble.” It is not recorded who obeyed this direction, but as from the journals of the House of Commons it appears that when the next Parliament met (the “Barebones” Parliament, which was summoned to appear at Whitehall, July 4, 1653), an order was passed requiring that the Serjeant-at-arms “do repair to Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley for the mace, and do bring it to the House,” there can be little doubt that it was he who charged himself with its safe custody when the order was given for its removal.

In 1654, Manchester was for the first time admitted to Parliamentary representation. In the Parliament summoned to assemble on the 3d of September in that year, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Worsley was nominated by the Lord-General representative for Manchester, and several of the inhabitants went through the formality of electing him as the first member. On the dissolution of this Parliament, he was chosen one of the ten, with the rank of major-general and the powers of a viceroy,

who represented the Protector in their several districts. The counties of Leicester, Cheshire, and Stafford were assigned to him, and he discharged the duties of his office with great diligence, some say with great severity and puritanical rigour.

He had held his office only a few months when he was summoned by Cromwell to a conference in London, and, as a mark of distinction, had apartments assigned to him in St James's Palace, or "James House," as his father in his diary calls it. Here he arrived feeble and exhausted; a disease had set in which proved fatal, and on the evening of Thursday, June 12, 1656, he expired, at the early age of thirty-five. He was buried with much pomp in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster; and it is worthy of notice that his remains escaped the general exhumation that fell to the lot of Cromwell's followers interred in that great national mausoleum. Dean Stanley, in the third edition of his "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," gives an interesting account of the finding of the supposed remains of the Lieutenant-General. A half-length portrait of him is still preserved as an heirloom of the family at Platt.

By the early death of Worsley, Cromwell sustained an irreparable loss. He was a man of great energy, courage, and decision; and by his shrewdness and calm judgment, as well as by his skill as a commander, he seemed the best fitted to succeed to the Protectorate had Providence willed that such a form of government should be prolonged in England.

Another Manchester man, if not a "Manchester worthy," who attained to eminence during the Commonwealth

period, was Ralph Brideoake, an ecclesiastic of versatile powers, and, it is said—and not without some show of reason—of versatile principles also. Brideoake was born at Cheetham Hill, and received his early education at the Manchester Grammar School. At the age of sixteen he was admitted a student of Brazenose College, Oxford, and at twenty-eight obtained his degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was subsequently appointed pro-chaplain of New College, and on the King's visit to the University in 1636, was created by royal letters Master of Arts. Subsequently he was appointed curate of Wytham in Oxfordshire, and having gained the notice of Dr Jackson, President of Corpus Christi College, he was by him presented to the High Mastership of the Grammar School of his native town, a position he resigned for a chaplaincy in the household of the Earl of Derby. He was present at the siege of Lathom House, and it is generally believed that it is to Brideoake's graphic pen we owe the narrative of Charlotte Tremouille's heroic defence of that famed Lancashire stronghold. He is said by one of his biographers "to have done good service." He did, in more senses than one; for whilst faithful to the interests of his patrons, he was no ways negligent of his own, and he seemed to have had a peculiar faculty for adapting his conduct to the varying spirit of the age in which he lived. When the Earl of Derby was condemned to death, Brideoake pleaded with Lenthall, the Speaker of the House of Commons, for the pardon of his master, with so much earnestness and ability, that though he failed in obtaining a commutation of the punishment, he so won upon the feelings of the Speaker that he appointed him his own

chaplain, and nominated him preacher of the Rolls Chapel, where it may be fairly presumed he preached Puritanism to the Long Parliament with as much zeal as he had preached the doctrine of the right divine of kings to the soldiers who garrisoned Lathom House. Through the influence of his new master he was presented to the vicarage and rectory of Whitney in Oxfordshire ; and on the restoration of Charles the Second, he was appointed chaplain to his Majesty and canon of Windsor. Afterwards he became successively rector of St Bartholomew's in the city of London, and of Standish near Wigan, in Lancashire. In 1667 he was made Dean of Salisbury, and seven years later, having found favour with the Duchess of Portsmouth, he was nominated to the bishopric of Chichester, which he held until his death in 1678.

Resolute as the men of Manchester had shown themselves in resisting the unconstitutional demands of King Charles, and devoted as they had been to the Commonwealth, they welcomed the restoration of monarchy with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds. The coronation of the restored King was made the occasion of extravagant rejoicings ; wine flowed from the conduit, the gutters were flooded with strong beer, and bonfires blazed for a whole week.

The Act of Uniformity soon followed, when two thousand ministers withdrew themselves from the communion of the Church of England. Among them was good old Henry Newcome, one of the clergy of the Collegiate Church, a “ prince of preachers,” as he has been called by his friends. He may be considered as the father of Nonconformity in Manchester.

Heyrick, the Puritan warden of Manchester, who had preached Presbyterianism during the Commonwealth, readily accommodated himself to the altered condition of the time, and renounced his principles to retain his place; but Newcome, more consistent, unable to conform to the discipline of the Church, retired, to the great grief of his people, by whom he was greatly beloved. On the granting of "indulgences," he commenced preaching in his own house, but that being found too small for his numerous hearers, he obtained a license for a barn in the neighbourhood of Shudehill, in which he held weekly services. On the passing of the Act of Toleration, at the accession of William of Orange, the wealthy Presbyterians of Manchester gathered round their favourite preacher, and built him a more fitting tabernacle on the site of the present Unitarian Chapel in Cross Street—the first erected for the use of the Nonconformist body in the town. Being close to the Pool where, as we have seen, the cucking-stool was placed, it was in derision designated by the opponents of dissent St Plungem's Chapel. Newcome was not long permitted to continue his ministrations, his death occurring on the 17th September 1695, little more than a year after the opening of the "great and fair meeting-house."

Whilst High Churchmen and Puritan Presbyterians were occupying their time in theological disputation, another Manchester man was increasing his worldly wealth, and accumulating a property which at his death he bequeathed for educational purposes—William Hulme, the founder of the Charity which bears his name. The Hulmes were a "genteel family," who had been seated at Hulme in Reddish, a hamlet on the southerly side of Manchester, as early

as the thirteenth century; and here, on the 10th September 1631, was born William the "founder." He received his education at the Free Grammar School of Manchester, but of his subsequent career little is known. He is commonly said to have been engaged in trade, but it is more than probable that he followed the profession of the law. He married, in 1653, the daughter of a Mr Robinson of Kersley, and by her had an only son, Banastre Hulme, who pre-deceased him. Being left childless, he bequeathed his estate, after making provision for his widow, to charitable purposes, and died in 1691. His will directs that the clear annual rents and profits arising from his property shall be distributed amongst four of the poor sort of Bachelors of Arts taking such degree in Brazenose College, Oxford, as from time to time shall resolve to continue there by the space of four years, "after such degree taken," the same to be nominated and approved by the warden of Manchester and the rectors of the parish churches of Prestwich and Bury. The property, which originally yielded only about £40 a year, has by the commercial enterprise of Manchester been increased more than a hundred-fold in value, and it is estimated that ere long the real income will be £10,000 a year.

The difficulty Hulme's trustees have experienced has been to dispose of the yearly increasing revenue from his estates. The number of exhibitioners and the amount of their allowance have from time to time been increased, and Parliament has been induced to devote a large portion of the income from purposes essentially educational to the purchase of advowsons, the building of churches, and the erection of parsonage-houses,—an entire departure from the

spirit and intention of the founder's will. It is to be hoped that at no distant day the rapidly increasing funds of Hulme's Charity may be rescued from their present diversion, and that determined steps will be taken to secure the establishment of such an educational institution in Manchester as will best give effect to the benevolent designs of Hulme, and so confer inestimable benefits on Lancashire and the adjacent counties.

At this time a mighty change had come over the feeling of the people of Manchester. The descendants of those who had bargained with the old German engineer to help them in their rebellion against the authority of Charles the First were now equally determined in their adherence to the cause of the exiled Stuarts. When George the First ascended the throne, the Jacobites were in the ascendant, and the dissenters, who were favourable to the Hanoverian succession, had, on the whole, but a sorry time of it. On the 10th June 1715, the birthday of Prince James the Old Pretender, a riotous mob, headed by Thomas Syddall, a peruke-maker, paraded the town, denouncing the dissenters and proclaiming King James the Third. The chapel in Pool Fold, built by the friends of Newcome, was attacked and reduced to a mere wreck, everything portable being carried away. Syddall, the ringleader, was placed in the pillory, and afterwards confined in the Castle at Lancaster. Whilst he was undergoing imprisonment, the Scotch adherents of the Pretender passed through the town on their way south. Syddall with other prisoners was liberated, and he then joined the insurgent forces, and marched with them to Preston, where they were attacked by General Willes, and compelled to surrender. The Jacobite-barber

was made prisoner, tried at the “Bloody Assize,” and condemned to death. It is said that his son, a youth of ten years of age, conceiving an implacable hatred against dissenters and Hanoverians, vowed that, if spared, he would avenge the death of his father,—a feeling he attempted to gratify, as we shall see, some thirty years later.

The barbarous severities to which those who took part in the rebellion of 1715 were subjected greatly exasperated the Jacobites, and much bitterness of feeling prevailed in the town, encouraged, it is to be feared, by the fierce polemics of the day. The supporters of the Stuart cause held their meetings in certain recognised taverns in the town and its vicinity, maintaining during their convivialities the outward manifestations of loyalty to the reigning sovereign, and at the same time satisfying their own scruples of conscience with respect to the prince whom alone they recognised, by holding their glasses “over the water,” whilst drinking “the health of the king.”

In 1733, whilst party feeling was at its height, the founder of Methodism paid a visit to Manchester. There were only two churches in the town at the time (Trinity being on the Salford side of the Irwell), the Old Church, the worshippers at which were High-Churchmen and zealous partisans of the Stuarts, and St Ann’s, the congregation of which were loyal to the House of Brunswick. Wesley preached at both. He knew nothing, however, of political parties, his mission being to the multitude; and as he showed no special preference to either faction, as might be expected, he gave satisfaction to none.

One of the most energetic leaders of the Jacobite party was a “Manchester worthy” whose name ought not to be

forgotten in this faithful record of Manchester men—John Byrom, more familiarly known by the sobriquet of Doctor Byrom, whose ready pen and sparkling wit were always at the service of his party. The Byroms were an ancient and honourable family, who had been for some time settled at Kersal, on the outskirts of Manchester. The father of John is described as a “linen-draper,” a business that in many respects resembled the “warehouseman” of the present day. John, who was a younger son, was born in 1691, his early education he received at Chester, and at Merchant Taylor’s, in London, after which he was admitted at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1711. Shortly afterwards, his first contribution appeared in the pages of the *Spectator*, to be followed immediately by his famous pastoral, “Colin and Phoebe.” In 1717 he studied medicine at Montpelier in France, though it does not appear that he ever followed the practice of it. On his return to England, the ardent young Jacobite fell in love with his cousin; he quickly gained the young lady’s favour, but her father’s approval was not so readily obtained,—objection probably being taken to a youthful wooer with doubtful prospects and no profession; consent, however, if not approval, was eventually given, and in 1721 the young couple were united.

Byrom now began to feel the increased responsibilities of his new position; and his means becoming straitened, he set up in London as a teacher of shorthand. The death of his elder brother without issue, however, placed him in possession of the Kersal estates, and in a position of independence, when he was enabled to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, and devote his leisure to literary pursuits, his

pen being always active with some epigram or political squib. He will always be remembered as the author of the popular Christmas hymn “Christians, awake.” To him also we owe the well-known lines, written during the Jacobite controversies in Manchester—

“ God bless the king !—I mean our faith’s defender.
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender !
But who Pretender is, or who is king,
God bless us all ! that’s quite another thing.”

The laureate of the Jacobites, as he has been termed, was more than a match for his Whig antagonists. Imbued with strong religious feelings, there was little of bitterness in his disposition ; the shaft of ridicule was never envenomed, his playful wit and genial good-humoured satire telling with far greater effect than the coarse and angry invectives with which he was at times assailed. If he was ready to lampoon a foe, he never lacked the courage to rebuke a friend. This is shown in the lines he addressed to Townley, the Jacobite colonel, who was sadly addicted to profane swearing :—

“ Soldier, so tender of thy prince’s fame,
Why so profane of a superior name ?
For the king’s sake the brunt of battle bear,
But for the King of king’s sake—do not swear.”

He died on the 26th September 1763, and was buried in the Collegiate Church, where he had been baptized seventy-two years before. In Gregson’s “Portfolio of Fragments of Lancashire,” there is a spirited portrait of him, sketched in the last year of his life, while spending an evening at John Shaw’s Punch-House, a famous resort of the adherents of the Stuarts.

The host of the "Punch-House," John Shaw, was a man of mark in his day and generation. In early life he had been a trooper, and had fought in the wars of Queen Anne's reign. During his campaigns abroad he had acquired the art of brewing punch, then a favourite beverage; his fame soon spread, and his house, which was popularly known as "John Shaw's Punch-House," became frequented by the principal traders and other residents of the town, who usually assembled about six o'clock in the evening, and according to rule called for sixpennyworth of punch. Shaw's military training had made him a martinet in discipline, and the rules he had laid down for the government of his establishment were rigidly enforced. Eight o'clock was the hour fixed for closing; as soon as the clock struck, John's custom was to present himself before his guests, and proclaiming in a loud voice, "Eight o'clock, gentlemen, eight o'clock!" accompanying the announcement with the suggestive cracking of a horsewhip, soon cleared the house. He was at this time a widower, but he found an able lieutenant in the person of his maid Molly Owen, a sturdy damsels of mature years, and of as inflexible a disposition as her lord. If the cracking of John's whip failed to "speed the parting guest," Molly was ordered to bring in a pail of water, and with this would expedite the movements of the loiterer.

At John's hostelry parliamentary as well as parish politics were discussed, and here the representatives for the county were not unfrequently determined upon. The story is told that, upon the occasion of an election, when Colonel Stanley had been returned, he took some of his friends to "John Shaw's" to entertain them. At the usual

hour John presented himself with his whip; Colonel Stanley pleaded that the occasion was a special one, but no entreaties could prevail over the inexorable Boniface, who replied, with characteristic curtness, “Colonel Stanley, you are a law-maker, and should not be a law-breaker; and if you and your friends don’t leave this room in five minutes, you will find your shoes full of water.”

Dr Aikin, in his “Description of Manchester,” written in 1795, says that at that time John Shaw had ruled his little kingdom for more than half a century; and the same authority adds, that his “early closing” system had caused him to be held in great favour with the matrons of Manchester, who on more than one occasion testified their high appreciation of his salutary regulations by according him their thanks. John was himself a thoroughgoing “Church and King” man, and few persons found their way into his parlour who did not hold the same views. If by any accident an unfortunate Whig or Presbyterian happened to stray within its precincts, and gave expression to his opinions, he was sure to meet with a reception more warm than welcome.

The genial spirits who met to discuss punch and politics under the shadow of the “Punch-House” eventually formed themselves into a convivial club—the first of the kind established in Manchester. The club, as originally constituted, boasted a president and a vice-president; but on the death of Mr Clough, popularly known as “Billy Clough,” the first vice-president, there were two or three contested elections for the vacant chair, that were carried on with so much turbulence, that John had recourse to a somewhat autocratic exercise of power, and solved the

difficulty by “disestablishing” the “vice,” and so restored harmony among his patrons. The punch, as we learn from the archives of the club, was served in china bowls. A shilling-bowl was called a P of punch, and a sixpenny-bowl a Q. If a member came alone, he called for a Q ; and if two or more joined, they called for a P ; but seldom more than sixpence per head was spent. The origin of these curious designations is now lost, and baffles conjecture ; but it is not improbable they may have suggested the expression, “Mind your P’s and Q’s.” The club grew and prospered until the death of the old man, which happened on 26th January 1796 ; he was then eighty years of age, and had occupied the house upwards of fifty-eight years.

On the death of John Shaw, one Peter Fearnhead succeeded to the house. The club continued, and the same regulations were maintained, with the assistance of John’s old servant, Molly Owen, who appears to have been considered as a sort of heirloom. A few years later, the house was altered and part pulled down, when the members migrated to a public-house at the top of Smithy Door, kept by a Mrs Fisher. Subsequently they removed to the Dog and Partridge, at the bottom of Market Street, then kept by Mr Prescott, and afterwards by Mrs Glover. The next move was, in 1830, to the Thatched House Tavern, where the club continued until 1834, when it absorbed the “Sociable Club,” a kindred institution, into its venerable bosom, and removed to the York Hotel, in King Street, which it vacated in the following year for the King’s Arms, at the bottom of King Street ; but finding the quarters unsatisfactory, it again changed, and in the same year sought shelter under

the roof of Mr Joseph Challender, at the Unicorn, in Smithy Door. On the formation of the present Victoria Street, in 1838, the Unicorn was pulled down ; Mr Challender then established himself at the Blackfriars Hotel, and there the club followed him, where the members continued to hold their meetings until 1852, when another change took place. In May of that year they had their first meeting at the Spread Eagle, in Hanging Ditch ; eight years later they again migrated, this time to the Star Hotel in Deansgate ; and in 1867 the club found another home under the appropriate shadow of the Mitre in the Old Churchyard, where it flourishes fresh and green in this year of grace 1874.

It is a notable fact that, with scarcely an exception, the presidents of John Shaw's Club have been octogenarians before relinquishing their office. The first president of whom we have any record was James Massey, his successor being a Mr James Billinge. James Bateman, Esq., an opulent banker and ironfounder, held the office for a lengthy period, and at his death Mr Thomas Gaskell was elected. Mr Gaskell remained a member of the club for the long period of sixty years, and died on the 8th December 1833, at the advanced age of eighty-two, when Captain Robert Hindley, who had for several years discharged the duties of "vice," was elected to the vacant office, a position he continued to hold until 1852, when, on account of advancing years, being then eighty-two, he resigned, and Mr Edmund Buckley, formerly (1841-47) M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme, was elected as his successor. Mr Buckley, whose memory will long be cherished by the surviving members of the club, was a regular attender, and

continued to preside over the meetings until his death in 1865, he having reached the patriarchal age of many of his predecessors. By his will he bequeathed a small endowment, which it is hoped the club will long continue to enjoy. Mr John Reid, of the Bank of England, was next appointed; but leaving Manchester almost immediately afterwards, he resigned the office, and Mr James Rogerson, a member of the well-known firm of Langworthy Brothers & Co., who had for some years previously discharged the duties of recorder, was elected in his stead. Mr Rogerson did not long enjoy the honour, being removed by death in 1871, when the present president, Mr Thomas Sowler, was elected. Mr Sowler is the proprietor, and a son of the founder, of the influential and widely-circulated journal which for nearly half a century has continued the leading organ of the Conservative party in the North of England, and the steadfast exponent of constitutional principles in church and state. He is one of the most "clubbable" of men, a Conservative in the truest sense of the word; and under his genial rule we may hope that "John Shaw's Club" may continue for many years to come an unbroken link connecting the social habits of old and modern Manchester.

In addition to the president, the club numbers among its staff of officers a vice-president, a poet-laureate, an attorney-general, a doctor, a chaplain, and a recorder, the last-named office being held by the writer of this paper. The members possess several relics of earlier days, including a characteristic portrait in oil of John Shaw himself, in a scratch wig, and holding a bowl of punch in his hand; a companion picture of "Old Molly;" a portrait in

oil of Mr Thomas Gaskell, a former president of the club ; and another by Wilkins of his successor, Captain Hindley, presented to the members in 1853 by Mr C. Wood ; a cleverly-executed drawing in pencil of John Shaw, a copy apparently of the larger picture, the work of Mr Edward Chesshyre, a former member, who for forty years held successively the offices of poet-laureate and recorder ; and an engraved portrait of the late president, Mr Edmund Buckley. The most valued relic the club possesses was restored to it by Mr Lushington Phillips in January 1855—the long-lost punch-bowl which originally belonged to John Shaw himself, a barrel-shaped vessel of white china, with the figure of a bacchante painted on one end. The bowl, or more correctly speaking, barrel, rests upon a wooden stillage ; the punch is supplied through an opening in the top answering to the bung-hole, and drawn off by a metal tap inserted in the end. Such is John Shaw's Club, a social institution that has had an existence in Manchester for wellnigh a century and a half.

The year 1745 was a memorable one in Manchester. In August the youthful Charles Edward Stuart, son of the old Pretender and grandson of James the Second, landed in the Western Islands of Scotland while the King was at Hanover, and proceeded on his march to Edinburgh, where he proclaimed his father King. Here the Prince and his forces were followed by Sir John Cope, who engaged them at Prestonpans about twelve miles from the capital, but with such ill success, that the King's troops were effectually routed in about ten minutes. Encouraged by this success, and gathering strength as it went forward, the rebel army advanced southwards. Leaving a small gar-

rison in Carlisle, and being still unopposed, the march was continued to Penrith, and thence to Manchester. Colonel Townley, the representative of an old Lancashire family, who joined the Pretender's standard at Preston, had made careful arrangements for the reception of the Prince and his troops. On the evening of Friday the 28th November the vanguard entered the town, and on the following morning the main body joined it and encamped in St Ann's Square—then newly built, and the most fashionable quarter—where they were greeted with shouts of welcome by the Jacobites, who assembled in crowds. The force numbered several hundreds of men, chiefly of the Highland clans, who marched under the banners of their respective chieftains to the music of the Highland pipes, and though but indifferently clad, they appeared to be in high spirits.

The Prince took up his quarters at the residence of a Manchester merchant in Market Street Lane—Mr John Dickenson, an ancestor of the Dickensons of Birch in Rusholme, now represented by Sir William Reynell Anson, Bart. Mr Dickenson's house thenceforward became known as the "Palace;" subsequently it was converted into a tavern bearing the name of the "Palace Inn," and more recently it has been rebuilt as a warehouse, which still retains the designation of "Palace Buildings." The principal officers assembled at the Bull's Head in the Market place, a house noted as the resort of those disaffected to the Hanoverian cause.

Several of the gentlemen and principal traders of the town enrolled themselves, and a Manchester regiment was raised in the service of Prince Charles. Colonel Townley

took the command ; three of the sons of Dr Deacon, a celebrated nonjuring divine, received commissions, as did also Captain Dawson, the hero of Shenstone's pathetic ballad of "Jemmy Dawson." The youthful Syddall, who, as we have said, had conceived an implacable hatred against the Hanoverian race after the rising in 1715, was made adjutant, and one of the masters of the Grammar School, the Rev. Thomas Coppock, was appointed chaplain. Baines says that, "as if foreseeing their destiny," the Manchester regiment was reviewed in St Ann's Church-yard. It is more probable that St Ann's Square was the place selected, as the circumscribed area of the churchyard would hardly afford space for a military display.

On the morning after his arrival, the Young Chevalier was proclaimed in St Ann's Square, great rejoicings followed, and the day was wound up with an illumination and a display of fireworks. On the Sunday a special service was celebrated in the Old Church, at which many of the rebel army attended, the sermon being preached by Coppock, the newly-appointed chaplain. The Prince occupied the warden's stall, and the ladies of the congregation, to testify their enthusiasm in the cause, decked themselves in tartan ribbons and shawls. The Whigs and Presbyterians of the town kept out of the way, and, as Dr Halley remarks, "In old Puritan Manchester the orange plumes seemed to have grown pale, and faded into white feathers before the bright colours of the Stuart tartan."

On the morning of Monday the 1st December the Prince resumed his march, a portion of the army fording the Mersey at Stretford, and the remainder crossing at Stockport ;

thence the troops passed through Macclesfield and Leek, and reached Derby on the 4th. But though

“The Stuart, leaning on the Scot,
Pierced to the very centre of the realm,
In hopes to seize his abdicated helm,”—

his career was suddenly stopped. Hearing that the Duke of Cumberland with an army of veterans was in the neighbourhood, and distrusting the skill of their own officers, they beat a retreat northwards, carrying with them whatever in the way of booty they could lay their hands upon. On reaching Manchester, the regiment raised by Colonel Townley was broken up and dispersed, but Cop-pock, Syddall, Dawson, the Deacons, and several other of the more determined supporters of the Prince, pushed on to Carlisle, where they were compelled to surrender. Cop-pock was executed in the Border City, but the others were sent to London, and there condemned to the scaffold. The head of Syddall was sent to Manchester, and placed upon the Exchange. Captain Thomas Deacon was treated in like manner ; and it is recorded of the father, that he never afterwards passed the spot where the insulted countenance of his son had been exposed without reverently raising his hat as a token of respect. A Jacobite poet has embalmed the memory of these Manchester martyrs in the following quaint lines :—

“The Deel has set your heads to view,
And stickt them upon poles ;
Poor Deel ! 'twas all that he could do,
Since God has ta'en their souls.”

The Hanoverians of Manchester celebrated the suppression of the rebellion with public rejoicings ; the church-bells

were rung, and orange ribbons were flaunted in the streets as gaily as the Stuart tartan had been a few weeks before. A riotous mob assembled, and proceeded to the house of Dr Deacon, and afterwards made an attack on that of the Widow Syddall, and in cruel mockery compelled both to make an appearance of rejoicing by illuminating their windows.

The Bull's Head, where the officers of Prince Charles's army established their headquarters, was a noted hostelry in the days of the Georges. The house still remains, and the gruff countenance of its ancient sign may yet be seen over the archway leading to its long-frequented parlour. The place was the principal rendezvous of the Jacobite party, and here Dr Byrom and other *beaux esprits* who supported the cause of the exiled dynasty held their convivial meetings.

The Bull's Head, as we have said, was a house of considerable note. Here many questions affecting the welfare and prosperity of the town were discussed; and when, after the final overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, and the bitterness of party feeling had subsided, it became the meeting-place of those who were really the pioneers in improving the system of municipal government. From this ancient hostelry emanated the plans for widening and improving some of the principal thoroughfares, and for the better lighting and watching of the streets. On the 2d March 1775, a meeting was held, at which a subscription was commenced for purchasing the buildings necessary for widening the Old Millgate, St Mary's Gate, and the passage leading from the Exchange to St Ann's Square. Ten thousand pounds was the estimate sum required,

and by the 25th July in the same year, the secretary to the fund, Mr Jo. Chippindall, a member of an old Lancashire family, now represented by the Rev. Jno. Chippindall, M.A., rector of St Luke's, Cheetham, and rural dean, was able to announce that £10,771, 3s. 6d. had been contributed by sundry public-spirited individuals, the name of John Shaw appearing among the number.

Nine years later, liberal minds were again at work devising liberal things for the benefit of future generations. Robert Raikes had just propounded his scheme for the establishment of Sunday-schools. From an account of the introduction of these institutions into Manchester by the Rev. John Piccopic, a former incumbent of St Paul's, we learn that on the 10th August 1784, Thomas Johnson, the boroughreeve, and John Kearsley, and Henry Norris, constables, issued a circular urging the introduction of Sunday-schools into Manchester, accompanied with an address on the subject from the pen of Dr Bayley, the founder of St James's, and convening a meeting of the inhabitants, to be held on the 27th of the same month, "at Mr Shaw's, the Bull's Head Inn." At this meeting a subscription list was opened, and in this way the Sunday-school system, which has since taken such deep root, and conferred such inestimable benefits upon the town, was first introduced.

Here, then, we bring our narrative to a close. We have endeavoured to place before the reader, though but very imperfectly, some account of "Old Manchester and its Worthies," and to give a retrospect of the great trading city, showing the continuity that exists between the old

British town of *Mancunium*, the entrenched camp from whence the polished subjects of the Cæsars dispensed their laws, the ancient Saxon village, the dingy narrow-laned but thriving town of the Elizabethan period, and the identical Manchester, the streets of which we are treading to-day. And may not Manchester men with honest pride confess that in the records of their good old town there are to be found examples worthy of imitation in all succeeding ages? It is an oft-repeated saying that—

“The evil which men do lives after them :
The good is oft interred with their bones.”

But it is happily just as often the reverse ; and so it is with Manchester’s departed “worthies ;” whatever of evil attached is interred with them, but the good endures, and will cause their names to be cherished in the grateful memory of Manchester men to all time. We have only been able to dwell upon the more notable of the local worthies, but the long roll of names that Manchester possesses is one of which any city may be justly proud ; and as we study the characters of those good and earnest men who in their day and generation rendered such distinguished service to the town, may we not rejoice that their example has been so worthily followed in later times. As we now chronicle admiringly the De la Warrs, the Huntingtons, the Oldhams, the Bradfords, the Chethams, the Newcomes, and the Hulmes of old times, so may future generations gratefully recount the good works of the Owenses, the Athertons, the Fletchers, the Barneses, the Gladstones, the Birleys, and the Langworthys of the present.

THE CHORUS.

As the Chorus is an ancient idea, we have thought it might be applied, with some appropriateness, at the termination of our chronicle anent ancient Manchester. To the Chorus was given the privilege of expressing an after-thought, as well as a fore-thought,—of whispering an aside, —or of indulging in such reasonable byplay as might seem meet when the main incidents of the drama were enacted, and the curtain was about to fall.

In such privileged spirit, we have peered into the Subscription List prefixed to these Memorials, which partakes much of the character of a peacemaker, for therein are all shades of difference blended and reconciled. The Liberal Duke and the Conservative Earl grace the same platform ; whilst rival candidates for parliamentary honours are no longer at enmity.

Evidently LITERATURE is the neutral ground whereon the opposing warriors in the battle of life may smoke the pipe or light the cigar of peace. Where, in any other direction, shall we find such neutral safeguard ? In the political hemisphere ? Nay. If Andrew Marvel, a model of political purity, could return from the shades to join one of our clubs, the opposing associations would denounce him as venal. And even in the loftier sphere of religion, if an angel were to descend to preach one of the many earthly doctrines, we fear that, in the eyes of all other doctrinarians, the winged messenger would cease to be angelic. But in LITERATURE (for which blessing let all persons be duly grateful) is found the realisation of the Happy Land !

R. W. P.

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